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## How Do You Like Your Coffee?

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# How do you like your coffee?

Karolyn Glowe

Black  
And White?  
Alone  
Do you like it alone?

I never want to fall asleep again  
To wake up to clouds of gray that keep moving in,

Life is fine  
As long as it exists as some piece of the dream you hold  
each night

But you'll fall apart  
If you wake up to see  
There isn't anything you want to see  
In sight

Cry on the pillow  
In hopes  
You'll wake up  
From this nightmare  
Surreal  
But real  
Or cease to feel

I remember when I kissed you  
Lips so perfect  
Caged in a feeling  
On the inside  
Of me.

But the bird  
Was you  
And you flew free  
Untouched by love  
Or something like it  
Something more

We were clinging  
Because I was clinging  
To you  
And how it was  
Always believing  
That in an instant  
It would die

As everything alive with potential does.

So it seems your kisses were lies  
Fairy tales pressed in my flesh  
By the one that I trusted  
You were a wolf  
In my grandmother's bed

I was naïve  
And wore a hood over eyes that would have known better.

I believed in you  
And us  
Like I believed in Santa Claus as a child

Because I trusted the world with my innocence  
And the thought  
Offered me some promise  
That life truly had the potential to be amazing.

I heard you say  
As you walked away,

Maybe this is fate.

But what if fate is human  
And fate,  
Like humans,  
Makes mistakes.  
He breaks things,  
Because he's clumsy,  
And then regrets the things he breaks

What if destiny  
Is accident  
And accident undone  
When return me  
To my happiness  
And you back to your fun

The truth is  
Sometimes I wake up  
So I can throw up  
And let go of thoughts of you

But like a deer  
I regurgitate every taste  
Of your essence  
And my mind is so filled with food for thought  
I might never keep a bite down.

So I call you.

A more confident woman would yell  
"All or nothing" into the receiver  
And hang up the phone.

I breathe a whispered plea  
Of anything  
But nothing

And hope for any sound of you  
Larger than silence.

You always seemed lifeless  
On the line  
Like if you let me hear you breathe  
Or feel your care  
Your life would be  
On the line  
Instead of you.

This is the worst way to reach you.

I always get your voice mail  
One of those  
“Hey, leave me a message” recordings.

No promised calls in return.

So I place my request

Give me a call,  
Begged into an empty box

Mechanical  
And inhuman

The same voice you carry.

I don't know anymore if I loved you  
I only know  
I do.

I'm trying to leave you behind  
But I'm running backwards  
Into already folded arms.

I remember that look in your eyes  
When you said  
I care about you  
You know I would do anything for you.

There is a world full of men  
Willing to promise me that

I told them all,  
Like you,  
What I need,

A gift  
I cannot give myself.

And they look me straight in the eyes,  
Emotionless,  
And say  
No,

I cannot love you.