

R.D. PATRICK

## Opiate

in a café window she sits  
chic in her roseate world  
the sun a crystal chandelier  
beyond the coloured glass

she sips her coffee, french vanilla  
a china cup in a gloved hand  
raised to a red mouth, knowing  
the man she waits for will not come

her formality a refuge  
her well-tailored suit a palliative  
against lost love, the warm coffee  
her last defence in a world of fallen men

with their sour-whisky smells  
their charm, their power to efface  
the sad, dusky fragrance of romance  
the rich, creamy tang of french vanilla