

## Rite of Passage

In the morning I make coffee. The foil  
package  
with the pre-measured, prepackaged grounds  
always resist  
my fingers clumsy with sleep until finally  
it tears open and the coffee tumbles into the  
filter  
like black snow falling in some  
photographer's negative of  
winter. It sounds like rain falling too fast or  
sand  
from a paper cup when a child is making a  
sandcastle in a  
backyard sandbox wishing it was the beach.  
The water waits to soak the coffee in a hot  
tidal wave  
leaving it steaming and spent. Dimly in the  
periphery there  
are dishes stacked. Too many colors and  
last night's  
spaghetti sauce clinging savagely to the  
sides of a 1970's  
orange pan like a child to her mother. I  
press the button  
and the slow drip begins as the coffee rains  
down  
transformed and I wait and watch  
uncomfortably adult.

-Melissa Warner