

# Espresso by the Lantern

By Cameron Tobin

This café does not respect you.  
But I do.

The white paper cup  
Hates you,  
But he'll come around.

The first sip hits  
Me like a heavyweight champ.  
A sucker punch.

I can tell you're bold,  
To say the least.

The second is just as strong,  
But there is a sourness  
To its sting.

You're clearly over extracted.

Your third strike is clear.  
You're a French roast.  
You poor thing.

Your boldness  
Comes from a harsh past.

Your hints of char  
Are the bridges you've burnt.

Nobody has ever respected you.  
Hell, I've had better shots,  
But at least I respect you.