

## Afternoon Tea

'Why don't you come for afternoon tea?

Shall we say Tuesday at half past three?'

Tea with Mavis, such a delight

Victoria sponge, risen and light

Could there be anything finer

Than tea served in best bone china?

The hallmarked silver tea strainer

Sitting upon its matching drainer

A linen tablecloth, crisp and white

Silver sugar tongs reflect the light

Napkins folded stand on the plate

Like a soldier waiting, alert and straight

Mavis asks 'Earl Grey or Darjeeling?'

Neither of which I find appealing

Cucumber sandwiches with no crust

Have another? Well if I must

'I really must complain to the Mayor'

Mavis says, waving cake fork in the air

Her charity work and love of arts

A conversation broken into many parts

She speaks with vowels of cut glass

Like Lords and Ladies of the highest class

Etiquette demanded, no excuse

I'm impelled to watch my Ps and Qs

Sadly here's a lady who had it all  
Until a husband mean and cruel  
Left her penniless and alone  
She lost it all, including her home

Now she lives in a tower block  
Staring at a ticking clock  
Waiting till it's time for high tea  
Remembering how it used to be

The neighbours mock that she's so poor  
But retains illusions of grandeur  
Mavis doesn't know how she should act  
Not an illusion, this is true fact

Traditions maintained, standards to stay  
China tea set used every day  
Victoria sponge, risen and light  
Afternoon tea with Mavis, such a delight

40 Lines