Fair Share of Coffee
By Samuel Byrd

Last night was painful and now we face each other, table between, staring at a porcelain mug.

Morning rays cut inside the smoke of our breakfast blend. You always drink more, but I sip the last drop.

Cold milky glass holds the brew, steams as the bath pours into the cup.
Your hands simmer on the surface while mine sit alone. The heat dares you to take larger sips, growing until bitterness sparks your core.

I’m impatient, ready for my share, boiling through the fresh grounds forgetting to remove the flame.

We want to stop, scalding coffee has no taste. We can breathe over the surface, we’ll cool together.

We could embrace our bitters, clean stains from messy bouts, and say, Moments ago we were hurting.


Byrd is a first-year medical student at the University of Arkansas for Medical Sciences. He received his undergraduate degree at Hendrix College in Conway. Byrd is a graduate of Cutter Morning Star High School in Hot Springs, Arkansas. His mother, a high school English teacher, instilled a love for poetry in him early. Byrd has a passion for medicine and will be performing population health this summer. He says poetry is his “expressive outlet and a call to home.”