

All this.

Piston empathy,  
pumps love thick enough to touch.  
For what you will be feeling now  
and the meaning, there.

I can't come to you.  
Or speak,  
or send,  
or lend,  
my knowledge softly to your face.

And yet even in this barren, bounded  
etiquette of place  
I can't do,  
nothing.

So I cooked you tea,  
with love,  
and ate it, on my own.  
I hope you felt the fill of it.

I made gravy.