

WENDY MORTON

A Drawer Filled to Overflowing

It's the sails of spatulas,
their sturdy masts
ready for any wind that I praise,
and the Vollwrath ice cream scoop,
that clicks with perfect gears,
and the three clanking whisks
in the French style:
elegant stirrers of sauces,
of olive oil, balsamic vinegar;
beaters of eggs;
and their coy stepsister,
the coiled whisk.

The sensible wooden spoons I praise,
with their burns, stains and cracks,
their comfortable fit in the hand;
and my grandmother's ladle,
Rogers triple plate, worn thin,
pitted by too many soups;
and the rolling pin
smelling of butter and blueberries.

We need more in the world
that clanks, whirls and scoops.
We need the familiar,
the worn, the cracked.

We need this lovely disorder,
this predictable exuberant clutter
overflowing into our hands.