

Of Tea -Tasters and Book-Keepers

With a swirl of my tongue I can tell you
If the book was plucked during sunny May or haughty November
Its temperament being Indian or Chinese,
Darjeeling or Hunan, either ways,
It is a cup of ancient wisdom to savour
with pages –
Brewed perfectly by years of stillness
Yet, still,
giving freshness, flavours, tremors to the mind.
You take only what is necessary
and the rest you respectfully discard,
Putting the porcelain back on the table
Feeling wonderfully obtuse as the tannins do their work
Nicking a vein here and there, making peace with your heart
Mending and cleaning the remains of the past....
There is a certain hopelessness in staying healthy
Tackling life head on....no stuptors to seek refuge in....
But just then all becomes well as a pair of brown knowing eyes
see the porcelain and ask “Have I made it a bit too strong, dear?”