

EPIGRAMS

Edward Voloshin

Coffee is for the weak and weary-eyed,
To drink it is to trade freedom for warmth.
Water is the drink of kings,
Coffee is aid for slaves.

Only a fool pays for the privilege of drinking dirt,
The wise man drinks water, pure and free.

No tomato, no pickle,
says the coward.
I'll have it as-is,
says one less fickle.

A book's worth is in words,
Not in their weight, but their smell.