

TEPID TEA

A Lament of Luxurious Lethargy

I.

Upon a pillow of complacency,
my head sinks into the dark—
a coward's comfort,
a cradle of callous ease.

I switch off a computer game,
with its heroes saving worlds,
brave hearts full of fire.
How unlike me.

I sip tepid tea;
a bland aftertaste
slithering down my throat,
a tasteless ghost of comfort.

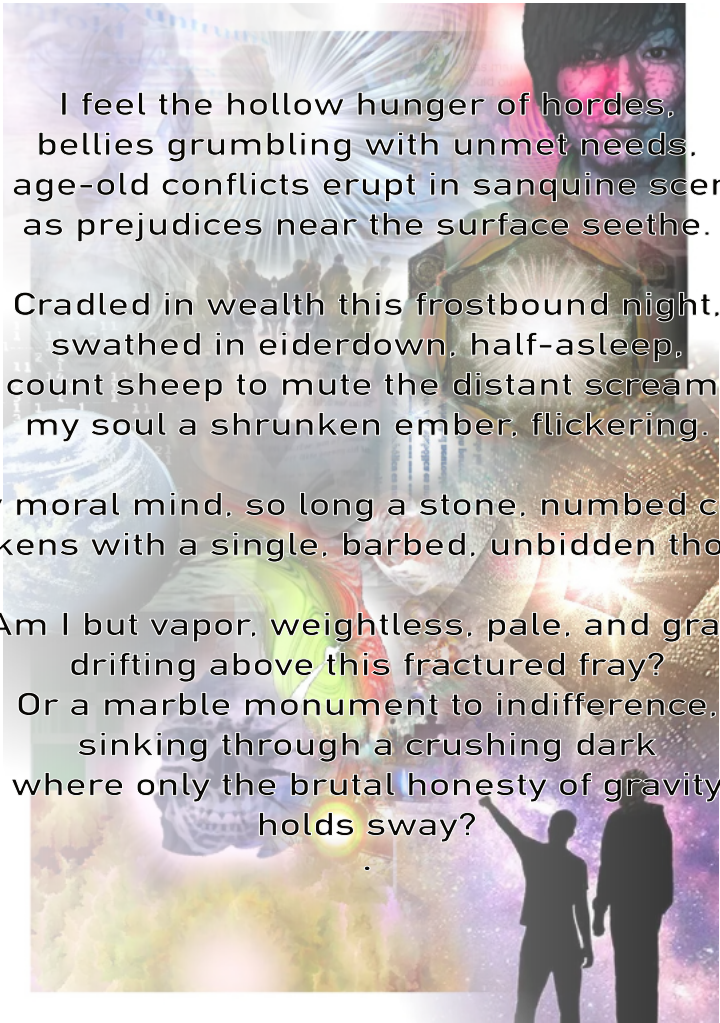
After a languid flick, darkness swallows the room
and I exhale slowly in the gilded gloom.

II.

Beyond the bourgeois, bedded silence of my room
I sense the minds of others threading through,
their vastness pressing over my small self,
a fleeting speck in humanity's weave,
bound to billions in electric, cybernetic streams.

A ceaseless chorus murmurs near:
their laughter, their laments, I hear.

This current swells—serene at times,
then jagged, pulsing, sharp with crimes—
pulsating between strife and peace,
as batons, bayonets, and bright-hot bullets gleam,
next to ballets, bibbers, and the light of a bodhi's dream.



I feel the hollow hunger of hordes,
bellies grumbling with unmet needs,
as age-old conflicts erupt in sanguine scenes
as prejudices near the surface seethe.

Cradled in wealth this frostbound night,
swathed in eiderdown, half-asleep,
I count sheep to mute the distant screams,
my soul a shrunken ember, flickering.

My moral mind, so long a stone, numbed cold,
awakens with a single, barbed, unbidden thought:

Am I but vapor, weightless, pale, and gray,
drifting above this fractured fray?
Or a marble monument to indifference,
sinking through a crushing dark
where only the brutal honesty of gravity
holds sway?

Ying : (leaning back, tapping her fingers against the mahogany table thoughtfully) I like this poem, but I can't help feeling it's a bit... vague. What exactly is the author so upset about? Without more context, this is just beautiful suffering—art for art's sake.

Satoru : (running his calloused thumb along his coffee cup's rim with a half-smile, as if the answer is obvious) Oh, there's plenty to be upset about. Take your pick from this century's buffet of atrocities. You could start with Israel's brutal campaign in Palestine—a genocide unfolding in excruciating slow motion. And Russia, waging a barbaric illegal war in Ukraine. Then there's Trump—tearing democracy apart piece by piece while ranting in front of television cameras.

Dmirtri : (laughing bitterly, shaking his head) This poem is far too wimpy! Why isn't the author doing more sighing on his pillow? If you narrate a problem, why not take action? Poetry without action is just emotional tourism. March. Fight. Scream. Do something constructive - don't whimper in a cozy cave.

Frida : (laughing bitterly, shaking his head) This poem is far too wimpy! Why isn't the author doing more sighing on his pillow? If you narrate a problem, why not take action? Poetry without action is just emotional tourism. March. Fight. Scream. Do something constructive - don't whimper in a cozy cave.

- T Newfields

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