

Ode to a New Refrigerator

Amana—

even your brand-name's maternal,
festooning the blouse of your door like the name-tags
pinned to the uniformed breasts of the school cafeteria ladies of childhood,
efficiently dispensing mashed potatoes with their stainless spoons.
New fridge, you command the room with your shine,
all the chrome and glaze and gaskets and condenser coils of you
still unchipped, dustless and greaseless,
your operations themselves spacious, icy,
precise as Kathleen Battle's voice just now on the stereo,
scaling the upper reaches of *Je Suis Titania La Blonde*.

Inside,
your shelves are not the grilled tiers of a prison or cage for food,
but glass,
transparent to light and to darkness,
on which clusters of condiments appear to suspend themselves
like schools of fish along the ocean's layers of current...

And, what a thrill that, being new,
you came replete with a manual,
your crisp instructions speaking to us as to the Apostles at Pentecost:

in our own tongues, on page seventeen
reassuring me in english, spanish & french
that all your noises are normal,
each quirk a thing I'll get used to,
all potential failures the result of something
I've done wrong.

Quotidian miracle, summers your cold ensures the slide of sorbet
down a parched throat,
the tannic chill of iced tea.
Winters, you save our stews and lasagnes.

And this afternoon, hot from gardening among the new
foods I will fill you with in the fall,
I flung open your door to drink in
simply the mists and frosts of your exhale,
while my skin basked in their spill.

And as I did I gave thanks for your invention,
for all that keeps you charged—

Oh may I be graced to never take you for granted!
You, and all that refreshes us daily,

all by which we are, each day,
preserved.