Jennifer Hlawacz

Ode to Elegy

I emptied the wastepaper basket that I call *the trash*
and Annie filled it, overflowed it, with wondering wishes.
There's an anxious beagle chewing up her pills…
Would you believe such a thing? It seems she nunchucked
the egg out of the pot even though
everyone was under the lengthy impression that she

enjoyed queerly observing the water boil.
There's quite a ruckus or a bark or a clanking
worry stemming from the kitten on the couch.
The quiet truth is the sting isn't over. We are finally still
we still are. We cry "cheers" to the orange moon
on our way to fall on Flip-Flop Mountain.