



THE COFFEE SHOP AT THE END OF THE WORLD

I met you there one Autumn day
the coffee shop at the end of the world
The Atlantic clipping in at our Doc Martin toes
Seaweed noses and swirling earbangs

Your cappuccino eyes, milky and sweet Frothed
at my espresso heart
Telling me my choice was too small Too
dark, I needed a little milk

The next parish is America, I said
You smiled and told me Canada was it
Newfoundland to be more precise
I lifted the little jug from the counter top

We sat on the blue painted pallet seats
Limpet scarred granite holding up the sea
That's county Clare I said, pointing my little cup
More like Nova Scotia, you replied, eyes alight

But that was twenty storms or more ago
And we were just sailing from our sheltered bays
Little did I know that I would soon find out
That where one world ends, another simply begins

Rory Duffy, Westmeath, Ireland