

Latte Art

by Ed Higgins

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The barista with the fake rainbow nails and amazing cleft places my change on the counter, two-fifty from the five I've given her. Her smile is all desire to please. And I am a regular so she knows my order as I walk through the door, here for my morning latte passion. Better make it a double shot of espresso this morning, I say, for the added wake-up kick—as I slip a dollar into her tip jar, nudging myself not to stare. I watch her slide the steam wand into the white milk, foam effectively rising. She carefully embellishes my almond latte mix with a Vesuvius Rosetta, her lithe motions as choreographed as a geisha's mizuage.

* * * *mizuage: a ceremony signifying a maiko (apprentice geshia) becoming a full-fledged geshia. Mizuage literally means “raising the waters” and has come to mean money earned by a geshia's entertainment.*

