

## Joie de vivre

The aroma of coffee,  
Rich as melted chocolate,  
Sharp as cinnamon,  
Is comforting as vanilla,  
Awakening the senses, and yet  
I don't drink a sip.  
Kept at a tantalizing distance,  
Coffee fills my nose  
Via scented candles,  
But not a fresh brew.  
I avoid caffeine,  
(Though on drowsy days, I could use the energy).  
So often, favorite things are just out of reach,  
Like the trace of a memory  
You try to replicate.

But the soft glow of this light  
Inspires me to try,  
The heady fragrance of coffee beans,  
That smell of coziness and hope,  
Illuminating something deep in my soul,  
As I unsheathe a pen from the mug  
Unfilled with coffee,  
But instead, with a different tool of my trade,  
And write,  
The ink flowing through my veins  
Powering the words that stream  
Forth from the heart  
Enriched with joy,  
Enkindled with warmth from inside, a love for life  
Like a thermos of java, joie de vivre,  
You hold tightly with mittened fingers,  
Feeling a bloom of happiness like spring itself  
Unfurl from the frost-covered grounds of winter.