

## Deep Coffee, Alone

Suburbs (proud arks upon a primitive sea)  
leak.

Today a female heart has gone funny--  
funny like the strangest way a heart can feel  
and still beat.

Quiet on her white couch,  
drinking gourmet coffee,  
she wrestles with inner intrusions  
not covered by her insurance--  
uninvited bass notes  
are troubling her treble reality.

All is in place outdoors--  
sunshine properly warming her acre,  
fertile lawn greenly framing  
her sporty car aglitter in the driveway,  
white patio furniture gleaming  
from acceptably jaunty angles.

But indoors, wallpaper blurs near the couch.  
She cries--longly, profoundly cries.

Her architected home has no ears  
for such snappings of heart,  
nor is her healthy lawn  
in sympathy wilting.

Her white couch, red car, green lawn,  
and petite palace of prepared comfort  
seem like checkers, smart but alien  
on a board whose game has fallen  
deep into chess for keeps.

Coffee and courage by now cool,  
she meekly questions the silence:  
"What is happening to me?"

Body, calm.  
Mind, thoughtless.  
Heart, electric.  
Silence, holy.

(Cup needs rinsing.)