

Sitting Still

This act of sitting still
Causes such chaos
This hot cup of tea, poured to calm the mind,
Confuses it
Apparitions rise with the steam
Be an artist, be a singer, be a poet they scream
Haunting scepters of past ambitions
That dissipate as they rise into the cool air
The teacup becomes a seething caldron
Its contents a potion of early expectations
Aspirations never realized
I sip it slowly
There's no talisman
Against these ghosts from the past
Busyness can stifle their voices
Amid the din of family life, they scuttle from the room
In these few minutes of silence
While I'm sitting with a cup of tea
They come creeping back
Clamoring for attention
Begging for resurrection
I drink the potion
Longing for a magical transformation
Into the person
Of my girlhood dreams