



## **FIRST LITERARY REVIEW-EAST**

### **Teas Drip**

by Diana Raab

I love airplanes because I feel free above clouds. Years ago, on the way to Japan, they served rosehip tea which reminded me of the rose garden where I met my husband more than five decades ago—roses of every color and fragrance. He on his knees handing me a bud as he said, ‘a bud for a buddy.’ I still remember the felt sweetness in my nose and in my heart—touching moments live forever.

Teas drip from rosebud  
Like drops on plane window  
I want to be free.

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