



TURKISH COFFEE KISSES

By Wayne Visser

Cups of Turkish coffee kisses
Sticky treats of pure delight
Like the lover that he misses
Bitter-sweet on winter nights

Bags of fresh-made salted popcorn
Late-night films in Muswell Hill
Like the magic hour before dawn
Darkness breathes when all is still

Sounds of syncopated beating
Circle rhythms in the round
Like the bloom of flowers fleeting
Bursting bright from underground

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