

French Press
by George Burns

I wait for the grounds
of the French press to settle.
The barista plays something old
by Ella Fitzgerald.
The same songs she sang
on the radio one morning
while I watched dark drops
fall into the glass percolator,
slowly staining its
clear water black.

This is our first breakfast
since my father
went back to sea
and my mother
wears her apron
with bright red apples
falling from a bowl
and does a jitterbug
as she stirs our oatmeal and
scats with Ella on the radio,
"Always True to You
in my Fashion."

Afterwards, I will take
the milk bottles out
to the metal crate
on the porch.
For some reason
I am happy,
even though she will soon
begin looking for a house
without my father.

The grounds have settled,
the coffee in the glass press
is black as obsidian.
The barista plays
"I Won't Dance,"
yet if we were in
that kitchen again,
I would, just ask me.