

## *A Cup of Tea*

*A cup of green tea  
reflecting the stream of my daughter's hair  
explodes its fresh green fragrance into the  
spring mist*

*A touch of wind sways our time  
into innocent days  
across the Pacific Ocean  
in my native country  
where every gentle aspect of life was cherished  
with an aesthetic celebration*

*A cup of clay, a myth of the earth, the origin of  
our birth  
wind, a legend of our reverberating with an  
infinite universe*

A cup of warm tea  
gleaming by the spring light  
reflecting sky  
embracing shadows of leaves

My little daughter holds the cup of clay in her  
innocent hands  
When she opens her palms, I see the  
blossoming of my buried spring time

Yoko Chase

