

The plumber's friend is my child, thinks the mop. She has her father's wooden handle and will soon grow thick white hair like mine.

Late at night the mop awakens to shouts and running feet. The door to the utility closet flies open and the plumber's friend is yanked from her side.

The mop herself is flung to the kitchen floor. Later she sees the plumber's friend returned to the closet. Then she is stumbled over, kicked and cursed, taken down the hall and made to sop up the goo.

When they are together again in the dark utility closet, the mop regards her silent child. The plumber's friend has a bad smell and is dripping water on the floor.

My child, my child, weeps the mop.

-- Joseph Nicholson

Flemington PA

LOVE AMONG THE SILVERWARE

my wife said, i am making sweetbuns,
get the jar of honey down

and i said, where is it

in the cupboard, said my wife

i opened up the cupboard
and the jar of honey said,
i love you, carl

no, said my wife, i love you,
carl

and the jar of honey and
my wife both looked at me

and i said, i love you too,
honey