

## Tea

Your furrowed fingers grip the ceramic curve.  
You swirl the liquid around.  
It's turning cold.  
You gently replace it onto the matching saucer and  
Lay back.  
I offer to heat it up,  
Clean the mug.  
Except when i go to pick it up  
The milk has curdled  
And the small plate has collected dust.  
I turn to your chair  
But you're no longer there.  
Just the tea you left behind.