

Cups

a cup
rests at the corner
of the table

a clear cup

so I know
exactly what's in it

a cup
that I can never
drink from

but every now and again
I'll sneak a sip
to remember the taste

summer wind in my hair
soft skin against mine
conversations lost in time

and it's funny
how life gives us
nights to never speak of

or
cups to never drink from

and it's funny
how empty
this cup seems

and it's funny
how I keep
scraping the bottom

until it's all gone