

Thomas DeFreitas

Another Poem About Coffee

Big and boisterous,
you're the kind of brew
that has verve, *élan*, mojo:
you're my Drew Barrymore
on a *chaise longue*,
my Hepburn, Grant, & Stewart
in *The Philadelphia Story*.
You are schoolboy days
of John Hughes films
and pilfered cigarettes.
You're my jackpot
the night of the senior-class play,
fun and cunning coffee,
skeltonic in your jauntiness,
limber lummoX
of jolt, veer, and swoop.
No cappuccino
of Cambridge provenance,
no frothy concoction,
you're the real McCoy
with a Hatfield or two
thrown in for kicks.

Seriously wacky coffee,
you vivify until you don't,
you lift me up
and cast me down,
you are my crown-thorn
and my radiant halo.
You are pesky birdsong
98 minutes before dawn
on a cool June morning.
I hear you knocking,
rocket-coffee, booster-fuel,
thunk-thunk-thunk,
like the radiator pipes,
like 1950s poems
of portentous iambic
and pretentious slant rhyme.
I hear you hooing
and hullabalooing
from the Widener Library

Thomas DeFreitas was born in Boston in 1969. He was educated at the Boston Latin School, and attended the University of Massachusetts in Boston and in Amherst. His poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Ibbetson Street*, *Pensive*, *Plainsongs*, *Soul-Lit*, and elsewhere. Since 2010, Thomas has been a resident of Arlington, Massachusetts. His first volume of verse, *Winter in Halifax*, will be published by Kelsay Books.