Coffee With Friends

Josh Levinstone

They, they bring with them their world
Wherever they go, it’s always there.
Something leads them to avoid a smile,
Avoid a chair too close, or a talk too long.
I wonder if they realize their world is stuck
To their shoes, whose heels have worn bare?
But, it’s only coffee and they’re likely busy;
Too busy to stop, too busy to talk,
And far too busy to break from routine. Through,
My chair is comfortable, as are the ones near.
“Come join me, just please don’t speak,”
Exclaimed withdrawn eyes above a withdrawn smile.
You and I are not so different, are we?
We drink from the same well through different glass,
Which offers us, well . . . nothing really.
Still, I sit and I judge these characters from silence,
Created by apprehension, fueled by self-doubt,
And piloted by fear – silence is our voice
Of reason without speech, as we wait;
Basked in fluorescents and seeming so ideal.
But is silence really so ideal?
Maybe they’re just busy, or maybe,
Just maybe, their coffee is simply too bitter.
Maybe I should ask them . . . or maybe not.

Life Drawings

James G. Robinson