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Ode to Tea

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Ode to Tea

By Ilene Propp

Mr. Tea,
caffeinated tea,
Mr. Merry Andrew, herbal tea

you come in all tangs and flavors, such as
Bergamot and Pouching
coloring the world and his wife golden, Oolong, and Dragon-
well green!

Osmanthus blue, other times white,
sometimes black,
crimson, even

inspiring us to drop a line into the owl light, and rhapsodize
about the melodious, and grandiose

it is you, my dear Tea
waltzing with me into a brown study
encouraging burning the midnight oil away.

Your leaves, sun-struck and dried
season our souls, spice up our lives
splashing our spirits with charming strawberries and blueberry
skies

empurpling our cups, tinged with licorice
rose-hips, camomile, hibiscus
perfumed with *Mentha Piperita* and bliss

My dear, you're an absolute peach!
warming hands when Old Man Winter
blows his cold breath this way

the best to wet one's whistles,
with an aroma of chai and rose
fragrances of cinnamon, pekoe orange
resting upon the lips

Whiskey is not the water of life anymore
It is Tea, and Tea alone!