

A Cup of Tea

The hills above Munnar
clothed in green
dotted with a myriad
of coloured saris
as tea pickers
pluck fresh leaves
quickly, deftly
dawn till dusk.



The factory looms
over the plantation
smoke spewing into sky
sucking in fresh leaves
chewing, chomping
cutting, cooking
turning the green
leaves black.



In the mayhem
That is Madurai
stands the chai wallah.
The flames of his stove
flare red and blue.
He pours chai from on high
into my waiting cup.
Tea, Memsah', ten rupees.



Margaret Hardy
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