The In-laws

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The In-Laws

They hold the coffee pot hostage
for five mornings
and kidnap spoons without ransom.
They bring their own gin and tonic
for evenings, and they stack up
more dirty dishes
than a hospital cafeteria.
It's summer visitation again,
and they're here from Junction City, Kansas,
complete with accents,
gifts from Sears' catalogue,
embarrassing cucumbers, and tomatoes
the size of grapefruits.

Each morning my wife prepares
three pots of Extra Premium;
then she walks to the grocery store
for donuts, fruit pie and the daily newspaper.
He spies the Market Report;
his wife recites Dear Abby.
By afternoon the TV's booming,
and the early evening dinner,
with six-packs of imported beer,
stirs the barbecue out of hibernation.
Conversation blows tomatoes and heat;
everything else is "thing-a-ma-jigs"
and "what-cha-ma-call-its."

When they leave, it's the ceremonial
hugs and kisses from my wife and children;
I do the same, thinking all the while
about next year, vowing paper plates,
styrofoam cups, plastic spoons, Lite Beer,
and a large bottle of Nescafe.

By: Glen Brown

"Ask thyself, daily, to how many ill-
minded persons thou has shown a kind
disposition."
- Marcus Antoninus