

Bed

Cup of Tea

WE love our morning cup of tea.
It seems to us to start the day,
For two old fogeys such as we,
In such a lovely, languid way.
Tea tray poised across the knees,
We sip and wake up by degrees.
Pillow-propped in semi-haze,
It's daily paradise for two,
Bleary-focusing the gaze.
And so we face the world anew,
Silent, speechless, blank, bemused,
While the lark-leaf is infused.

Ritualising seventh heaven,
Bringing morning into sight,
Thirteen minutes after seven —
The radio, the tea, the light.
Kettle's predetermined bubble
Fills the teapot at the double.

Alas, our thoughts, we find, are not
As concentrated as the brew.
"Is this my second cup I've got?"
We find we can't count up to two.
With attention undivided,
Still decide we're undecided.
Such issues, we just can't begin
To focus morning thoughts upon.
"Did I put your sweet'ner in?"
We find we can't count up to one.

Pillowed, puzzled, we agree:
We think it's called senility.