5-1-2009

Paradise Regained

Indu Shanmugam
Concordia University - Portland

Follow this and additional works at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean
Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol17/iss1/28
short week we had formed a friendship that would last a long
time, possibly the rest of our lives.

***

Liz handed me the Frappucino with small hands
that barely fit around the plastic cup. I skeptically brought
the bright green straw to my lips and took a short sip of the
blended concoction.

What happened next changed my life.
The taste was unlike anything I had experienced.
There was a perfectly balanced explosion of chocolate and
caramel. I couldn’t even taste the coffee. And the texture,
oh the texture! It was like drinking a high-quality slurpy from
7-11. All the enjoyment of blended ice and sweet flavors
without the nausea. Plus it had whipped cream. I guzzled the
16-ounce cup of heaven in a matter of seconds and paid the
price of a killer brain freeze. Then I slurped up the caramel
and whip cream that was left over. I had reached the point of
no return; without knowing it I had sacrificed myself to the
god that my parents and the majority of American’s so eagerly
worship. My best friend had betrayed me and I was ecstatic
about it.

***

Now coffee is a way of life. Whenever I want to
spend quality time with anyone we go to a coffee shop. My
parents and I play cribbage and drink coffee. My friends and I
do homework and drink coffee. The next time I ask a girl out
I’m sure we’ll go to coffee. Unless she says no.

I have sold my soul to coffee. It has become a
daily part of my life; no longer are my parents the only ones
enslaved by this bittersweet god. I am not as dependent as
they are, but it will not be long before I am the one staggering
down the hallway at 6 in the morning, longing for the steaming
black liquid that will bring me back to life.

PARADISE REGAINED

Indu Shanmugam

Once seen golden ribbon,
Reappears in a dream.
Rivers rush under skin
What talisman is this?

Enthralled by charming sight,
I seek your boxed rapture.

Hope seeks lifetime’s treasure
By dozens, I seek destination
To blissful heavenlies. Send me.
Far away I long to go

Jasmine and mango scents greet.
Destiny gives me a diamond ring.

Undressed of my present realities.
Long to embrace desired ambition,
Swim in waters under moon’s name
Could such fulfillment be true?

Roads to Destiny call my name.
Doubt’s repressive poison holds me back,
Untangling from its clutches...

I cannot... I must depart

Worlds apart, bittersweet mementos,
Rest your name closest to my heart,
Do not think I’ve refused your offer.
Timing has her plans like a matchmaker
And, when wisdom speaks,
Sending forth a distinct signal
In one flesh we’ll escape to eternity.