

Afternoon Tea – June 2020

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Allies,
Best friends,
And business partners--
Conversations
Over cake and tea
Are the equivalent
Of the Bullingdon Club.

We may talk
Of you and me,

And our attempts

To take over the business world,

Break into films,

And shower the world

With our creativity--

Indulging

Our love of people

(Which is the most important thing,

Really.)

We grasp the fundamental value

Of community--

Networks of creative people,

Bursting with life--

Linked for all time,

Through Zoom,

Whatsapp,

Facebook Messenger,

Snail mail,

Phone calls,

And,

Occasionally,

A riotous party.

We are clever,

You and I--

No one knows we're plotting

(We seem like we're just having fun)

And that's the way it should be.

No one should know

When you're taking over the world

(By the time they've found out,

We've left them in the dust.)

Earl grey and brown sugar,

Or chai tea

With a hint of cinnamon;

Scones,

Jam,

And clotted cream

(This is a modern woman's dream).

We laugh about boys,

And help the girls

Who don't realise

We are all in a club--

We're working together,

And we're taking over the world,

One teaspoon at a time.

Maybe we went to festivals,

Or universities,

Raves in London,

Squatting in halls,

Spending vouchers

On afternoon tea,

Throwing house parties,

Or watching Stranger Things.

We didn't talk too much about work,

But that's how we save ourselves--

Financial independence

(A room of one's own)

Is what feminism was all about.

Reading novels,

And living a million other lives

Makes you smart--

You understand human nature,

And wonder why

Nobody else has figured out

That it's a fight to the death?

That's why we party,

And that's why we laugh,

Not taking ourselves too seriously.

It's because we know we're winning

At the game they call life.

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