

Coffee Spoons

Slatted rays slide across the floorboards towards me,
Marking time for a mental shake from contemplating lives
Measured in coffee spoons.

The day stretches out in a warming caress beckoning
With possibilities.

No mask to don and rush into the routine of work,
the monotony of familiar chores broken up by minor
happenings.

Sometimes the ticking clock beats in time with my heart
as if calling me to give myself more coffee spoons to stir.
Something that rebelled the day I read that poem in class
Contradicts.

Calls me instead to ponder the possibilities of choice.

Towards a friend to adventure with, or
A friend yet unfound in a seldom travelled scene.
Maybe toward imaginings in art – the scope so vast.
Or a more humble adventure in the ordinary,
Become extraordinary through choosing.
Perhaps I will decide between two bunches of cherries at
the market.

I once craved this freedom to do as I wish.
Some days the burden of choosing weighs like a coffin.
Those days the adverts in AARP are cringeworthy.
Whoever first said be careful what you wish for –
words fail me.

But on the days when coffee spoons delight – well on
those days I rejoice At being unfettered by wage slavery.
And with daylight I begin the adventure anew.

By: Rosita Hill
Weston Senior Center