

Morning Tea

As I hold this warm bowl,
its shape nestles comfortably into the cup of my hands.

Its surface retains the imprint of the potter's fingers
tracing lines of centrifugal force from the spinning wheel,
though this wheel stopped spinning a century ago.

The flames of the kiln united particles of clay into one entity,
taken from the earth, the finest particles washed in water,
laid down in deep deposits transformed
into a clay so full of potential.

Now I use this potential, this beauty,
to hold my steaming cup of tea.
Raising it to my lips, I taste the history of this tea,
of delicate fingers of tea pickers
tugging small green leaves
from glowing emerald bushes,
laying them out to cure and age
into this fragrant brew.

Important things are often invisible.
It is the space within my bowl that
grants me this cup of warmth.