

After

By Crystal Ockenfuss

Upon getting up in the morning,
The things rise to greet her.
She feels like Noah
After the dove has returned.
The earth is green and fragrant.
The waters have receded.
All day long she sees things in pairs –
Grapes with their wiry arms
Around soft-spoken apricots,
Ketchup kissing
Maple syrup,
Soap snuggled beneath
The razor