

## *Of Food*

### *Pot of Tea*

A SKY unscathed by clinging cloud,  
From whose azure, sun's glory shone,  
And with its radiance endowed  
A poolside pot of tea for one.

Teapot's empty, drinker's flown —  
Unmarked, unnoticed, upped and gone —  
A lonely, fleeting presence shown  
By an empty pot for one.

Children chatter; take their chance  
To prime the ducks with currant bun.  
Parents prattle; not a glance  
At the empty pot for one.

Man was not meant to sit alone,  
Unspoken thoughts just running on.  
A joy unshared has never grown,  
Round a pot of tea for one.

But wait: perhaps a child of three  
Was with his Mum, and now they've gone.  
He wouldn't want a cup of tea  
From the pot she bought for one.

So. . . could an empty pot contain  
The happy past I've hit upon?  
But then I turned and saw again  
My own abandoned pot for one.

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