

## My Tea Box

By Kelly Mia Haddad

Lying on my table is a hazelnut tea box.

Tiny packets in tiny compartments  
Are pillows filled with tea leaves,  
Piles of falling tree leaves.

I pour my boiling lava water  
Into my deep swimming-pool mug,  
Dunk my tea bag  
That is a floating box of tea  
From the Boston Tea Party.

I sip and savor  
As the delicious flavor  
Of warm Earl Grey lingers in my mouth.  
The smell is a forest of tall green pine trees  
And it's hazelnut brown

Just like my tea box.

—*Kelly Mia Haddad, grade four*