

## A Brew that is True

**Nicola Scholes**

I was the mug  
you poured your decaf  
into while you had a girlfriend  
I dissolved tiny cubes of hope  
to make palatable the lemon.  
When she left you  
a good year later  
I could barely contain myself  
with fresh cream  
I laughed like Buddha knew  
I would sink my fine bones  
in hot soapy baths  
my belly massaged!  
but you were still boiling  
letting off steam  
scalding from the instant  
karma she flung at you.  
Being a mug I gave tea  
and sympathy entertained  
patiently your condition.  
Six months later

you whistled you were ready  
but for someone else, a new ccino.  
You hope...  
we can still share a friendly cuppa...  
I can't feel your marshmallow  
apologies they orbit  
my saucer but don't touch  
my rim  
I could smash this pot that  
I've kept waiting  
but what's the use of howling  
to a flat white  
moon

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