Priorities

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Abstract

The liquid soap oozes from the squeeze bottle, Slowly forming suds Separate from, float above The greasy stacks. I brush away my bangs With a steamy hand; Start to wash the plastics, Then the glassware . . .
Priorities

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The liquid soap oozes from the squeeze bottle,
Slowly forming suds
Separate from, float above
The greasy stacks.
I brush away my bangs
With a steamy hand;
Start to wash the plastics,
Then the glassware . . .

My son kneels near me.
Muffling a whisper with his thumb,
And clutching a tattered blue silkie
With sticky, left-over dinner-crumb fingers,
He grinds his tired face into my leg.

. . . the silverware, the plates,
And finally, the pots and pans.