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Morning Tea

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Morning Tea

I wait for my orchids to bloom all at once. Just then my white lace curtains will flow and billow with the fall breeze. The lemon wedges line the saucer, lie near the spiced tea bag dripping with the remnants of freshly steeped nostalgia.

I sit across the desk from the man who killed my brother. His voice, meant to comfort, covers me with unending shame. I swallow his words, one by one, each a thorn pinched from his memorial rose.

Remember always
How to peak meringue
Change a tire.
Yellow paint, blue trim
Collaged wallpaper
Stolen posters
Kitchen puppet shows
and Neverland.

The curtain flows, but it is cold, so I lower the window.
Before I die, I will learn to savor every morsel of my life.

-Susan Trestrail