Federico Federici

Breakfast tea
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To begin the day with some tea in a cup and a wee bit of milk as a cake slice sinks in tiny puffs of heat, halved, unhindered to the lower side of it the ground state.

Hot sugar dissolves atoms gravitate a bit more around outlines of raisins, the crumbs collide, balance the chaos the sheer butter effect.

Weep with me then droop over your breakfast tea and make the sign of the cross on the under-milk face of god or voracious cups will swallow biscuits and cakes up, the sweet-natured world to begin with.

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