Wabi-sabi

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Wabi-sabi

It was always a tug-of-war  
    between my adopted country and me

The smell of incense and a peculiar  
    kind of flower that I never learned the name of 
The cherry blossoms only paled in comparison  
    to spring’s first gift of plum blossoms 
which tasted like salt and held the color of ancient stained glass  
    in the holiest of churches

Spring, the pinnacle; a taunting prelude to summer

Summer so hot, so densely humid, the air would condense in your hair  
    and cling to your neck like seaweed 
    to the thighs on an unsuspecting swimmer

A language that stuck like pins in my tongue  
    but flowed and babbled ceaselessly from natives 
A never-ending storm of syllables so quick  
    I’d have a better chance catching rabbits

She taught me well and I did learn.  
Learn of a place where green tea  
    can fill your soul  
    and pleasantly drown you  
    in bitterness.

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