

# The Cup

Hannah LeMair

The other day as I went to wash a cup  
I held it up real high and felt like smashing  
it into the tile instead. In my head  
the act was already done, the  
ceramic shards already one  
marvelous explosion of  
defiant sound in  
a world  
too

*quiet*

for my raging,  
pounding heart. I'd start with  
the cups then perhaps the plates too;  
forget the memory of a broom or  
what the future may store —  
the cupboards have more.  
My hand raised to  
strike, the cup  
ready to

...soar

It's over.

*Stop.*

The cup survives another day.  
Lucky I'm grown up and  
lucky they say that adults  
don't allow themselves  
to blow up and adults  
certainly don't  
throw cups.