

tea-time and the state of affairs

The crystal chandelier drips blood unseen and the heavy velvet curtains are aflame / tea continues to be served, with fluffy white meringue pies and cotton candy like the wool of little lambs / wolves skulk around, brushing against the legs of the inhabitants, but they don't worry, they're harmless, almost as good as dogs, decent dogs / grey luxuriant fur, glistening and luminous, oh yes, very fine fur of very wonderful wolves / the tea resembles red wine, but bubbles like champagne / lunch and tea last all day, all week, all year / silk rustles and someone clears their throat / in this gilded prison the line between prisoner and jailer blurs / screams punctuate the classical music: vivaldi's four seasons is playing, and nothing is off / flames lick and lap at the cushions of the chair / crisp dollars are used as napkins. no, not like weimar germany: the economy is doing better than ever. the tea-drinkers do this because they can / toast with tea, a toast with the tea, but to what? freedom and equality. but just for those at the table because *someone* needs to wash the fine china / values, yes, values. not just the traditional but moral values, of course. *moral* values, whispers the blood-stained diamonds lying next to the rue flowers / the porcelain cup falls in slow motion, though no one knows how long it has been falling for, an infinity of shards / but everything is good. everything is good / the curtains close as the song plays on and the room fills up with ash.