

Teakettle

Standing at the marble slab of counter
Her outstretched fingertips reach
From fridge to faucet; everything around her
Basks in sunlight, faded shades of peach

She collects the aged, well-loved kettle
Passed through hand after hand, gifted as greetings and goodbyes,
Fills with water, lets it settle
On the rusty little stovetop, heat turned to high.

As the whistling begins,
Reminiscent of train journeys, dissipating wisps of memories,
The tea-mistress grins,
Mind galloping backwards in time through decennaries.

Dashing through sunlit fields of lavender,
Laughing, laughing for countless hours
Friends and family gather
For weddings, funerals, baby showers.

She pulls two chipped cups from their teetering stack
Carefully fills them, a sugar lump each
One in her hands, the other set opposite with a gentle clack
Waiting for a ghost, sitting just out of reach.