

Ode to a Teapot
(sonnet with apologies to Milton)
By Penny Wright

When I consider how my life is spent
A teapot placed so often near the scene
Where people meet and talk or silent glean The good; a brew that generous Nature
sent.
Old railway teapots served a brew not meant To be so stewed it made the axle clean!
While high tea teapots have a prouder mien Some travelled are by rough and tumble
bent.
A teapot's made from metal, earthly clays, From silver, sheerest china, earthenware;
Some chic, some plump, some tall, some squat - with spouts.
Those hours when comfort's needed, saddest days, An endless teapot surely shows the
care.
In times of joy "Hoorah" the teapot shouts!