

Morning Tea

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I start off my days with a cup of tea
I put on the kettle and wait for the water to boil
I decide to put on the news to kill time

A headline on the screen:
“Black Man Killed By Police”
My body quivers

A high-pitched whistling breaks me out of my daze
The kettle mimics my emotions—things get heated—
Both of us are feeling the pressure

I take the kettle off the heat and pour the water over my tea
Gripping my Darjeeling, I sit down waiting for things to mellow
Minutes pass and my demeanor cools

I then drink my black tea and read the Times
A routine headline: a Black person killed
“When will these slayings cease?” I ask

I continue sipping my tea, savoring it
Immersing myself in my Darjeeling I think to myself
“Will I enjoy another cup of tea or will I become tomorrow’s headline?”