

David Trame

RITES

1

I pour the coffee, barley really,
in the cup, the glossy
black shine, mixing
I enjoy the blond froth and foam
with the bubbles, its own
bounty brewing.

I leave the spoon in
and walk to my room, to my armchair,
you enjoy hearing the tinkling
of the spoon in the cup, like
the tiny bells, you say,
in a Zen monastery.

2

In the evening I put the plugs in
at around seven, the computer's, the TV's,
we unplug them regularly before bed,
we say it's because of the thunderstorms,
just a matter of safety then,
but it's not so, not really, we know
we would just be less ourselves without doing that,
we would definitely skip
a fundamental heartbeat,
so it's a gesture we sense
will somehow continue after our life's coincidence
winding along our home walls,

the sky pressing down
in a further swirl, the afterthought
of its will.

David Trame is an Italian teacher of English. He has been writing exclusively in English since 1993. His poems have appeared in around five hundred magazines since 1999 and his poetry collection *Re-emerging* was published by www.gattopublishing.com in 2006. He lives in Venice, Italy.