**Teatime**

Suzannah Watchorn

Brilliant and fantastical, a world

poured out of the pretend china teapot.

Guests at my red plastic table were posh,

proper, pinkies reaching to the beyond

(though we did not know whether to keep them

straight or curled), remarks made in BBC

English. We transformed, my neighbor and I,

into Mrs. Pritchard and Geoffrey, a pair

with Oscar Wilde-esque charm and catchphrases,

recurring motifs, the subtext of class;

up I jumped to refill Madam’s cup or

apologize for my buffoonery.

I wonder about Mrs. Pritchard and

Geoffrey’s backstory, how they first met, fell

into this clockwork teatime. I wonder

why we liked to play them—why them and not

say, famous people, or imitations

of our parents and teachers, or even

our future adult selves? I wonder what

we knew of such worlds, already, to take

such elegant sips.