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Double Gelato, Double Espresso

Justin Miller
St. John Fisher College

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Cover Page Footnote

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JUSTIN MILLER

DOUBLE GELATO, DOUBLE ESPRESSO

**SEATED AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART DURING A WEEKEND TRIP TO
WASHINGTON, DC TO MEET THOSE IN CHARGE OF A SEMESTER INTERNSHIP
PROGRAM FOR NEXT FALL**

Watching society scurry before my art-weary eyes,
I ponder my love, distant some four hundred miles.
Surrounded by Indiana marble in a modern
pantheon to the arts, I am like the masterpieces that hang
from the walls, everything passes before me here,
sitting alone.

Befriending a thumb-sized cup of espresso and two
fluffy scoops of gelato, tan and velvety smooth, in a
goldenrod dish with a blue toothpick spoon.
The dish rising thick, thick, thicker,
Rising upward like the mad hills of a
Van Gogh landscape.

Smelling of crushed Colombian brown beans,
bovine cream, I give into the hunger that wrenches at the
pit of my stomach. Sipping torrid espresso,
tongue thrashing against my palate,
bitter beyond belief but bearable and desired.
Swallow. Hot throat coated by a thick,
penchant smacking film.

Picking away at gelato mountain with my feeble
spoon, numbs the tongue instantly
before buds reawaken to tiramisu. Cold.
Yearning for the warmth I once had,
finding no solace in this caffeine,
whose buzz mocks my listless heart.

Breath reeks of coffee billowing from a inside a hot,
dry mouth, feeling unsatisfied with my choice.
Instead of her, I am left with an empty, stained cup,
sticky fingers. I throw away the remains of a vain treat,
foolish to have left Jessica to go abroad, an eternal hunger
reigns that neither food nor drink can satisfy.
I am coming home