

Two Poems

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Cynicisms at the Coffee Shop

Who designated coffee shops as the obligatory destination for first dates? Condensation on coffee cups combining with the slick dew of their sweaty palms. What's your favorite color? How many siblings do you have? Any pets?

Another day, another overheard conversation. So many pyramid schemes to fall into, so little time. Over coffee, with skim milk and sugar free syrup, is also my favorite way to be fat-shamed by a blonde with a blowout. But it's okay. Her supplements will work wonders on my pitiful life.

False niceties exchanged between PTA parents. Yes, of course store-bought cookies are fine. I personally just prefer to not put such harmful chemicals in my babies' bodies, but it's absolutely up to you. I know how hard it is being a single mom. How are John and the receptionist doing, by the way?

Bitter words dunked in bitter drinks, taking away the bite. Like spite-filled scones. Knowing looks shared between barista and customer, as if to say, you heard that, too? She's heard it all before, like the rotating roasts of the week. Music to the girl who does not actually have any music playing in her headphoned ears.