

Dishes

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Both eyes are drooping low
 The straightened back bends
 All the ducks are in a row,
 There are no foxes with the hens.
 The day has reached its end
 Time for bed, I think
 Except for one more little gift my loving family sends:
 The dishes in the sink.

The skillet he used for breakfast,
 The mug she used for tea,
 That thing he used as a garlic press,
 The bowl she used for peas,
 The plates he used to eat,
 And the cups she used to drink.
 Constantly are tasked to me:
 The dishes in the sink.

My ears begin to whistle
 My teeth begin to rattle
 This is the last back-breaking thistle
 To be jammed under the saddle
 It's like living with a herd of cattle
 That just roam, and graze, and stink,
 And pretend that they can't see all
 Of the dishes in the sink

But then I pause and remember
 What all those dishes mean
 A reminder that cools my temper
 Of why I bother to work or clean.
 Those plates mean laughter with meals
 Those cups mean friends with drinks
 A product of a love that heals
 Are those dishes in the sink.

The thought comes to me

To stop and make me think
Just how lonely life would be
without those dishes in the sink.
So I leave the dishes to soak
Before I blow up with no warning
And remind myself to ask my folks
To do them in the morning.