

Zen Thoughts

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In Singapore once, the reclaimed city,
twenty-six miles long and three cultures wide,
on some twenty-seventh floor
I sipped green tea admiring and tasting its aroma.

Then, the following year, in a Japanese teahouse
I had a similar Zen calm: the tea leaf prep and pour—
different from pulling open my own tea drawer
and deciding which matches the day's mood.

In my writing studio, I find a long dialogue
with silence, as I stare at majestic mountains
and contemplate my next words—as my mind
floods with childhood memories.

A Hopper painting hangs in my office
and sparks creative words from me—
something about the view from a train window
which stimulates my imagination.

On my balcony I sip the green tea
which my doctor promises protects against cancer
or it is the stillness and soft sipping which heals?

Some things cannot always be explained
even when shooting stars land in my yard
and the moon amplifies my melancholy
as I savor another cup of green tea.

♣NCJ