

THE COFFEE MACHINE

by KOSTADIN KARAVASILEV

the coffee machine
you say
has a button
with a tiny cup drawn on it
"perhaps it could make espresso.."

you pause, holding your mug of coffee
you are looking at me

i am remembering
this man's hands
gloved
hanging
straight
alongside his torso
rushing by me
somewhere in Italy

the man's turning into
an espresso cup
slowly dissolving
in the distance

i feel
he felt trapped
too
in his body
like the coffee
in the cup

the difference
being
-
the coffee will
likely be drunk
soon-

err...

and it is crossing my mind

is the man actually warm
enough...

enough

i scratch
my head
out
of this thought

i do not see you
and nod
at your remark
about the button
and its functions

while remembering
how a friend
once wrote to me
that she found it hard
just..
being
and how this
sounded like something
another friend might have said
once upon
during our walks

and i imagine
that both of them
must have been moving
unnaturally fast

for i have witnessed
both
my friends' bodies
sway
so gracefully
so meticulously
through
this world
every gesture
rife
with purpose
-
squeezing my upper arm
to share that she's excited

his hands
two warm bulges inside
each of his pockets
as we walk by the sea

her wonderfully askew tooth
delicately revealing
as her lips part
in smile

his bare feet
balancing on the metal fence
in Seaton park
-
yes,
they both must have moved
too fast
in their minds
for being
is an active
verb

and there is only so much sorrow
that our bodies
can bare

(i wonder -
will i ever
come close enough
to touch either of you?)

oh
i can feel
the coffee machine
next to me again
wanting too
to get
itself
out
of this situation

i scratch
the espresso cup drawing
off
and head out
to play tag
with my friends