

# After Sixty, tea is no longer about taste. It is about tranquility.

**A**fter sixty, a man has nothing left to prove. He has argued with electricity tokens, negotiated with school fees, survived governments, buried friends, raised children, and hosted relatives who came to visit and stayed long enough to know which tin has sugar and which one has secrets. He has learned that peace is not a luxury. It is oxygen.

So when such a man casually announces that he is thinking of remarrying, the village does not panic. The village goes quiet. People sit properly. Even the chickens appear attentive. Because everyone understands that after sixty, marriage is no longer romance. It is paperwork with emotions attached. At this age, a man does not look for beauty. He looks for quiet. He does not look for excitement. He looks for someone who will not rearrange his house, his finances, or his blood pressure. Yet companionship is stubborn. Even the most disciplined bachelor eventually discovers that eating alone every day feels like serving a life sentence for a crime he cannot remember committing. Tea tastes different when there is nobody to say it is too hot. A walk feels longer when there is nobody to argue with about which route is shorter. Laughter sounds suspicious when you are the only one producing it. And slowly, gently, the idea of remarriage begins to knock on a door he had locked years ago. But marriage after sixty is not the same animal that existed at thirty. At thirty, you marry for love, children, and hope. At sixty, you marry for peace, companionship, and survival. This is where wisdom must sit in front before emotions start signing forms. Because finances, which were once flexible like a young waist, are now stiff like old knees.

There is land somewhere. There are savings somewhere. There are children somewhere watching like security cameras. There are inheritance expectations floating in the air like invisible mosquitoes waiting to bite at night. A man who only wanted someone to share tea with can easily find himself sharing explanations instead. Then the adult children wake up. Children who have never asked where you go suddenly want your full itinerary.

Who is she? Where did you meet her? Does she have children? Does she know about the land? You discover that your own sitting room has turned into a press conference. But the real surprise is not financial. It

is personal.

After sixty, habits are no longer habits. They are permanent installations. One likes the radio loud. The other prefers silence that can hear ants walking. One wakes at five. The other wakes when the sun is already tired. One believes tea without sugar is punishment. The other believes sugar is a slow poison sponsored by the government. Small things stop being small things. Nobody is wrong. Nobody is willing to change. Then comes the chapter people whisper about politely. Health. You may have married for companionship and discovered you have registered for a nursing course you did not apply for. Hospital visits replace evening walks. Medicine replaces conversation. You begin to remember fondly the peaceful loneliness you used to complain about. And somewhere inside, a man starts missing the quiet life he once called boring.



Yet the need for companionship refuses to disappear. Human beings are not chairs. A voice in the house matters. A presence matters. Someone asking if you have eaten still matters more than pride will admit. So the wisdom is not to say never remarry. The wisdom is to never remarry carelessly.

After sixty, a man must think like a lawyer before thinking like a lover. He must think like a father before thinking like a groom. He must think like a

doctor before thinking like a husband. And above all, he must think like a man who has finally understood the price of his own peace.

Many discover a middle path. Companionship without unnecessary complications. Clear agreements. Separate finances. Honest conversations with children. Arrangements that protect both the heart and the home. Because at this age, you do not marry for passion. You do not marry for children. You definitely do not marry for status.

You marry, if you must, for peaceful companionship. And if the person you are considering already disturbs your peace before the wedding, then wisdom will clear its throat and say the most important thing of all. It is better to drink tea alone in peace than to share it in confusion.

After sixty, tea is no longer about taste. It is about tranquility.