

LIKE LOVE

On the TV there's so much
there's almost nothing:
an orgasmic woman lathers
in an airport bathroom,
overcome by botanical extracts,
someone's mixing batter
on channel nine that tastes
like love, and I'm just trying
to find the remote wedged
between cushions. It's not
the '50s, but tell that to
the woman snapping vacuum
attachments back into place.
Eureka Upright. So much needs
to be cleaned, and each thing
needs its own special tool.
Pledge Lotion. On my soap,
everyone's named after foliage.
Fern and Leaf argue the meaning
of a look, but it hardly matters;
she's already bedding Forrest
in the previews. Today Sponge.
All of my china has food patterns
on it, my drinking glasses
printed with miniature utensils.
Objects on top of objects, I like things
to be labeled with what they are.
Lorna Doone. If only people
were given brand names, I'd know
who to trust. Forget coupons!
I'd trade Vanish for Promise
without a thought. Who knew
there was so much to want,
or that naming
could make anything delicious,
until you forget how empty
the box is after you've sat in front
of the TV all day, lifting and lifting
such small comfort to your mouth.