

This sadness does not die with her

Like a cup of tea
overflowing
she keeps going places
unexpected
beyond will and power

dyeing the tablecloth
with a silhouette
of sweet fragrance
in the white morning

I want to reach
and drape my heart
in the warm remembrance
like a make-believe ghost
and make her laugh

But I can't move
in the still second
waiting for the ebb
to take me away
to take her away

Come Sadness!

Let us play a game:
stop this deluge
and find my trembling face
in every cup of tea