

Spring 5-1-2015

Budapest

Samantha Moffet
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

Moffet, Samantha (2015) "Budapest," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 37: No. 2, Article 74.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol37/iss2/74>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact koteles@cod.edu.

SAMANTHA MOFFET

budapest

I'm at Gatsby's right?

And my coffee is cold. Ice cold.

When I went outside for a smoke, I left my little Dixie cup by the TV that was playing Capote on mute, and it got cold.

I want to salvage it but there's no sugar left. The creamer is almost gone and my coffee is blacker than Tartarus.

Six minute wait, says the guy I dubbed Johnny Bravo; the sexy oil painter with the irresistible tattoos and copious amounts of hair.

Outside with a bent cowboy and my sludge in a cup. Bitter as all hell outside, like my coffee. I sip it for a kick of caffeine and my innards churn with bitter ice and bile at the thought of everything beyond the parking lot.

No sugar, the aftertaste of hazelnut as I exhale a french gust of smoke and think of dead movie stars and models on the runway and of the unfinished poems and stories on my vanity, underneath my James Dean poster and my list of places to see before I die. I'd like to see Budapest; I've always liked that word. But I'm broke, as usual, because gas is too expensive and I buy too many books that I'll never read and never learn from.

I had planned it out; that by twenty-two my magnum opus would be complete; something that would blow the minds of the entire human race; a new Howl or Clockwork Orange or something. There would be hype over controversy and I'd get a movie deal and they'd cast me in the lead alongside some Byronic hero British man and we'd fall in love on set and I'd be Mrs. Armitage or Hardy and I'd get an Oscar or Pulitzer or what have you, but

I'll never see Budapest.

I'm at Gatsby's, where that tattooed Johnny Bravo makes decaf instead of regular because it's one a.m. and I remember I left my lights on.