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It's the Thought...

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Cleaning with
Impediments
Maureen Tolman
Flannery

Gordon: It's the Thought...

Another baby will arrive any day. Together
we are making the space worthy of its entry.
I furiously arrange, vacuum, dust, put away

on one side of the room while she,
on the other side, in a more systematic
and orderly fashion, clutters and dislocates.

All the tchotchkes are now part of her farm
and nothing is where it might otherwise belong.
She has discovered a tiny blue willow tea service

and has set up her table on a hankie.
Come joy me, I hear among her pleasantries
on both sides of the on-going conversation.

When she says it again
I realize she means me, is emphatic
and not to be kept waiting.

As I switch off the vacuum I hear her
dismiss other tea party guests. Haba goo day.
I decide to just let the dust settle and joy her.

My sweetheart loved her pretty earrings
With radiant sparkle seldom seen
Those colorful stones cast rainbow hues
But the posts turned her ears a vile green

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John Gordon

I rushed her to the neighborhood clinic
Prayed the infection had not yet spread
The doctor approached in somber tones said
The earrings did it: I'm afraid she's dead

I anguished until the moral emerged
When gifting don't overemphasize thrift
I'll keep that in mind at a dollar store
As I lovingly choose my new girlfriend's gift