

The Teacup
by Beatrice Burton

A thin stem hugs a faded porcelain cup
Imbedded with a tarnished silver
A faint rose cries out for dear life in whispers of color
After years of delicate and not so delicate washings
The saucer is long gone but dearly missed
Neither remembers when it left
But the warm summer memory
When the pair caught the sunlight
Just right in the shop's window
Feels like it could've been yesterday
A colorless trail traces along the bottom petals
From soft strokes during her lazy rainy days
And light brown rings remain where
Earl gray and the occasional espresso
Sent up wisps of steam to warm his face
when snowflakes danced in the moonlight
Barely visible circles left by condensation
Are scattered throughout the house
One by her favorite reading chair

Another next to the lamp on his desk
By the window when she'd get a little sad
By the stove when it was his turn to cook
And one more on the piano
From the time they dropped everything
And just danced.

There's a few fractures
From the time it was left alone
And the cats knocked it around
A chip on the lip from where she dropped it
A crack on the bottom from where he slammed it down
It was quiet when it was packed up
And nestled amongst others
Forgotten as well.
Dust thick enough to swim in
Now fills the cup
And the rose's petals have shriveled up,
all but blown away.
Peppermint replaced by musk
It's shine long gone
Like a book once cherished
But the title slips the mind.