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Spork

Ellis Clarke

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SPORK

Ellis Clarke

They tell me
I'm a bastard child.
What's it to them
If one night,
The washing done, my mother,
Nested with her sisters, defied
The constraints of compartmentalization
And slid to lie beside my father with a scandalous clink?
Let them scoff at my stubby lines
And incomplete curvature.
I'm proud to be a mutt.
Let those stuffy segregationists
Toss me in with the tea strainer,
The asparagus tongs,

The cracker scoop: other freaks
Who won't stack. They'll change their tune
When the chicken noodle
Soup is served.