

This sadness does not die with you

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

It sinks in the tablecloth
and draws a silhouette
of sweet fragrance
in the white morning

I want to follow you
and drape my heart
with the warm bed sheets
like a make-believe ghost
and make you laugh

Come Sadness!

Let us play a game:
you loosen a deluge
and I see my face
in every cup