**Venti hazelnut latté**

everyone wants the good seats

over by the window where the light is good

where there’s a wide sill on which

to rest your venti hazelnut latté

around me, everywhere i look

people are smiling

why are they smiling? they aren’t rich

or opulent, or dripping with wit

who do they think they are,

enjoying themselves with so little excuse?

what reasons can they possibly have

that I don’t?

still, i won’t resent it

i know that someone will yell at them

when they get home late

this makes me feel better

next time i see them

they had better be miserable

i won’t take happy for an answer

meanwhile, i’m taking the good seat