

Irish Breakfast Tea

The cream of the crop curdles in the cup
floating at the top of what is bound to turn bitter
long before it gets to the bottom of this
— this what? this morning indulgence in reverie?
this sluggishness of a sleep-deprived brain?
the alchemy of soured aliments?

Less than recuperation, the night a series
of intermittent gaseous and liquid
evacuations, nocturnal emissions
distinctly unseminal for nothing
is less likely to be libidinal
than desires of an old man for sleep.

A second cup, and a breeze comes through the window
reminding me how we would play with one another
mornings before the sun resurrected
sharp edges of things in this very room,
how in the gray ambiguity
our bodies would seem to flow into each other

our minds for the moment forgetting to think themselves
alone but bathed in the warmth of the rising sun
lose for the time being our edgewise sense.
But now the amber fluid has grown tepid,
bits of leaves clinging to the glazed ceramic
unreadable though the immediate future is clear:

another cup, this one with toast and honey,
radio turned on to the latest old news
announced in a professional voice trained
to provoke no understanding at all
of last night's dreams dissipating in the wake
behind the circular stirring of a teaspoon.