

Iced Coffee

by Mat Kelley

from place to place,
the next just as mundane as before.
she and I embark on a journey involving little more
than a two minute power walk
from here to there.
the squirrel that is racing me and her
to heaven's gate – or the library doors –
seems to have more purpose than we do.
my surroundings are cold, yet still I clutch the golden
cup of cooling happiness in my hand.
even nature around me can't remedy
what cubes and sugar and sugar and sugar and caffeine
can.
but in one neverending glance
you consume my cup for all its worth.
the girl beside no longer resides
in even my peripheral sight.
I can't seem to focus on anything
that doesn't pertain to your figure
becoming
progressively
strangely
intensely
beautifully
closer and closer and closer and closer
and closer, my breath can't even fathom
the becoming proximity between our bodies
in this instant my mouth forgets to recognize
the chill that resides within
as it defies my brain and opens wide to greet
the most magnificent stranger I have ever
been unfortunately blessed to know.
but magnificent is the innocent flow of
iced humiliation
out of my mouth and down below,
away it goes!
not what I had in mind
when I thought of sweet release.
looks like that
5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 feet
exchange is the most intimate we will be.