

Coffee Shop Things by Clare Lauren Kelly

All kinds of people in the world, a variety
That can never fully be cataloged, a wide
Number of personalities, interests, styles.

No better place to see the varieties than a coffee shop.

Sit for a while, enjoy your drink and watch,
Listen if you wish but use both eyes to observe
All those colorful characters who make their way in.

Open your eyes and shut your mouth, let the world in.

Such a variety I have seen sitting in a coffee shop,
As different as I am there are those who are just as
Strange as me, those who are strange in another way.

So much to see, if you just look away from that screen.

In comes a dancing man, music playing out loud from a phone
Dancing his way to the counter, spinning slowly around do a jig,
Then back he goes out the door, no words spoken, no orders placed.

Confusion is bound to happen then lead to entertainment.

In comes a girl on crutches with a friend here to get their
Caffeine fix. Double take needed, crutches are held under her
Arms while she walks normally, supports useless in the air.

People are strange, being strange isn't bad, simply strange.

Strange is the new normal, everyone is a little strange
Just as everyone is a little crazy, some just managed to
Hide it better than other, some just don't care and let it show.

Be you, be weird, sit in coffee shops. Never know what you'll see.