

January 2011

Horizontal Memories of Tea

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Recommended Citation

Woodard, Catherine (2011) "Horizontal Memories of Tea," *Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal*: Vol. 10: Iss. 2, Article 30.

Available at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate/vol10/iss2/30>

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HORIZONTAL MEMORIES OF TEA
Catherine Woodard

Holland blue buried under
Sweaters, wrapped to protect
The breakable from the fragile.

My dime store trove, my tea set.
I sing the cheerful chatter
Of a five-year-old who spies

Her father on the couch
In sunlight. His big toe wiggles
From a sock hole.

Out the cups and saucers
For communion, four lemon wafers.
I can't find the teapot top

Or his blue eyes that blur
To the applause of a game
Show. I offer a cookie.

My father stretches for another
Beer, pops the ring, pours secret
Shots foamy into our tea cups.