

Now I Know Why All the Philosophers Say,
“Life is Like a Cup of Tea.”

A restaurant room of noise, moments of forgotten nothing
being filled by laughter that will echo
down hollow
corridors of people’s minds
for years,
or for no time at all.

In this ocean of color and excitement
my eyes focus on a tiny spot of peaceful brown
and drown
in the drowsiness of my teacup, it seems,
for years,
or for no time at all.

Its lullaby makes a perfect mirror,
showing me a shadow-image of my own eyes
and the lies
I’ve lived and hoped others would believe
for years,
or for no time at all.

The bright sunshine which fills the room
helps me no more, for I now know that the me
that I see
in my tea is who I’ve been, and who I still could be
for years,
or for no time at all.