

# **Naked & Pure**

*Songs of Coffee*



Playing with the title of William Blake's great collections ("Songs of Innocence" and "Songs of Experience"), these here are only songs of coffee. Songs of surrender and relief, yet songs of anguish and untold desire.

These short poems are not a grand poetic offering to the reader. They are contemplative whispers of some inside voice and as such, they stand before your eyes naked and pure.



## Arthur and Anne

They wake up every morning  
playing games.  
They fall asleep together too.  
Arthur and Anne.  
Whenever I walk past their place  
I look up and see  
the front room light on.  
I see the front room light on and think  
“Anne may be out, but Arthur’s definitely there”.  
He always stays at home waiting.  
Walking around  
kitchen to bedroom,  
lying on the couch or  
staring out the window  
till Anne comes back.

And they sit together  
and she tells him about her day  
while she undresses  
and she asks for nothing more.  
Neither does he.  
And sometimes they’re cold or hungry  
and there are days they feel lost and scared  
but they have each other.  
Arthur and Anne.  
Archie and Annie.  
They get by just fine the two of them;  
with loads of filter coffee and a lot of meows.

## A losers' club of two

When all interest is lost and days are all the same  
you look for others' glow to feed on.  
And when all you've built seems shaky and  
all you believed in feels unsure,  
glitter begs to suffice.  
But real shine hides in average, barely visible.  
Suddenly it's there and  
though not much, it seems enough to hold on to.  
It's there and you don't really know  
what to do with it but you're happy.  
Lost and lonely but there's two of you.  
You're happy as you should;  
a losers' club of two is a winners' club!

## A dream

Last night I had a dream  
that got me all confused:  
I visited our special used-  
to-be

Seated at the bar were two girls.  
The one was who you are  
the other's who you was  
to me

## Early New Year's Eve

She's done, it's raining.  
It's raining and Maria is done with it all.  
Nothing to hold her down  
and she just sits there  
enjoying the coffee  
and the shed.  
She's watching all the minor things  
wash down the drain,  
waving them goodbye 'fore she goes.

It's the first summer rain and Maria's done.  
No dust to rest upon her,  
all her worried and her dues  
they all float in some crowded gutter  
and Maria is free.  
Season's done.  
Weather's getting better and better,  
happy new year!

Someday

I know  
your dimples will be mine again  
and your belly  
and your breasts.  
For a little while only  
I'll be the one to make you sigh.

Friends it is, but  
you know

someday  
for a little while only  
you'll be mine again.

## Can't take them away

They cannot take away the songs,  
the smell of sleep  
or the secret beach we called our own.

The records are safe,  
those afternoons too;  
they cannot take away the breeze.

Some pretty naked body  
ain't ever gonna change  
the mystic way our bodies matched.

No one's ever gonna take  
the late coffees, the stories  
and the stars.

They cannot take these things from us.  
I won't let anyone take these away;  
not even you.

## The dummy

I don't seek pain.  
And I don't like it either.  
I just stopped trying to avoid it.  
I leave myself unprotected  
and exposed to any imminent pain,  
just to see what happens.  
I'm my own crash test dummy.



## Fade

Spring must be near  
'cause all the girls look pretty.  
But still, it's not here  
'cause I'm not feeling any better.

I see pictures home  
and feel strange, but maybe in a good way.  
Soon I'll be gone.  
I worry a lot but I don't really care.

Soon I'll be gone. Till then  
I watch myself fade,  
watch everything fade.  
I'll fade till I'm gone.

## Endless blue

Wake up and I get up

Heavy feet

Heavy head, I head for the kitchen

The coffee machine breaks the apartment silence

and I dare a look behind the window curtain

All I see is endless blue

Again

Blebiru, 2018