

Percolating Change

My mother's percolator
silver metal
stainless steel
rattling on the bottom
against the bright red hot electric coils
clear glass bubble at the top
lighthouse turret
--so the ever-darkening liquid
could peep out as it
splashed up and bounced
back down
--so I could peer in
wide-eyed and watch
the chocolate-colored bubbles
rise up through the hollow metal tube
rise up from the heat
through the filter basket
spill through the basket cover
seep through the coarse ground grains
slowly, gently
permeate the bean shards
and sink down below
stronger still
bubble up seep down
bubble up seep down
darker thicker stronger with each
over and over
each time ever more becoming
Coffee.



*All the best
to you and yours
for the New Year*

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Change is percolating
like my mother's morning coffee
a luscious rough-ground blend
a fragrant brew
dark and strong
ever hotter thicker richer
all the time
filtered through
always through
the remnants of all that has been before
bubble up seep down
bubble up seep down
darker thicker stronger with each
bubble up seep down.
Watching it may keep it from boiling--
or that may be just an old man's tale
to keep the old wives
from feeding the fire
that cuts through the sludge
at the bottom of the pot
to keep all who are shackled
from feeding the flames
that make it easier
for the luscious thickening liquid to
Bubble up
Boil over
Become.

*Shellen Lubin
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