

ROOMMATE

C.B. Anderson

He'd note the juicy steaming chunks of pork
We lifted up, and would disparage us
For tearing bites directly from the fork,
And for the way we ate asparagus

With mayoed fingers. Often he would read
The riot act if one of us forgot
And squeezed the toothpaste from the top, or peed
Right through the toilet seat (or having not,

Omitted putting down the lid). He crossed
A line when he would give a reprimand
For leaving salads incompletely tossed
Or joining phrases with an ampersand.

Our roommate is fastidious, to say
The least; he questioned our humanity
When we just laughed and then refused to pay
Our share to underwrite his vanity

When he went out and hired a cleaning crew
To come shampoo the carpets. He reminds
Us of a maiden aunt who'd use a Q-
Tip and a nip to clean venetian blinds.

"Roommate" © 2006 by C.B. Anderson