



## *Tea Inspired Poetry*

Meanwhile, let us have a sip of tea.  
The afternoon glow is brightening  
the bamboos,  
the fountains are bubbling with  
delight, the sighing of the pines  
is heard in our kettle.  
Let us dream of evanescence, and  
linger in the beautiful foolishness  
of things.

—*Kakuzo Okakura*