

## Casey Dienel "Coffee Beanery"

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The coffee beanery was about to explode
Or was it a field
Nobody knows
Nobody saw it coming
But for days
The forecast predicted frost
The TV's radiated ice

The Toyota became a baked Alaska
And if we took out our spoons
The windshield wipers scraping beneath
A little work for dessert
If every course would put up a good fight first

All that you build will probably fall someday Then you'll be left with only Polaroids So, what I want to know is when the sky caves in Who's gonna pick up the pieces then

The signs, they were all there before
A blink of barrette the waves crashing down on the colonials
Everybody said "don't get caught, darling, you gonna end up in a Folgers tin"
But even they liked the storm
And they drive me batty when they say things like that 'Cause you know I've heard the stories, too
Oh I've heard the wives' tale
Where Polly at a load of stale reunion bread

And got killed by one of her seven Siamese cats Never did want an American short-hair 'cause they've got bones to pick

All that you build will probably fall someday
Then you'll be left with only Polaroids
So, what I want to know is when the sky caves in
Who's gonna pick up the pieces then

I had a dream about Helena where she was strumming her cello like it was a banjo We got drunk and danced in the sand dunes 'till she said
"Why don't we go and see about that parade?"

And James with his beard which is down to his knees, is Probably in Asia chewing on a coil of ginseng and he's Writing me every week about the big beautiful world I kind of want to be a part of it.

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So, what I want to know is when the sky caves in
Who's gonna pick up the pieces then

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