

Esperanza's Café by Michelle Hernandez

I opened up a coffee shop
down the block from our old crib.

I remember we used to drink café *con leche* every morning and afternoon.

I stopped drinking it because since I left you, it doesn't taste the same.

Sometimes I'd wish you'd see my shop
and come in for a while.

We'd catch up on old times and
maybe we'd feel a connection.

Maybe we'd mess around and fall back in love. We'd pick up from where we left off and
we'd start shining together.

Maybe you'd never pass by, maybe I'm wrong. Maybe I'm infatuated
with the fantasies of you returning because

I let my imagination fall in love with you too. If I could make a deal with God, I would have had
you stay.

I still made the coffee shop we always wanted because even though it was just a dream,
I wanted some part of us to still be alive