

# Tea with Mrs. Keeling

Mrs. Keeling taught him how to pick pears.

In her, honey-suckle covered yard

There were two large trees.

The, Keeling, house had burned down years before.

She was a gracious, southern, lady

Living in an apartment above a drug store,

That bore her name.

He picked her pears as instructed.

She served them tea in her best china.

Nothing matched anymore, but

Proudly, did the best she could.

They sat in her, sun drenched, kitchen

Sipped tea and ate perfectly ripened pears,

a fine day for white trash royalty.