

Kuldip Gill

### Four O'clock Tea at Harrison Hot Springs Hotel

The chairs leaned up against the glass table  
covered by an opaque white umbrella  
the patio empty except at our window  
where we sit over cups of tea and a square  
of chocolate cake clinging on the saucer's edge.  
A glass globe hangs outside and is  
suddenly assailed by a hummingbird—  
No! There are at least three, and one  
hovers, waits its turn at the sweet red  
water blossoms. I am reminded of Delhi,  
the Uberoi hotel, tea on the grounds, the white  
and red turbaned waiters bringing trays of  
tea and thin cucumber sandwiches as we sat  
in the shade along the edges of the lawn.  
When I was four, and seven twittering  
birds landed nearby, my mother  
explained they are called satht-bai—  
the seven brothers, since they travel as  
a small flock. Travelers, like us.