

## 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.