

HOLY CROSS POETRY WALK

3. Area at top of "grand staircase"



Find the map and follow other stops along this poetry walk at: <https://crossworks.holycross.edu/poetry2022>

Recommended citation: Lange, Emma, "03. Blissful Habit" (2022). Campus Poetry Walk (2022). 4.
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HOLY CROSS POETRY WALK

BLISSFUL HABIT

My morning coffee shouts for me
Like a lost child in a supermarket
Like an adolescent on a rollercoaster
The curved beans beg to be ground into tiny shavings
No it does not hurt them but pleasures them, and me
Whose aroma sails through the entirety of the space
Packed into the bottom of a glass press
It gapes like a goldfish in a glass bowl begging to be transformed
Into something bigger
It does not fear the scorching hot water that it is combined with
Nor does it fear the frozen cubes of ice that are sometimes
plopped into it
It does not fear the stress of the press squeezing its flavor out
It is bold, elastic, inspiring, consistent
Its silky body acclimates to any mug—bell, latte, cube, mason jar
Whose shape is ivy spread across a brick building
The brown libation is a black oak in the East
And the journey of a lost man
My morning coffee is the humid rainforest calling for peace
With the roots intertwined with the earth
Its color is that of a recycled hand lotion bottle
And of barbecued meat on a summer night
The buzz turns me into an addict and erases the fog
It is a hot bath after being numb in the snow
It is letting the sun dry the ocean water off my skin
My morning coffee with taste that hugs creation
My morning coffee with taste that forces the rivers to run and the
winds to blow

- Emma Lange