

Federico Federici
Breakfast tea
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To begin the day with
some tea in a cup
and a wee bit of milk
as a cake slice sinks
in tiny puffs of heat,
halved, unhindered
to the lower side of it
the ground state.

Hot sugar dissolves
atoms gravitate a bit
more around outlines
of raisins, the crumbs
collide, balance the chaos
the sheer butter effect.

Weep with me then
droop over your breakfast tea
and make the sign of the cross
on the under-milk face of god
or voracious cups will swallow
biscuits and cakes up, the sweet-
natured world to begin with.