

Sadness does not depart 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 can't help but clutch
at the tainted sail
forlorn and useless
on my shore

In the still second
I hold my breath
and wish for the ebb
to take me away
to take her away

What is left but drape my heart
with her warm remembrance
like a make-believe ghost?

Come Sadness!

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