

This sadness does not die with her

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

drawing in the tablecloth
a silhouette
of sweet fragrance
in the white morning

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

Come Sadness!

Let us play a game:
stop this deluge
see my trembling face
in every cup