

Death by Coffee

By Emily Dummer

In the morning rays when I start my days, I fill a ceramic chalice
up to the brim with some coffee and then, I find myself far less callous.
It makes me less mean, and it tastes like a dream. Oh yes, my coffee gives me rapture
I drink it all day, snuffing sorrows away. The joy of my soul it captures.

But feeling ill, and unfit to sit still, with my pulse soaring past one hundred
I went to get-~~get~~ aid from a doctor who made me feel overly plundered.
How dare they say, they would take away my coffee. My love. My respite.
“You’re but a quack!” I went on the attack. “No coffee? I’d rather die!”

“But your poor poor heart, may need a restart, for it’s beating far too fast.
The caffeine you drink, brings you to the brink of something that cannot last.”
“My dear I fear that for your health, this habit must soon end.
So put down your mug, please set down your drug so that your heart can mend.”

“Though you may think I don’t need that drink, I promise I won’t go softly.
I’ll kick and I’ll scream. I’ll protest a ream, until I get my coffee.
Prevent my caffeine embrace, and I’ll spit in your face, then at you I’ll just snicker.
So you had better back up, because I need a cup of the morning person’s liquor.”

Ignoring the warning the doctor gave, I kept with my sunrise habit.
For life is short, when you find what resorts, you must reach out and grab it.
Black coffee was poured, the heeding deplored, and down my throat it went.
For I am the captain who controls the action of how my time is spent.

Now I drink and I drink and I try not to think, of what to me will happen.
But it’s far too late, I have sealed my fate, my coffee a virulent weapon.
It was a gun to my head, and yet for it I bled. ‘Twas a habit I dared not quit.
I poured my cups and I drank them up, and said cheers to the life I lived.

Now my right atrium pounds like a drum while my ventricles just flutter.
“I couldn’t survive with my coffee denied” was the last thing I could mutter.
Broken ceramic in hand where my body did land, it was a sight most savage.
It was a warning unheard, and a crash deserved- my death by a breakfast beverage.

Format based off of “The Cremation of Sam McGee” by Robert W. Service