

# Tea Party

*by* Agnes Ezra Arabella

The apple tree is pretty and hangs  
On it's limbs  
Full pictures  
Like the executioner song  
over the head of a blade  
At the end of a rainbow  
waiting for a cold cloud  
To blow away a daffodil  
And leave porcelain tea cups at the end of a dull day  
Like doilies waiting to be ripped from the table.

