

I'm Drinking This Cup Of Coffee (A.K.A.) I've Never Smoked A Joint

by Jennifer Donnell

I'm drinking this cup of coffee and it's ten p.m., and life lasts one hundred years, if we're lucky. How many cups of coffee is that? Didn't start drinking it until age twenty seven, I had long golden blonde locks. Didn't really start needing it until age twenty eight, when I cut my hair short and dyed it brown. Jesse said I looked like I sold houses, and I asked if he meant big houses, and we broke up a month later, unrelated. Three cups a day, times three hundred and sixty five days a year, times the years until I turn one hundred...on the good days, one hundred and ten.

I forgot about the dentist today but they were very understanding. I worked, washed the dishes, looked for a house to lease, felt successful and then inferior, wanted to tell the realtor it's wicked to charge a one thousand dollar pet deposit- doesn't she have a dog or a soul?

Happened to read about telepathy and an excerpt from "The Little Prince". I researched the life of Confucius and checked the mail for letters, but only got bills. I wished he wasn't in Australia, so I could yell at him for not paying the fix it ticket. I wrote him an email saying, "Call me, I need to yell at you about the fix it ticket!" but my phone didn't ring once. When I saw a picture of the coral reef he snorkeled in, I was glad he had fun. Why don't we have more fun? We'll never be this young again, never look as good when shedding off our clothing... but sleep trumps sex, and six in the morning trumps a midnight love affair. I thought about that time, in Germany,

the Russian hooker he asked the prices for but never saw. Yeah, I thought about that.

I thought about tomorrow and the day after, and a lot about today. If I could be anywhere, doing anything, with anyone, what would it be? I thought about how to be more perfect and how to be less perfect. I hated and loved what both would represent. If I was perfect, would I be perfectly good or perfectly naughty? Would I wear an apron over my yoga pants or would I wear an apron and nothing else. I thought about how chocolate or an hour massage, can almost trump sex. Then, I bought a chocolate bar and ate it all, without consulting the serving size. It was dark chocolate, 82%, worth it in the short term--- *mmm*.

I thought about getting stoned. Not actually doing it... but what life must be like for those who do. If I was a stoner, I'd pull out my oldest little black book, flip to my favorite section, call whomever a turn of the pages revealed and ask them if -together- we could get stoned. And they'd say, they'd always say, yes. We'd talk about how old we're getting, young as we are. We'd inspect the other's face for lines or wisdom, for beauty, but not mention it. I'd remind that kisses are free and demand we talk Russian accents, out of revenge, that would really only be opportunistic. I'd ask about his girl and he'd ask about my guy, but we wouldn't be jealous. I'd tell him that the rest of society should be stoned all the time, because then we could keep in touch.

I'm on the last sip of coffee and I'm looking at houses, but some don't want dogs at all. I should really call the dentist tomorrow. I don't even own an apron. At least sex won't make you fat, but chocolate will. My little black book is probably lost in storage, if I ever had one. I don't know how to fake being Russian. I've never smoked a joint.

