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