

ninety-five

She is like a tea bag
Steeped three times
Stained white mug
Dipped up
down
up
down
barely coloring
steaming water

Squeezed between gentle fingers
encour-
aging
one more
drop of life
one more
glimmer of smile when
"You are My Sunshine"
is sung in her ear

Add
drop of milk
teaspoon of sugar
to sweeten her worn aroma
So she can be palatable
to those who
cradle her life
in their cupped hands

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