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DeMonte  
Creative Writing  
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8:00 a.m. Sitting Across From My Father on a Saturday Morning

Tea rings  
On the old oak table.  
I run my fingers o'er  
Their impressions,  
Left by mugs  
Too hot to hold  
Who seared their feet  
Into the wood,  
Tiny grave markers  
Of so many other Saturday mornings.  
My words trip over them  
As they make their way across the table  
To my father.

The so sweet to be melancholy  
Smell of honey,  
The sharp to a point  
Scent of Earl Grey  
Pierce the morning's gossamer veil  
Of lingering sleep.  
How many Saturday mornings  
Have had to witness  
The violent end  
Of a Friday night's rest?  
I count the tea rings-  
I stop.  
I already know.  
56 years.  
I wonder if  
That's long enough  
For tea to sink  
Into your bones.  
Leaving perfect pale circles  
Across his towering structure.

I pour my tea down the drain.