

The Trendoids

You've tasted the cafe au lait in Paris, sipped cappuccino by the Coliseum in Rome, sampled espresso in Spain, imbibed latté in Cannes, savored mocha in Gstaad, quaffed Caffe Latté in Copenhagen, refreshed with an iced hazelnut in Barbados... and gulped stale coffee at 50¢ a cup in diners all over America. And in one horrifying emergency - ~~TASTER'S CHOICE~~. When you shop by catalog, it's J. Peterman. When you shop in store, it's with a personal shopper. Of course you were at the Planet Hollywood opening, but haven't stepped foot in there since. Needless to say, you have every Sting album on import.

Now you're in **The City** - hip, trendy San Francisco - and you want to experience what's happening! What's hot, what's not. Poetry readings, art openings, jazz, fresh eel and octopus in Chinatown, rosemary crusted swordfish in North Beach, white Chard from Sonoma (but of course not a California Cab Sav!), and a perfect decaf double depth charge mocha latté with a twist of lemon.

But where to begin? You've been away from the City for so long! Do they still show art films? Is Green Day still hip? Do they still microbrew their own brew? Do they still drink...*coffee*? *Mon dieu!* You've traveled so far, thinking of that perfect cup of decaf double latte... Surely SF is still trendier than that haven of grunge, Seattle! You'd better call your chums - and fast! Let's see...468-something. You're sure you have her card in here somewhere

1. Your friend's still trendy as she can be
As for her advice - you'll just have to see
Up the **peaks** you'll have to go
But where are mountains in Frisco?
From Bella Vista you'll head out
A leftist **senorita** will make you shout
Follow till you reach the Portals
For the beans reserved for the immortals
You'll know you're correct when you see the sign
Caffeine (as of yet) hasn't addled your mind
A very short ways, then left and up you go!
Let's hope you don't suffer from vertigo!
2. Well, San Francisco has no beans
You'll have to search for other means
You need a coffee with a dark roasted flavor
For the taste you can truly savor
But now your friend hasn't left you a clue

Of where to find that delectable brew
Maybe a name you recognize
Will help you reach your tasty prize
Go back now from whence you came
East through the Portals to reach the flame
At a fast Clip, you'll make good time
Towards the brew that's truly sublime
You have only 24 hours in a day
So hurry now for cafe au lait

3. That wasn't what you had in mind
Doesn't beat the daily grind
But the caffeine did renew
So your quest you can pursue
You need something strong and black
(I meant coffee, you twisted hack!)
On this street you will continue
For your mission is the perfect brew
Something stronger is what you need
Something to make your stomach bleed
Maybe you'll find what you need in the East
And your coffee dreams can at last be released
VALiENTly you **Contlnue** your **seArch**
In search of the "Espresso Church"
It must be better than just muddy water
For you the *International* globetrotter

4. Oh you poor little trendy thing!
What is God's name were you thinking?
That strong coffee wasn't for you
No mocha? No latte? What a snafu!
And it was rather a bohemian place
Hope no one important saw your face
It's time you bought a new apparatus
Something befitting your yuppie status
And if SOMA is currently hip
You'll follow the latest gossip
So quickly turn right, take a Van if you must
And leave the south in your dust
A sporty roadster might do the trick
Try the 2nd floor, if you're slick

If you hit the 10th you've gone too far
Better reset your crack radar

5. You'll admit that was a thrilling sensation
But you must rejoin the latte generation
Could it be that The City just poses
With wanna-be punks and trendy pierced noses?
Surely *your* tastes are more than just fad
(But I wouldn't bet my right gonad)
Maybe you need a different angle
If good iced mocha you are to wrangle
To attempt to get yourself back on track
You should avoid the people-who-wear-black
Make it a Mission to sit in the sun
Enjoy the place that *bohemes* shun
And when the *Modern* light exposes
You can stop and smell the roses
It's only your 4th cup today
So you should really enjoy the bouquet

6. Almost perfect - you'd love to stay
But too many families spoil your day
Noisy children with dirty hands
Can make the hairs on your neck stand
And certainly no one seemed very well known
Not one single person on a cell phone!
Perhaps an area with more popularity
Will bring relief from this common vulgarity
A straight path North, then you'll **discover**
The place for a coffee and biscotti lover
At 3:00, a kearnel of truth
Will reveal what's really couth
If smoking cigars is all the rage
Time for your engines to engage

7. That wasn't quite what you expected
You're starting to feel a tad dejected
They didn't have cigars to smoke
And their coffee selection was a joke
No hazelnut? No almond? No Irish Creme?
(I'm surprised that their milk was steamed!)

Don't give up hope; someone left a clue
(Probably a patron desperate for brew)
You'll want to immediately head west
For the coffee that is best
While the jury's Divided over issues of flavor
You know you need a cup to savor
Actually, the only thing that you *hate*
Is surly waiters who bring your cream late

8. Not just Ethiopian, but Kenyan too!
Talk about exotic brew!
Of course, the neighborhood could be a little cleaner
Some of those space kids were looking meaner
Naturally while there, an idea hits you
Why in coffeehouses do you continue?
If they sell by the pound
You can simply pick up some ground!
Now you'll need the perfect machine
In which to brew your foreign beans
Everyone knows where the hip go to shop
With antiques and pottery until you drop
Your undivided attention you'll need henceforth
Toward the water you'll drive north
A little Nespresso is waiting for you
On a nutty street, you'll find your clue

9. You have the machine, it looks really fine
But a trendoid like you rarely has the time
You're 90s people! You're on the go!
Making your own is just too slow
Besides, the point is to be out and be seen
Not at home slaving over a machine
Can it be SF no longer rates?
Certainly a topic for debates
Consider a change of scenery
Maybe trendy "Horsey" country
A "crooked" street west leads to a park
Hopefully you'll get there before dark
A beloved president leads you around
Guiding you quickly out of town
The Bookstore/Coffeeshop is what you require
You can order mochacino's to your heart's desire
Where you can have intelligent conversation

And discuss the celestine revelation
Don't mill around; you must press on
You must engage every neuron
Ralph will steer you through the center
So your haven you can enter

10. You're starting to feel closer to your old self
Time to put those books back on the shelf
You're in the mood for activity
That will make you feel beyond trendy
Antique shopping! That's a plan!
Eureka! you shout, with élan
As you speed along the highway
Remember not to stop for any rosé
The petals of a flower are opening for you
As the perfect town comes into view
Take the first president you see
And head on over to the sea
Something old is waiting for a buy
As long as you don't bank on the first thing you try

11. You've done it all, you've made the scene
Now a cozy waterfront would be a scream
That same president now steers you west
But you must drive miles before you rest
You'll happily head toward the Bay
As towards the Coast you want to play
Maybe you should stop to eat
Though this area looks rather bleak
Tamales really seem so 80s
Eating those is rather weighty
And the general store left you cold
You can't believe the food that's sold
A Dylan-esqe atmosphere hits you now
Slow down before you hit a cow
I hate to suggest that you're getting tired
After 424 cups, you must be wired!
Come on in to the warm fireplace
You've earned it after this road rally race