

The Moka Pot

Stained, ring-marked and empty

But for the corrosive puddle

Accumulated at the foot.

Interior once surgically clean

Turned grainy and murky.

Once filled with strength and curiosity and anticipation

Now lying cold and discarded and past its best.

Satisfaction replaced with indifference.

No comfort to be found sifting

Through the dark, burnished remnants.

No Refreshment, no revitalisation.

No thrill when it comes

Into contact with the tongue.

No joy

Just frigid disappointment

And a search for

The next hit of adrenaline.