

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

