

# *Brewed Extraction: Coffee as an Allegory for Colonial Desire*

Several adaptations have been made to this one elusive and necessary component of modern human existence. Both, revered and rejected depending on personal taste. Allowed to reach a point of control in which our population cannot go without it. Age does not matter as it soothes the minds of the old and infiltrates the minds of the young. The addiction is barely noticeable at first, with a coffee chat here and a warm embrace there. Until you awake, your hair coiling through the steam coming out of your ears, your eyes burning from the particles of light slicing your cornea with every blink. Your feet stumble between the cold morning floor and the incoming threats of conversation. Until you reach Mecca, the holy land of trembling heartbeats and pounding fingertips. The coffee bean grinds in the machine as you wait for this nectar of life.

The bean is motionless, still with awaiting purpose. But it is useless and unwanted in this form. Only what is inside the bean is valuable, its unsought outer body is never the object of human desire. It must die to be wanted. Endure the glorious blades of mechanized ambition to transform into a craved powder. Even the power in its solitary state remains unrequested, only when mixed with water and other purifying ingredients is the power to be consumed. On its own coffee Is nothing, void, *worthless*. Well, the bean has now been plundered and outpours the bitter poison of the earth. Grimacing as it enters your mouth, you vow never to touch the forsaken elixir again. You sip. You wince. You lie to yourself. Again. Bringing you to a censorious conclusion that you will not succumb to this fallacious and deceitful concoction. A hostile brew created to

wound the heart of the addict. Inflicting agony and misery while hiding behind a fallacy of healthy productivity. Suffer, the addict must. Digest its acidic pleasure and wait for it to ravage your blameless body.