

Ground
Imani Congdon

I grab vaguely upward from the floor.
I feel for the prepped French Press,
full of unused grounds.
God, I love Cuban coffee.

The morning is still gunpowdery black,
so my mother is alarmed to find me there
chewing the dry roast noisily,
legs splayed and flush to the kitchen floor.

Balsa cabinets paneled with ash
do not curve for a weary spine.

She asks what I am doing.
I look up at her and smile a tar smile.
I like my coffee like I like my women, ma,
I joke. *Bitter and gritty.*