

Coffee Tremors

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This poem only available on Lush Stories . If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen. She waited by the doorway, Desperately afraid to look up In case he didn't come, Desperately afraid, in case he did. Every time men's shoes came walking close, Her heart leapt in her chest And a thrill of fear peppered through her stomach. Too scared to look at her watch, In case he arrived and saw her looking, She wondered. Was he going to come? Had he already been and gone, Because he saw her, And left? The phone she kept anxiously checking Gave a magical fairy tinkling, And she checked again. "Look across the road," It said. And she did. There he was, Her nerves still allowing her The joy of seeing he stood nervously too. They smiled across the traffic at each other, Shy blushes creeping over Both their faces, Eyes nervously glancing Down, Away, Towards, Across, Towards... He loped across the road Through a gap in the cars, And they stood in the doorway, Both afraid to speak. She glanced shyly up As he glanced shyly down, And awkwardly, They put their arms gently around each other. She smelled him, Clean, fresh, mellow, and smooth, And wondered if he smelled her too, Worrying if her vanilla scent Somehow smelled weird, Or couldn't disguise any unknown stench She always feared, but didn't have. For just two seconds, They held each other, And she wondered if he would ever do so again, For longer, With more passion, With more... She didn't have a name for it. Fumbling with the door, He let her through first, And she stood aside So he took the lead, Hiding in his wake, And blushing as he turned to let her walk with him. Up to the counter, And they had already agreed. She passed him the money, And he ordered for both. Next time, If there was one, He would pay for them. Shyly, they shuffled, His nervous chuckles as she stumbled over her words, Her silly giggles as he took his time to answer. The air throbbed and sang With every dream Either of them ever had, And every worry bounced off the walls In case their fears of how the other would feel Was made manifest across the coffee counter. Wandering and sidling through the chairs and tables, They found a little corner of the world In which to sit, Nervous face to nervous face. He sipped his black coffee for something to do, A pause before he had to speak. She played with the foam on hers, Making patterns, Scooping it up, And licking it from the spoon. And she looked up. He held her gaze intently, Stormy colours showing myriad worlds And unknown depths of mystery. Red

heat blazed in her cheeks And her lips darkened and swelled With the rush of blood, Making the white foam On the tip of her tongue Look like melting snow on embers. He gazed at her lips, And her tongue, And oh, how she wished He was wishing He was kissing her. Her lips beat a throbbing rhythm, Trembling, Her heart racing, And she took a ragged gasp And splattered them both With flecks of foam as she coughed and choked on it. Tears stung her clumsy eyes, Whether shame or coughing, She didn't know. Her fingers tangled in the serviettes As she tried to wipe him, the table, and herself down. She gasped apologies And cursed her clumsiness inside, Cringing against the intensity Of his eyes That she couldn't look into again. And he grabbed her hands, And she had no choice. Their eyes hooked each other's hearts Through the panicked haze, And neither could move, Nor look away. And he smiled. And her lips throbbed. And he looked at them. And she looked at his. And they realised, Somebody's hands were trembling. Was it hers in his, Or his on hers? Neither of them cared. Across the clumsy-flecked table, Cooling coffee, His black, hers white, Throbbing lips met throbbing lips, And neither of them cared about Whose hands had coffee tremors. This poem only available on Lush Stories . If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen.