

Cafe Society Andrew James Paterson

Anthony Alexander walked into Cafe Discursive a few seconds before eleven o'clock in the morning. He sat down at his usual booth and placed his usual order.

There was a new waiter this morning so Anthony was required to prove his vaccination status. He had remembered to bring his phone with him...not that anybody was likely to be calling. He sipped from his glass of water and pitched his ears toward the customers in the booth ahead of his. He was disappointed that their conversation was about Spotify and Neil Young. Anthony thought that old rock stars pulling their works from Spotify because of the streaming service's alliance with a comedian host who sucked up to rightist anti-vaxxers was a non-issue, until some musicians perhaps under twenty-five began pulling their work from the service.

Neil Young, Joni Mitchell,, whatever. Too California for his taste.

So Anthony was grateful that the music on the PA was drowning out the customers' conversation in the booth in front of his. The music was not unpleasant. It seemed like something other than alternative or alt-country.

Cafe Discursive was a slacker hangout. The staff were very laid back...no sales pressure or frustrated actors. Servers came and went at a rapid rate, probably because the wages and tips were terrible. But the cafe was a comfort zone, and Anthony liked his comfort zones and comfort food.

Perhaps there might be some more intellectual customers tomorrow? He finished his breakfast and decided to forego tea for the time being.