




TEA-INSPIRED POETRY

Poems by Steve Kokker & Jasper Hermans

INTO THE MIST-IC

—*Steve Kokker*



Pause
Silence
A space widens
And into it we shift
Him and I
Separated on hardwood floor
By teapot, bowls
Tongues, hot and moist
From ancient nectar
Hold magic before
It slips into the void
Eyes fall shut
Then—expansion
Strands reach out towards boundlessness
Being becomes scattered
Dissolves into fearless bliss
This is No Mind Zone
Hovering, wordless peace
Here, matters not be it the
Rising mist from this bowl in hands
Or from the morning dew
In this primeval valley
I squint at the rising sun piercing over
Peaks which have not known human steps
I fly above these wise trees
And descend into piercings of soil, rock, roots
Expansion, ever
Expansion
Inside this infinite expanse of flesh
No longer a barrier but connector
My body cavernous, empty
Warmth spreads, again disappears
Into all things
For a long moment
Outside and in merge
Nothing
In the distant mind, now a faint panic
Senses refocus on a sound
Closer
Fabric sliding on fabric
Opposite, he shifts position
And sets bowl to ground
A gentle thud
Eyes open and a gaze
Lost and dazed
Set upon their mirrored reflection

Such beauty:
No difference
Between that which sees and
That which is seen
Tender sigh
Why can't this last?
The mind returns, valleys pull back
Bird retreats, roots recoil to far distance
Yet the noise is softer
Gentler
Than before
Softened
By the smile I see
In my reflection before me