

Meg Rains

Cappuccino

I had my first blind date after you

We met with a group of people over coffee
He had never even had coffee
Never!
So he tried to impress and ordered
Cappuccino
And chewed the froth like a marshmallow
Then swallowed the blackened espresso
In its milky bitterness
And wondered how he got there
In this cafe surrounded by strangers
And this woman

This woman who listened to him talk of playing golf with clients
And putting greens that he drives to in his company car
Still under thirty and bought a house and
No friend of mine has yet bought a house
Yet

And I, a pure coffee connoisseur, as you know, sipped ice coffee like
Carbon-less soda
Black no sugar no cream no milk
And through my spectacles and beneath the highlights and lowlights
Hanging swinging from the ceiling fan
Chiming louder when the air conditioning kicks on
"To circulate the chi in my apartment,"
I said
"Seriously"

His red-blue bloodshot eyes looked down and away as he laughed like I
Had messed up the punch line on a knock-knock joke
And after the cappuccino dried up
He cancelled on me the next day
Wanted to mow his lawn after the sun went down.