

Girl In Starbucks

I can be likened to a stalker
The way I watch you read at that
Table like a lion watching antelope eat grass
You are something I should acquire
You, a stranger. But though time and cowardice
Will not permit me to meet you tonight,
I know a few things about you.
You, an Americanized Ethiopian with a nose ring,
Skater shoes, and a thick book you'd never read
On your own time. I too am a student, but of you
You, one who knows very al little, but struggles to learn more
About something vague and distant
Just like me