



My Reminiscing Tea Cup

By: Agnes W Pearson

Last night while washing dishes in the kitchen, by myself

I heard a little trindle from a tea cup on the shelf.

I turned and looked behind me to see no one was near

Then I took a little teacup and held it to my ear.

It seems I heard the roll of drums and the marching feet of men,
The anxious stamping of horses' hoofs as they gathered from hill and glen,

To heed the call of this new country and even go to war

So that we might some day be blessed, as we truly are.

I thought I heard the voices of the leaders of that day

As they spoke in great defiance when they too joined the fray.

There also was the famous ride of Paul Revere that night

Shouting to his country men to up and join the fight.

Great excitement flourished all throughout the land

As noble men gathered to protect and take a stand.

They came from humble homes as well as fine estates

To band together at that time and mold our country's fate.

I thanked the little tea cup when I put it on its shelf

Then I stood there, long afterwards, pondering to myself...

I saw the beauty of our land unfold before my eyes

The mountains and the marshes from the earth up to the skies.

The cities, our way of life that for years have stood the test,

Machinery, factories and our farms all add up to be the best.

And as I stood there thinking it occurred to me to say

"Just what would have come our way had not the bugle sounded on
The Boston green that day."