

Café Special

I'm creamy-rich
and coffee kisses,
your Coltrane on a Friday night.
We're harmonious in D Minor
-smooth in sorrow-
a scarlet beacon
in the chocolate-sweet of late night tears.
When it's afternoon I'm your sugar,
all sunshine and aw baby
here come those showers;
Our cinnamon sun is falling fast,
and evening is our mocha-
a bittersweet sort of, love.