

Cat-piss Coffee

I'd make cat-piss coffee
to drink with you
teaparties on my patio
pink dresses at our plastic table
Barney in the extra seat
all covered in mud.

Shoeless feet with splinters
received from unfinished projects
hoped for by mothers
and abandoned by fathers
who never seemed to complete a thing
and never start anything
if it was for us.

That was okay
because our dirty bodies
weren't on schedules
and we usually forgot to remember
daddies who were too busy
watching non-sense news on TV
to play with you and me.

We were too busy
drinking cat-piss coffee and
pudding made from dirt with
rocks for candy sprinkles
thinking about love
that was unspoken of
to remember to forget.

Stacey Jordan