

“Blue Donuts”

The coffee cup with blue donuts
circling the sides
sits in front of me
like the dark night of my favorite meal.

My first coffee cup, a gift
from my sister my sophomore year.
I drank instant back then.

I cradle the warmth of the cup.
Someone she's loved has died
and I have just put down
the blue telephone.

She's never liked coffee,
hates the smell. I imagine
her tears, the unrelenting grey.
What comfort can one human give
to another?

The blue lips open
in a sigh of grey sky.
I could almost feel her pulse
over the phone. I waited to call
but I shouldn't have, her grief
licking the cup, anxious
to spill.

I held that cup as we talked,
sipping from it. I wanted to say
suddenly, Do you remember that cup,
I still have it, but I simply
nodded, though she couldn't see,
and swallowed.