

Wai Li at the Coffee Maker

Wai Li leaning against the coffee maker
 as though in prayer,
 forearm up to fend off
 the consequences of her invocation;
 a slipped salute;
 shard of swastika; Canute's
 oh, no!
 facing the tsunami no-one predicted.

Not so much. Someone said
 hurry up! that's all
 or she grew impatient
 with her life,
 fiddling with the iron teats of it.
 Machines are so slow,

like prayer,
 and sometimes, lately,
 as the deep brown hot
 liquid hits the cup
 with a flat smack
 like God's disfavour,
 not even that, either.

Robert Lumsden