

It Takes 3 Minutes to Steep Green Tea

to your liking & so gently unfold the tea bag paper
flatten it as a page & write as you would
a letter to a friend say sometimes the ideas
are banded by the blinds but you know them
to be vivid as blessing the cantor's voice
carrying a song too high wavering
like a stringed instrument the book
on the road's shoulder open to each passing car
its pages thumbed through by circumstance
say to witness means nothing at a talent show
to harbor means to run with the possibility
that the seed accidentally eaten could root inside you
that the seagull on the shore faints into the ocean
so you could pity it more than the fish
to steep means to let the day fade over
as you fumble with the memory of how your center
pixelated into a hovering lightness humbly rearranged
everything here is borrowed your birthmark
an archipelago on the Pacific
tonight's moon your fingernail
the found face on marble familiar in your dreams
& your tea cold as the room