

## Casey Diene

# "The 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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Who's gonna pick up the pieces then

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