Tribute to the Bean of Genus Coffea

Karen Greene

crimson berry
sniffer's delight
cupper's slurping ditty
arrogant damsel's conversation
companion on a cold winter's night

how often glassy-eyed babbitts
(briefcase in hand)
contemplate the world over you
in your china appearance.
ruddy-complexioned-overstuffed;
they look to you,
the world's second most important product,
to turn their complex mercantile gears.

(let's have another round, please, for mr. maxwell, and the
brothers too.)

education
would be creamed without you,
caffeol, nocturnal queen.
finals week is guaranteed to find
caffeinated college crammers
diluted and dilated
awaking, awaiting,
percolating prof's
exam.

would you care for yours
dry roasted?
freeze dried?
mrs. olsenized?
with cream?
and sugar?
black?
olé?!
a world negotiator!
ethiopian stimulant—
arabian, italian, french, brazilian,
american trade titan (we love you).

emporer’s demitasse—
peasant’s pasttime—

need a lift? any clime?
try her iced in ceylon
spiced in pari
russian kahlua on the rocks
will surely do the trick—

roasted little beauty,
drunken java gem,
too bad you can’t run for office.

WILL THE REAL FLORIDA
PLEASE STAND UP

Chris Katterjohn

Sunrise on Florida Bay. We are the first campers awake, first witnesses to the virgin morning. The sun rises a clear, distinct ball in the east sending its pink-orange light over the water in fresh waves of morning. The salt air smells and feels good. The breeze is stiff, as it always is on the ocean.