

'Sweet words' by Jan Keough © 2009

It is the sweet words
stirred like sugar in the cup
that brews a friendship.

Sweet words



'Haiku # 36' by Bob Muir © 2009

In my sitting place
cares will fall like autumn leaves
when I sip my tea

Haiku #36



Sips

My tea amigos
sip their delicacies
without haste
or caffeine.

They linger, they twirl,
they flavor their world
with honey.

Coffee conspirators
want mugs that handle
every degree of need -
am, pm,
bold or mild.
They're steeping wisdom
in time to rewind.

'Sips' by O.R. Gami © 2009

'Cool Bean' by Louise Giguere © 2009

Etched, fetching
seafaring vessel
Perked up tizzy
Razz ma tazz dizzy
An old tin lizzy,
Let it fizz, so hip,
Jazzed up java, fresh brew,
Liquid lava, cappuccin syrup
Espresso, latte, decaf blends
In a clay-fired mug, demitasse cup,
For the java, lava coffee crew
Together we sip, my friends.

Cool Bean

A Cup of Origami

Java Madness reading 7/12/09

Poetry by:

- Mary Mueller
- Kim M. Baker
- Lauri Burke
- James R. Rosenberg
- Louise Giguere
- Bob Muir
- Jan Keough
- O.R. Gami



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'Mass Pike Coffee'
by James B. Rosenberg © 2009

Lavazza
Italy's favorite
Breath of espresso
Breath of Rome
City of stones
Stepping from past into future
From future languid sips
Through languid sips
Of Eternity Now.
Dark brown brew
Nurturing moist loam
Explosion of taste
To remember tomorrow.

Mass Pike Coffee:
May 19, 2008, 1:30 P.M.

Cappuccino

Steamed peaks
float like meringue
in the swimming pool cup
that warms my hands.
Ready to dive
nose first
into roasted mist,
I pause and sip.
Alchemy of capuchin –
elixir of bliss.



'Cappuccino' by Mary Mueller © 2009

'Joltin' Joe' by Lauri Burke © 2009

Coffee's the bad boy of beverages
hanging around every urban corner
shouting out with aromatic fervor
bewitching promises of hot leverage.
Joe will prop a girl up when she's low
set blood soaring to race in sluggish veins
to burrow in arms of chemical flow.
Who cares if Java's a fickle lover
driving a gal to town he won't take home,
yes, you'll limp in spent and round-heeled later
no, Joe won't call or pick up the phone
but when you were with him, didn't thoughts
in same blind ecstasy that births a poem?
shudder

Joltin' Joe

12-Step Verse

She sat next to me, stoked
on caffeine and cinquains,
compressing her life philosophies
into jazzed up lines of five.
She passed me a pen and said, "Hit?"
"Me? No. I'm off the ink.
It ruined my life. My muse left me.
Now? AA. Alliterations Anonymous."
But as she spoke, I craved a toke
off that stoked poetry,
a cuppa that coffeehouse java sonnet.
I don't need fourteen lines! Just one
clever couplet and I'm outta here.
Hi, my name is Will and I'm a po-slut!

'12-Step Verse' by Kim M. Baker © 2009