

Ode to a New Refrigerator

Amana:

Even your brand-name's maternal,
festooning the blouse of your door
like the nametags
pinned to the bosoms 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 glaze and chrome and gaskets and condensor 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 steel
grills of a jail for food,
but glass, transparent to light and to darkness,
on which clusters of condiments appear
to suspend themselves like schools of fish
in an ocean's layers of current.

And what a thrill that, being new,
you came replete with a manual,
your crisp instructions speaking to us
like the apostles at Pentecost
in our own tongues, on page seventeen reassuring me
in english, spanish and french
that all your noises are normal, each
quirk a thing I'll get used to, all
malfunctions the result of something
I've done wrong.

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

And today, hot from gardening the new
foods I will fill you with in the fall, I flung open your

door to simply drink in 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 blessed to never take you for granted,
you and all that refreshes us daily,
all by which we are,
each day, preserved.