In the name Us

Three of us
banter for hours around
a too large dining space table.

Words caught inside freezer bags,
tied up with one of those copiously abundant
tie-things, carefully labeled, are shoved into depths
of the frigid netherworld inside our
kitchens.

*Can you hear the pure noise within? Can you taste foreign soil bittersweet on your tongue? Can you feel love sizzle across my canyoned forehead?*

Herakleitos knew: the river
refrains us from a two-step dance
that goes on till dawn.

And yet, and still, and no matter what,
We are marked: baptized in a river of togetherness
we wash in sacrifice of
coffee, Words, toast, time, steps
on the high alter of our so-called youth.

We intend to breathe sweet smoked Words.

Wrapped up against rot and nestled in peas,
they keep till crusted with freezer snow:
Pull them out and serve them
with a delicate cream sauce,
or perhaps sautéed in extra-virgin olive oil.

For they are what we give and take and hungrily store away
for clandestine snacks we fail to enjoy.
And the Lord will bless and keep us, no matter what or when,
as we keep the Word of her creation
preserved in plastic,
stored in kitchen freezers,
and ready for meals at tables of our own.

Janet Kelley