

Some Small Comforts

By Dominic J. Pfister

Rotten onions, sticky and brown,
Lie cold on the bottom shelf
Of the open refrigerator downstairs.
The new potatoes too have decayed,
And they shoot up green stemmed sprouts
From their shriveled eyes toward
The incandescent hum of a jaundiced bulb.

Marie has to sleep with the light of the television,
And a propped window, or at least
A blowing fan. She takes comfort in the blank sound,
And although she wakes up cold, under
Thin sheets in the dullness of her room,
She always leaves the fan to make its formal arc,
And closes the window only in deep winter.