

Tea Wayfarer

Each month, we introduce one of the Global Tea Hut members to you in these magazines in order to help you get to know more people in this growing international community. It's also to pay homage to the many manifestations that all this wonderful spirit and Tea are becoming, as the Tea is drunk and becomes human. The energy of the Tea fuels some great work in this world, and we are so honored to share glimpses of such beautiful people and their Tea. This month we would like to introduce Mia Maestro:



To describe tea, my relationship to tea, when I met Her, my first encounter with the Leaf should be easy, right? And yet, I struggle to put into words a relationship so simple yet so vast, so infinite and yet also tangible... Who am I without tea? Who am I when I'm embraced by Her? How to talk about a meeting that often resembles an orphan finding her lost mother, a savior, or sometimes even a lover...

How to write about the energy held within the bowl—the void staring back at me, my will diving into its unmovable centered precipice? How to speak of the times I become invisible while serving my higher self in every cup I hand to others, or the numerous times I've created interference with every movement of my unsure hand, or held my breath occupied with other matters, unfocused and rattled?

How to tell about those instances when the construction of myself disappears and I faintly catch a glimpse of my true spirit—I become see-through, Nothingness dressed as magic settles in; and, like a light mist amongst the cliffs of Wuyi, it inadvertently sways

through me like a lonely stick of incense yearning to be lit, the way you and I want to be ignited. It's like the piece of charcoal I just placed on the fire that becomes a dinosaur egg: red, full of magma spirit, reminding me of the same fire that once broke a seed open, the sun-fire that awoke that sprout of a camellia tree, that brought nourishment to that leaf—to the leaves in my bowl and in your bowl that have been dancing around like dervishes since the beginning of time, since the birth and death of the last time...

I guess poetry is the closest I'll come to expressing what Tea is to me. I'm Mia. I'm this month's tea wayfarer. My home is in Los Angeles and everywhere I am. I'd love to share a bowl of all this poetry with each of you someday, my tea family...