

# POETRY

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## Mixmaster

I watched my mother's mixmaster toiling  
as she grazed the glass bowl with her spatula,  
glazing in castor sugar, chocolate.  
Its lasting tubular chrome framework hummed.  
Cobalt handle and gyring end could  
dovetail it faster. One beater was curved,  
chiming clicks like the bowl's mast, and one jibe.  
We sassed to get to lick those stainless frothers.  
The fastest speed whipped egg whites alabaster!  
Finally the old motor was flabbergast.  
And not even to sixty did my mother last.

Now I have my own whirling child-transfixer.  
In it I mix an elixir of bliss:  
birthday cakes and Christmas cookies sliced like bricks.  
Twice, aghast, I jammed a spatula  
in the beaters, warping them half-assed. But  
I have my tricks: I beat up comfort, bombast,  
heartsick-plaster. My kids crowd me, enthusiasts.  
The hot beaters call thick like broadcasters  
of sweet repast for the tongue, for the belly.  
Pretend that a full cookie jar is vaster  
than this lonely ache after the disaster.