

Supper's Ready

Marlene Pearson

Spoon: Ageless, I am round as the moon,
a silver breast, coming to you in mystery
pushing my metal into your soft infant mouth.

Fork: I am the stiff fingers of a thumbless hand,
nails all pointing the same direction.
I seem dogmatic, but have often bent
to the will of a hot fist.

Knife: Hard phallic symbol, I am the real power.
My grated edge will cut whatever
it is you love to devour.