

Grinding Coffee Dreams

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Thanks to Saltwater, a good friend of mine, for suggesting the above poem title. I added the "Coffee" in because it needed the word coffee. I usually hint to the readers what I'm going to write about. Yep.

Please do not misuse my poem for any other outside purpose. I do not tolerate plagiarism.

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/luotakulu/60289/Grinding-Coffee-Dreams>

Chapter 0 - Grinding Coffee Dreams

2

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Awaking with a start,
I rise and turn it off.

Rushing outside,
closing the door behind, slowly, softly.

I fall down onto the sofa,
making sure to be loud, but not intentionally.

Meh. Who knows?
It was just a regular morning.

Deep in thought,
I hear a sound that felt like a

Call and repeat section
of the orchestra.

I call,
you repeat.

Here,
there.

Then it was over and onto
something new.

It sounded like something I heard all too often:
a volcano erupting!

Bursting into existence
after a time spent dormant.

Then it was over.
It suddenly fell into a rhythmic beat that

just wasn't
rhythmic

AT ALL.

Something like the sound of raindrops on an aluminum roof,

drip drop.

Random! No beat, no rhythm..
No life. Just a steady random beat of rumble.

Then it transitioned into a beat
with multitudes of others joining in.

Faster, it went!
My foot had to quicken its pace to match the sound.

Faster, faster, FASTER!
Then it stopped.

Fading away,
into a new sound...

As a airplane zoomed by, faintly in the distance,
it gives its final bow to the audience:

a small grumble of sound that goes from the dynamics to the feelings of
andante. Just as quick as a fiddle!

Blowing out its last legacy like
blowing out a candle.

It stops.
And it is no more.

That's when I realize I awoke to the sound of a different coffee maker.