

Coffee Talk: Two Sugars One Life

The Great Latte Debate

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I need to confess something before we go any further: I'm a fraud.

I've stood in specialty coffee shops, nodding sagely as baristas describe tasting notes of "stone fruit with a caramel finish," and I've pretended to detect them. I've held tiny ceramic cups of single-origin espresso, swirled them like wine, and made noises suggesting enlightenment. Meanwhile, my taste buds were screaming, "This is just... coffee?"

If you've ever faked your way through a coffee tasting, you're not alone. We're all performing.

The coffee world has split into warring factions, and I've watched the battles unfold. On one side: the purists, sipping espressos with expressions so serious you'd think they were defusing bombs. On the other: the latte artists, swirling foam into shapes that belong in galleries, turning every cup into a canvas.

The arguments are as heated as a freshly steamed milk jug. The purists argue that adding anything to coffee is akin to drowning a fine wine in lemonade - an act so barbaric, it could lead to the downfall of civilization. "Coffee is meant to be strong, bitter, and life-changing," they say, sipping their espressos with an intensity that could burn holes through the cup.

Meanwhile, the latte enthusiasts retaliate with a swirl of their milk frother. "Coffee is an art," they proclaim, crafting a foam heart so perfect, it could make Cupid hang up his bow. "Why have a mere drink when you can have a masterpiece?" they argue, as they sprinkle cocoa powder with the precision of a jeweler setting diamonds.

But, as I watch this delicious drama unfold, I can't help but find a certain charm in both camps. The purists, with their single-origin beans sourced from a remote

mountain village accessible only by donkey - a tale as rich as the coffee itself. And the latte artists, who can tell your life story in the froth of your cappuccino, a skill surely as valuable as reading tea leaves.

But here's the thing about coffee wars: everyone's fighting over the "right" way to enjoy something that's ultimately just... beans and water. Passionate, delicious, life-giving beans and water, sure. But still.

If your coffee order would make a barista weep, that's your business. Drink what makes you happy.

So while this great debate rages on, you'll find me at home, contentedly sipping Keurig coffee drowned in chemically constructed hazelnut creamer. The kind that comes in a plastic bottle and lists ingredients I can't pronounce. A concoction that would make purists clutch their single-origin pearls and latte artists drop their foam pitchers in horror.

But here's my truth: it's hot, it's caffeinated, and it takes thirty seconds. That's my masterpiece.

Here's to finding joy in the simple, the instant, and the gloriously average.

Cheers, Clayton

Coffee Talk 2.0: For everyone who's ever pretended to taste "notes of bergamot."

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