

Poem on the Fridge

THE REFRIGERATOR IS THE HIGHEST HONOR
A POEM CAN ASPIRE TO. THE ULTIMATE
PUBLICATION. AS CLOSE TO FOOD AS WORDS
CAN COME. AND THIS REFRIGERATOR POEM
IS HONORED TO BE HERE BENEATH ITS OWN
REFRIGERATOR MAGNET, WHICH FEELS LIKE A MEDAL
PINNED TO ITS LAPEL. STOP HERE A MOMENT
AND LISTEN TO THE POEM HUMMING TO ITSELF
LIKE A REFRIGERATOR ITSELF, THE SONG IN ITS HEAD
FULL OF CRISP, PERISHABLE NOTES THAT WITHER IN AIR,
THE WORDS TO THE SONG LINED UP HERE LIKE
A DISPENSARY FULL OF INDISPENSABLE DETAILS:
A JAR OF CORRUGATED GREEN PICKLES, AN ARRAY
OF HEADLESS SHRIMP, FIERY MARASCHINO CHERRIES,
A FRUIT SALAD, VEGGIE PLATTER, ASSORTMENTS OF
CHEESES AND CHILLED FRENCH WINES, A PINK
BOTTLE OF AMOXICILLIN: THE POEM IS INFECTIOUS,
IT'S HAVING A PARTY. THE MUSIC, THE REVELRY
IS SEEPING THROUGH THIS WHITE DOOR.

Paul Hostovsky