

Caffeine

Linda Copeland

I feel your call when I am weak
barely scraping by
crawling on my stomach
it has gotten to the point
where my eyes ache and
beg to be shut in the middle of the day

When I cannot afford to nap
Where the transcendence between
the realms of the Impossible and the Improbable
become a trapping snare into nothing but void
And when I feel myself being swayed

I hear your call
Greater than the call of Cthulhu
I feel the promise of liveliness bring slight ease
to my aching bones

I sip from your fountain of energy
rejoicing in the eternal bliss that I have with you
I abstain from the unnecessary evils of food
my only craving is for you

I sip from your liquid prophets
with glee I take what you have destined them to give
I am your humble disciple
with you with every sanctification you bring
until the eternal damnation of the crash

