

Sarah Johnson
English Sonnet

Starbucks Barista

Mindless chatter and long drawn out talking,
Rustle and Crinkle of papers and sheets.
Scooting of chairs and then urgent walking,
Lingering folks in familiar seats.

All muffled by the sound of filled up cups
With plastic tops and cardboard covers.
Many burned hands and spilled liquid mop ups,
Calming aroma in the air hovers.

But it is all a blur and all muted,
With the first sighting of your clear blue eyes.
To look in mine, their purpose is more suited.
I know, perhaps I am not with the wise,

To feel rare as your velvet voice asks with ease,
A tiny and knowing smile, "your name, please?"