

The Tea Ceremony

In the room of her memory where tea was always,
but it was ALWAYS, taken, a fuse blows.
Her long-dead father looks startled. Cups
rattle, and his face leaves. In her ears,
years of rumours from villages dismantle
down to their smallest components, no more audible
than the siftings of sugar in her slightly dented
silver sugar bowl. Voices
unscrew into slender peepings of frogs.
They hop gently away, beyond
the last windows. Her fingers slowly
slough off the soft skin of sensations,
as patiently as a snake. The feel of her feathery
nightdress comes away in her hand like a brass
doorknob. Her echoes fall asleep
in the wall. Bricks age, and crumble
awake to the peepings of frogs, who demand
new swamps in the villages, since tea
must, but it MUST, be taken, in rooms
where fathers still try to fix the dampened
fuses, and someone else's cup
of memories begins to fill, with its three
sugars or two rumours again.

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