

Like a cup of tea  
overflowing

she keeps going places  
unexpected  
beyond will and power

she draws silhouettes  
of sweet fragrance  
in the white morning

I can't help but clutch  
at the burning tablecloth  
and drape my heart

Like a make-believe ghost  
I haunt every cup of tea  
with my trembling face

Among the guests  
beaming and laughing  
at brilliant jokes  
we share a drink  
with two ice cubes

Side by side  
those fatal icebergs  
complicit and beautiful  
float in a world of silence

short-changing the suns  
ninety percent

Without a thought  
you hand me a second jar

Without a thought  
I open it and you smile  
in profile  
at this intimacy  
like a wife

Hidden in plain sight  
secret delights  
that can't touch  
or be open  
without a thought

streaming meltwater  
carries faraway echos  
— I soak my sleeves