Kitchen Fable

By Eleanor Ross Taylor

The fork lived with the knife
and found it hard — for years
took nicks and scratches,
not to mention cuts.

She who took tedium by the ears:
nonforthcoming pickles,
defiant stretched-out lettuce,
sauce-gooed particles.

He who came down whack.
His conversation, even, edged.

Lying beside him in the drawer
she formed a crazy patina.
The seasons stacked —
melons, succeeded by cured pork.

He dulled; he was a dull knife,
while she was, after all, a fork.

Notes:
This poem is part of a special section of *Poetry* magazine's May issue

Eleanor Ross Taylor, "Kitchen Fable" from *Captive Voices*. Copyright © 2009 by Eleanor Ross Taylor. Reprinted by permission of Louisiana State University Press.

Source: Captive Voices (Louisiana State University Press, 2009)