

Family dinner  
offers a comforting chatter;  
the children a fount of curious tidbits.  
Morsels for our ears.

All enhanced by real food

cooked just for us

by us.

Our motors hum.

Cleaning the dishes is a fair concession to the ceaseless entropic trail!

But a cantankerous pile of washed pots,  
unsteady, noisy, adrift  
upsets the otherwise cathartic routine.

Hallelujah! The bulbous new dishrack;  
a grand double decker giantess.

Climb on, mister skillet,  
Go ahead, soup pot,  
And you too, sauté pan!  
There is

space here for

one and all!

Even the wine glass hangs gracefully, in bat-like repose.

Rest easy, clean pots!