Tea for Two

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2004/iss3/14
Heartache is awakening alone,
your side of the bed, cold.
Getting ready. No kisses on my lips,
no arms around me.
Linen white dress cascades
from shoulders to floor.
Blue is the hat and scarf I wear
which matches my insides,
screaming to get out,
show emotions, get angry.
Must not let the children see.
Following them to the garden.
I have to keep moving forward.
They play among the flower walls.
I envy this.
I sit down to tea at the bench made for
Two.
Freshly cut vibrant red and orange flowers
scream from the vase before me.
Wanting to join their chorus,
but knowing I can’t.
Stirring my tea until it is
cold.
Waiting for the gate to creak and for you
to approach me with another excuse.
Fidgeting in my seat, moving my dress through my
hands, wondering how I shall respond.
Finally, I hear that oh-so-familiar sound.
You slowly peer your way around the corner.
Day old clothes.
Bouquet of flowers in your hand.
The scent of another catches my breath
fills my lungs as you settle down beside me.
Red lipstick on your collar.
French whore.