

White Tea

He makes a cup for me of teabag
white, from a white tin,
which I don't drink. It cools
on a fold-out table
as we fit ourselves together.
Now my futon's no longer
jealous of your sofa, he
murmurs afterwards.

He of the long toes and curly
hair going gray at sides
and thinning on top. I like to
look at this man's face.

White tea. Lift a small cup with
tender fingers, inhale steam
with closed eyes, open them to
peer down into gold-green liquid.

Take one sip. Just so. Let
your life unfold
like a tea leaf flower. Let go.

Not for all the tea in China
would I trade falling
asleep pressed against the curve
of his spine, or waking
to his sweet smile the next day. I
like to look at this man's face.

This time, falling in love is
not so much a plunge
but a gentle stepping downward,
as I would into sacred waters,
opened, naked, willing to receive
blessings and welcome joy.
Drink it in.

—Carole Greenfield

