

Every Midnight

Sage Francis

Every midnight we sit at the coffee table and we share
a cup of tea
He stays up with me and we discuss things
Most of the time he just listens
Other times offers suggestions or he just ignores my
questions
It gets more depressing as time passes, because every
night
I ask this one question and all he does is wipe his
glasses
It's aggravating as hell and I'm just waiting to tell
whether or not he can even remember the answer..
Or whether or not he's choosing not to tamper with his
memory..
Or whether or not he can even fucking remember me.
What a waste of time
But every night it's that same damn routine:
One green cup of tea and me stuck all by myself once
its empty
Then I'm off to bed with plenty of caffiene to keep me
up and thinking
The cup I'm drinking from is never clean
I can't remember if it's a dream once I awake and I
walk..
From my messy bed and anticipate the next late night
talk

Every midnight we sit at the coffee table and we share
a cup of tea
He stays up with me and we discuss things
Most of the time he just listens
Other times offers suggestions with his awful
expressions
Altered refelctions...his whole aura is see-through
With more confessions...I don't want to leave you
"This cup should be bottomless!"...as my insecurities
spill
I see his face fading away. I surely need a refill
I purposely keep still and don't move much
Except to wet my lips with sips. With every kiss of
death I lose touch
I sip the tea carefully because its at the degree of
seperation
Tasting the forked tongue in bi-lingual conversation
Waiting for his answer still...and at any given chance
I will
Sweet and Low my bitter past...let the cancer kill the
small talk
"Alright, man...this bitter taste in my mouth needs to
get washed out
Ghosts in this house don't have anything timely to talk
about."
The concept is dead. There's nothing death should
interrupt
I went to bed last night with one sip left in the cup