

Time for tea

It's time for tea thinks Jo as she rushes in from work
scouring the cupboards and searching the fridge
Her children have swept through the kitchen on their way from school to bedrooms,
seemingly gathering all before them like a swarm of locusts. What can Jo do?
It's time for tea, comes the rather grumpy comment from her husband hidden behind his newspaper,
sat in his armchair in the living room
But with her usual panache, Jo rescues the situation to produce an evening meal for all the family
It's time for tea she announces
It's time for tea she e-mails
It's time for tea she texts
It's time for tea she tweets
But all stays quiet apart from a hissing saucepan in the kitchen
So Jo gathers up the handbell from the hallway table
It's time for tea, she shouts up the stairwell between clangs
All stays quiet for a few moments, then
like a gathering storm or a herd of elephants the noise increases and increases and increases
and the clan rush down to the dining room excitedly exclaiming
It's time for tea!
Jo slumps in her armchair, a tumbler of gin and tonic in her hand. It's time for tea, she sighs

Jules Procter, Autumn 2013