

Personaliteatime

Our teacher filled the room with teapots, gave us each an empty cup.
*When the world gets hard, she warned, a cup of tea can perk you up,
but ordinary tea won't do, so make yourself a braver brew—
a sturdy personalitea will power you safely through.*

Tranquillitea was blue as night. Inside the pot, a marble moon.
Forteatude stormed frothy waves that sprayed and spurted from the spout.
Simplicitea steamed silver mist that smelled of pine twigs, like its spoon.
The pot of curiositea glug-bubbled an intriguing tune.
The honestea shone clear as glass but tingled on my tongue like doubt.
The pot of grateatude stayed full, however many mugs poured out.
I topped my mug with opteamism, stirred it with a stirring song.
It smelled like home, like birthday candles—and it tasted *strong*.