

My Coffee Cup

My coffee cup's a special friend whose fellowship I savor,
It's full of darkened coffee stains that yield a richer flavor.
And when the coating's thick enough, it only takes a minute
To add hot water to the cup, and lo, there's coffee in it.

I follow it around all day, ensconced within my fingers.
As long as I can keep it there, its warmth and comfort lingers;
But if I have to set it down it can be quite a blunder;
It may be days before its found, because it tends to wander.

Sometimes when it's been gone a while there's mildew in the making,
And so I swish some Clorox in and give it a good shaking.
But otherwise I keep it safe outside my wife's arena,
Because I know she'd wash it out and spoil its patina.

Bud Morris

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