

# Morning Coffee

By Robin Lipinski

Juan, not the Valdez you know, picked the bean in Columbia before the noonday sun.  
Bent low, quickly he worked, thinking of his job.  
He did not see death arrive, life taken from him by a bullet.  
Another one whose name is Juan was making a point, having his fun, teaching those who defied them  
it was their way or none.  
Drugs have the right, not coffee.

It's morning now, time passed since that day, drugs smuggled across the border with coffee cans  
lining the shelves.  
Ah, taste that cup of good bean, it was Juan's last that he picked.  
It looks like it will be a good morning.

The End