

Dishes

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I push away from the dinner table,
pushing away from you.
Our argument lies around us,
leftovers on dirty plates.

I turn on the tap, wasting impotent
cold water. I squeeze oily brown water
from the sponge and lace it with Joy.
Its thin whiteness looks like your come.

Now the sink is a pool with too-green lettuce
floating and a chili can lid stuck to the side.
I grind the disposal but it clanks
from that part you didn't fix.

Steaming water eats away grease,
finishing the tomato slice you didn't.
I scrub the plate and rinse it, front,
back, and front again. You always leave bubbles.

Glasses line up along the drain pan edge.
I slide them next to the positioned
plates. Could we be this neat?
I finish rinsing in water
that hurts my hands.