

## Drama Gallery New York

Jesse Sullivan

*Coffee Shop*

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260 Moore St. #403

Brooklyn, New York

11206

Where to start. Sweep of September air from the door. Blinking cursor. What are you taking this semester? he asks. Sustainable sourcing, fair trade, organic. Java, mocha. Enamel on wood panel, 12 x 12 inches. From Kenya and Sumatra. Welcome to Fox Point. Perhaps the coffee will be just as good as the last time. She looks down at the half-eaten miniature Boston cream donut on the fluted baking paper. French 2. What is Enlightenment. Digital Media in the Time of Ecological Crisis. Regular milk? Regular milk. And Bakhtin and the Political Present. Flyers litter the bulletin board. Where to start. There is a wide range of freshly roasted single origin beans. And the coffee is made in a wide variety of ways. And the interior is warm and eclectic. There is ample seating and there are large windows and there are rounded grooves in the scuffed wall paneling. There are racks of magazines, and frosted glass pendant lamps in yellow and blue. It's a relaxing atmosphere. Hiss of the steamer. Paper cups with dimpled brown sleeves. Stretched burlap in the window. The steam rises steadily. Where to sit. Waste of time. Write what you know. Listen, the coffee is organic and it taste very good. It is pure and hot and strong. It can always stand alongside friendship. Song from the sixties: refrain, elegy, churchyard, string quartet. Panned hard left and right. Simple, separate people. He writes on Twitter: Does anyone else feel like a ghost? I have had the privilege of trying the finest cafés in Korea, Japan, and all around Asia, but I'd say Coffee Exchange would be the best as far as Lattes are concerned. And honestly this is one of my favorite coffee shops, due to the quality and the variety. It's ideal for a date, perfect for studying or working, and superb for simply enjoying your cup of coffee. No one would be disappointed. The hardest part is getting to the starting point, he says. I finished training last week and my first day is Monday. It's one block of Williams, on the south side. And then four more streets below that, between Benefit and Governor—John, Arnold, Transit, and Sheldon. From John to Sheldon in the other direction it's Benefit, Thayer, Brook, Hope, East, and Governor, and all those tiny streets in between, names I can't remember. It might seem impossible to learn your route at first but the jump in your knowledge from the first time to the second will be dramatic. That's what I've generally found to be true for people. Close the laptop. *Sakura* means cherry blossom, smile, open mouth. The summer was long. I was away for six weeks, she says. Six weeks? I would read in the mornings. I would write long letters. I would wander, disquieted, along the avenues, under the linden trees. 3 bedroom, 1 full bath apartment on the second floor of a mixed-use building on Wickenden Street. Large open kitchen with granite counter top, spacious bedrooms, modern full bath with shower stall, central air and in-unit laundry. *Unruhig*. Restlessly? Glance at the phone. But I have been sleeping well. Or I've been sleeping late. As the days get shorter it becomes easier to fall in love with shadows. Stirring in raw sugar, one packet. Oh, such a good book, he says. What did you think? The main thing is that everything happens at the right time. And that is grace. That is providence. The twentieth remove: here was mercy on both hands. Here was the benevolence of friends. Do you see a thousand little Motes and Atomes wand'ring up and down in a Sun-beam? That is preservation, and that is government. And in these providence consists. Such a good book. And when you start reading it, you notice little things about the city. The book club meets once a month, depending on the book. Always in person. And you notice little things, like the way the white cross on the church aligns with the windowpane and is split by shadow as the sun dips below the buildings. A picture held us captive, and we could not get outside of it, for it lay in our language. Where to start. Cross the room and sit by the window. *Wer jetzt kein Haus hat, baut sich keines mehr. Wer jetzt allein ist, wird es lange bleiben.* We are served our coffees, and the steam rises steadily.

Alec Mapes-Frances