One Brown Banana

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was all that was left
for breakfast that morning,
but I stared into the empty toaster anyway,
I watched my face distort
in the finger-smudged chrome of its sides,
as I held down the handle
and let the toaster burn itself orange,
let it burn nothing
for maybe an hour or two.

It wasn't that ice had formed
on the inside of the kitchen window,
that I stood bundled in blankets
with only my chilled nose exposed,
or that I had to make a coffee filter
out of a paper towel.
It wasn't even that you had spilled
a jar of tacks over the kitchen floor
and never bothered to pick them up,
or even that it was Christmas morning.

It was that you had tried to wrap
your words in angelic gold paper,
tried to present them to me
all neatly held together with silver ribbon,
that you thought you could tell me
with a fancy looped bow
all about the other girl.