

A single chai tea bag
I make love the way I make tea
A cup of water, spiced with cloves
with shoulders furled and eyes downward,
cooked upon the stove
With shame, with judgement.
Low heat, slow to simmer.
I make my tea with slowness, tenderness.
The occasional stir, watch the tea bag sink.
Impatience rears its ugly head, as the color shifts and the mood follows.
It will bubble, churn and revolt.
Never with sweetness but rather bitterness,
Rid yourself of the bag, pour into a mug.
Sugar rots you inside out.

Enjoy

About Rachel Small

Rachel Small writes in Ottawa. A post-undergrad student from Carleton University's History program, she is currently a writer and editor for [AtticVoices](#). Her writing appeared in [SPINE](#) and she has work forthcoming in Apathy Press. You can find her on twitter @rahel_taller.