

Cafe Girl

Sage Francis

We walk as two, but we'll leave one set of tortured footprints
Now here she comes...walking through the door...giving that look. Since
I roll with shook wimps...I'm shaking in my boots
Kids are behind me eating steak and soup, talking 'bout beatbreaks and loops
And I wanna' turn around...join in on the convo, but I ain't got jack to say
And it's sad to say...I'm just a poetry fag actin' gay in my black beret
I just came to this wack-ass café
To drink an ice coffee and kill a bit of time before the matinee
Why oh why did I need Cappaccino Cooler?
Now I'm trying to avoid eye contact. Lets see if I can fool her
I put a look of concentration on my face as I scribble on a napkin
Squinting my eyes, acting like I'm really serious about this mess of non-
sensical pen action
A web of chicken scratch and ink blots
Is she still there? Standing awkwardly glaring? I think not
Look up....think again. Shit...now when
Is she going stop making me waste ink from my pen as I sit and pretend
I knew I should have come with a friend. I shrink and I send
Myself into meditation...and I'm on the brink of Zen
Is she buying it? I pick up my empty glass...tilt it..and drink the flem
She's STILL scoping! in fact, this chick's a 10
At least in my book...which isn't all that well read, but it's been said
Once she gets her grip on men they simply bend...backwards.
She attracts nerds, jocks, substitutes and student teachers
Who all profess their love for all of her protruding features
There's no fooling this creature, she's WAY fine
So dope, I'd have to smuggle her across state lines or else pay fines
What's holding me back is what I heard through the grape vine
She's a non-conformist freak who only comes out in the daytime

"Don't look at me." I can feel the burn of her stare on my sensitive skin
I'm anti-social and I don't know how conversational sentences begin
Plus, I'm allergic to the medicine of sexual healing
This impotence is sickening. She's sensual...appealing
Now I'm covering up my crotch region by crossing my legs
Lost in thoughts of whores in my bed. It's awful...so I'm forcing my head
into my forearms. I should...invite her for a cup of Joe
It would do more harm than good...I just know

I mean...she's no Natalie Portman, and I've been kind of holding out for her
Naturally...Now my thoughts spin...and she's on the "out" for sure
Gradually...contort my mindframe so no doubts occur
I activate testicular bravery and I shout to her

Our eyes lock.
And time stops...

She floats over to my spot...
and I say "Hi, I'm not

trying to hit on you like the way all these other guys jock
I just wanna' let you know...I'm the type of person who lies a lot

Sometimes I fart and I pick my nose like a maniac
I'd be glad to front the cost of a date with you as long as you pay me back
If we ever reach the friendship level where things like that are shared
And I know my facial hair is weird...but I've been waiting for someone like

you to shave my beard

I'm usually more discreet about my insecurities, but today...I just ain't prepared."

In all honesty...this dame just stared

And I was like "Uhhh...yeah..."

So ummm...heh..."

Nervous twitches were initiated and out nostrils flared

Our eyes started wandering and I was rocking in my chair

I just continued on scared that I lost her...in my upfront approach

She looked at my napkin and noticed what I wrote

...which was nothing

I said "The funny thing is...I could have used you as a muse

Wrote you sonnets in iambic pentameter and then produced

Mass amounts of unsent love letters and out-of-tune love ballads

Some valid...but most just to get you thinking of marriage

It's untrue. I don't want to create a first impression I can't live up to

I...just...wanna..."

She said "Nuff said. I'm a theme park. Ride me until the sun sets."

So I jumped up on her shoulders as we exited the entrance.