Richard Solly

After the Hospital

Forced to study
the intricacies of webs
of snow crystals
frosted on the window,

I’ve come
to look closely
at details, say,
the curve of the handle

to this blue teacup,
and how my finger, too,
curves and hooks
under my thumb.

I’m lifting much more
than water, steam,
and rose hips
to my lips,

because at any moment
the phone could ring
or pain, like a rope
suddenly cinched

and knotted
inside my abdomen,
could scatter chips
of porcelain

across the floor.
That’s why the cup
on the saucer now
is the first

and last cup
in this house,
on this whole earth,
the only one that matters.