

A Matcha Latte in New York City

BY MARGARET WANG

Practicing. Ethical. Politics.

I struggle to understand how there can be any
truth

In these words.

As the contradictions between them are nearly deafening.

The theory of practicing:

To repeat and refine until you have found perfection,
Or near it.

To be ethical:

To have solid and high ground upon which to place your morals.

Politics:

No matter how many ways we'd like to define it,
It boils down to propaganda, greed and power.

After 200 years and then some,

I dare say our practice has not made perfection.

Has the rest of civilization made more strides than us

With the centuries more they've had to develop?

Questionable.

Theorists and realists would have a field day

Debating the strategic execution of such
"ethical politics."

It'd make for a titillating podcast series.

'Til then, global factions will persist.

Balance remains in danger.

But hasn't it always been?

Contemplating such impactful matters

Feels daunting.

I often judge those who believe in blissful ignorance.

But, just for today,

Perhaps I'll sprinkle some glitter

In my matcha latte

From my favorite café

here in New York City

And see how life turns out

With a little bit of emphasized faith.



EUGENE TAVA "Rock It Elephant"