

## **Grandpa's Tea**

His hands are skinny and boney like bark. I want him  
to be trapped by the witch that got Hansel and Gretel.

He holds on  
to the tea cup I bought for him after I broke  
his last glass.

At that time Lake Ontario would have been so cold.

But the smell of that black tea,  
a Victorian room filled with antique furniture, somewhere in Britain,  
a grandfather with a cane, a pocket watch and a mustache,  
sitting in his chair 90 degrees straight, oh, all so proper,  
and the granddaughter who brings wild berries of all colors with dandelions,  
and spills those juices all over the room,  
that was the black tea he would drink.

But how did the grandfather feel after that child left  
when the summer was over?  
When did he leave the hotel?  
Was it at least warm enough under your tight green jacket?