



Two Cups of Indian Tea—

Anatoly Loginov¹

Two cups of Indian tea—
dark and dense as dried blood.
The cup is full of the South—
cardamom burns, clove scratches
and warmth comes slowly from within, heavy as an animal.
The table smells of daily life,
the spices carry the breath of another continent.
A single trembling thread of steam
binds the two poles before they can tear free.

We sit close.
The silence sits closer.
Whatever might have been said
stays in the window.
Two breaths hover above the table.

Tea—the hot distance between us.
The whole of a memory,
held in two hands.
It burns the lips.
And warms the place beneath the ribs.
Where the cold has been waiting.
The cold stays outside.

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