

## **A Bowl With Tears**

Silently, nimbly, effortlessly,  
Inkpen with thin ending  
Gently scratching and sketching the feelings,  
scribbles at the bottom of nothing  
of the bowl of tears.

Full, complete, beautiful,  
and nothing more to say,  
drop by drop collection from the falling rain.  
Bottomless bowl  
with a sieve ending of scratches  
endless collection let's say.

Full, completely full and pristine  
small lake in a rounded palm,  
Settled, calm and quiet like falling rain.  
Looking again in that mirror  
I see my heart,  
washed again and again,  
washed and empty with pain.

*Irina Kassabova*

## **Spill**

Spill, the imprint from the bottom of the cup of coffee  
on my brown working jeans.  
White dust particles fallen,  
remind me of Horton,  
of something fragile  
I am not going to say “we are” or what 'n' where,  
as if my favorite coffee spills will vanish forever.  
White dust from my dusty hair,  
something dies, something revives...

Another spot, a spill, I don't know  
from what and where, a little bit darker-  
concentrated, listen carefully.  
My eyesight is moving down further inside,  
down the road, the brown on my cloth-covered leg.  
White flowers on a black grass,

I reached my soul and my socks on flowers on the bottom.  
Something makes me more sensitive,  
feeds the air- the rhymes.

The spill, half circle of japanese brush,  
something spontaneous like a wash,  
squishing in the brown background  
of the cinnamon shade of the rust,  
is whispering something velveteen.  
Chestnut, brown, red wood, burnt umber.  
My coffee is hot forgotten  
on some of my spots at home.  
Some bitterness...

Washing machine rumbling,  
quiet invisible voice.

The poetry is over.  
The spills, they disappeared.

*Irina Kassabova*