

Emily Dickinson at the Coronation Café

From prim Reclusion shall I take
A few swift steps to this Café
The Pulse a thriving Pace to wake
And scents of sweeter Thoughts to weigh
With Spirit bless'd—though Talent scant—
A bard plucks on his Instrument
I cheer the fumbling Musikant
For Frolic is his chaste Intent
Some Laggards savor breakfasts stack'd
Far into afternoon's dark edge
While others seek macchiatos lack'd
Or cooling—to drab lounges fetch
No Metaphysic I'll pretend
Nor heavenly salvation Creeds
To poets true these Venues vend
All Inspiration that one needs

