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.