Double Gelato, Double Espresso

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Cover Page Footnote
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.