

ODE TO A KITCHEN CLOTH

Red rag
hanging over
the stove handle

you wipe the counters
of stray egg
and lost powders

you are the greasy napkin
of a careless chef

you hang there lazily,
waiting to be put
to work

no one knows
just how dirty
you really are

you support the dream
of a kitchen
that is ever clean

we rely on you
for so much,
yet we so casually
toss you around

when you've lost the softness
we approve
or show a remarkable
stain

tossed into the hamper,
to be washed
and repeat your life again