

# Observations at a Downtown Starbucks

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Seated by the coffee shop window,  
I study the pigeons bobbing for crumbs by the curb  
and the sportcoats busily pacing around  
with cell phones tethered to their ears.

A lady walks the street with purpose,  
one high heel in front of the other,  
hips swaying like a metronome without music,  
while everyone else is busy doing nothing but existing:  
breathing, working, slowly dying.

Life has become predictable.  
That is the most disturbing observation.

Feeling alone and bewildered,  
worried by life,  
and worrying through life  
has become routine for one and all,  
as commonplace as the hippie chick  
jotting in her journal at the corner table,  
or the khaki-clad couple griping  
about their espressos to an underpaid barista,  
or the spike-haired teenager  
squatting disenfranchised on the front step,  
or a poet fumbling for the precise phrase  
to explain his alleged desperation.