



## COFFEE CUP ON CAMDEN STREET

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As I sat beneath the speakers  
In a café half in shade,  
The vinyl hissed like drizzle  
On a day the music fade.

The sky wore heavy charcoal,  
A slow and muted grey,  
And colours bled like ink  
Where elegy met the day.

The cup before me trembled  
With steam that curled and sighed,  
A dark perfume of roasted beans,  
Where bitterness and warmth collide.

The café board bore *The Waste Land*  
In chalk, a fading line,  
Half-quoted, half-erased  
By hands more certain than mine.

Then you walked in leather jacket,  
Guitar slung low and worn,  
Curly hair still rain-kissed  
From a soft Dublin morn.

You smelled of pages, ash and rain,  
Of nights that don't begin,  
Of books you read without a thought  
And chords that live within.

You spoke the way the needle moves  
On records past their prime,  
Measured, slow, unfinished  
Like a verse that dodged the rhyme.

It was Friday, August the 8<sup>th</sup>,  
We found the light just right,  
You said, "*Hold still*," and I clicked a frame  
That still feels too polite.



You leaned into the frame,  
Relaxed, smiling, a little shy(?)  
And something in the café stilled,  
As if it knew goodbye.

You showered me with praises,  
Like steam across a screen,  
Warm and fleeting,  
As if they'd never been.

I traced your name in B-minor  
Along the rim of every cup,  
But you drank your coffee darker  
Than I ever quite kept up.

I painted you in Zeppelin chords,  
In rust and crimson tone,  
But you belonged to quieter songs;  
The kind one plays alone.

You touted all your sorrow  
As if it burned like art,  
But I could only hold it  
At the edges of my heart.

And though you never promised,  
And I never asked you to,  
The space you left was shaped enough  
To write a whole thing through.

So now I sip the sediment  
And let the silence bloom,  
Not love, per se, just something  
That once unsettled every room.

The rain began to soften  
Like vinyl spun too slow,  
And I stayed, not for the ending,  
Just to feel the quiet go...

Still I sat there, brown and humming,  
As the amp began to buzz,  
With the scent of something distant,  
And a warmth I thought was us.

So hum, hum down the chorus  
Of a song I'll never chart;  
You left no harm, no promise,  
Just a cup and a younger heart.



And now the lines come clearer,  
Though you were never mine:  
You didn't teach me love,  
You gave me a first line.

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