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Untitled

Diane Wood

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Diane Wood

Coffee Grounds

Mary Rehlin

The dark man came in again
And robbed me of this week's wages.
Now I spit, and curse, and fight,
But my courage only comes in stages.
The dim light blinds my eyes from truth;
She says that circumstances suit-
You make the bed in which you lie;
But the vines I harvest bear no fruit
Tangled up and torn apart
With no time allowed to heal;
Starving inside and starving to death,
Sometimes it saves to steal.
I sip my coffee and clear my mind
As I watch the steam dance in the night;
Content that for only a dollar or two
I can sit in this haven and forget the fight.
Into the stars my gaze is lost-
Into the heavens my soul I impart;
Thankful these trials will someday adjourn-
But the taste left in my mouth is tart.