

FALL HOUSECLEANING

Leland Jamieson

For G.K.J.

The recipe that I was looking for?
A three-by-five card spindled up real tight,
it “fell” behind the spice chest to the floor.

A spider got in it, quite out of sight,
and spun a fragrant nest, and laid its eggs
and left to satisfy its appetite.

It’s offspring hatched. They had to stretch their legs.
Cleaning, I found their home and read the card:
“A coffee cake that leaves no crumbs, no dregs.

Just serving it you’ll need a bodyguard.”
Perhaps, I thought, and set about to make
a batch, but left it in too long. It charred.

I thought there was a message in the wake
of that, and tossed the whole thing in the swill—
burned cake, old card, old pan. Give me a break!

From baking! Cleaning every windowsill!
From grand-kids touching, moving things ’til lost.
I love their voices, but I’ve had my fill.

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