

Double Tall Mocha Latté

I stumbled down to the kitchen,
Fumbling for the little white bag-
Before I lift the tab.

The dark temptress of addiction-
Roasted in Italian bliss,
Ground with a sinful repetition
Then drowned in a calcium kiss.

I clear the wand of its excess
And bow to the steam on my face-
The milk heats rapid seduction
To a deep bellowing pace.

From the maker she drizzles brown
Into the metal petites-
Then poured over Ghiradelli
As its stirred with perfect beats.

I marry the God and the Goddess,
Like it was meant to be
And sip away its virtue-
Better than a cup of tea.

by Kara Taylor