

# Boston Literary Magazine

## Special 5<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Issue



Summer 2011

Even after 5 years we still feel a little funny when people call us the Best Magazine in the History of the Entire Universe... but hey, we'll just have to get used to it!

## Café Sunshine

David Poplar

"Because the sun never really sets when you think about it. It's all about what you see from where you are – all about your point of view. If you keep moving, it never sets. Or maybe it's always rising."

What a pretentious fop, Geoffrey thought. Sometimes this coffee shop really annoys me. He turned to eavesdrop on another conversation.

"Seriously, I knew Pixie was fake as fuck. She and Choochie can go suck a choad."

At least Geoffrey found the gossip of the naïve young art students amusing. Pixie, Choochie, choad... Geoffrey wrote the words down in his Moleskine, the same type of journal used by Hemingway. Maybe I can use these later, he thought.

He sipped his triple macchiato. Too much foam. The artwork hanging on the walls was raw, and most of it was sophomoric and pedestrian, but some of it showed promise.

Glancing down from the wall, Geoffrey's eyes rested upon a moderately attractive woman sitting in the corner. He caught her staring at him, but she didn't look away sheepishly, as he expected. Geoffrey granted her a wry smile. She subtly pursed her lips, acknowledging the smile but not returning it.

What an asshole, s/he thought.