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Tea for Two

Robin Buda  
St. John Fisher College

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Tea for Two

Cover Page Footnote
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.