Panda Express

A train for pandas? I think not

More a locomotive for sushi

Dried out sushi

Oh, the conveyor belt is not working?

Bummer.

The only ‘express’ I can do here

is exercising my now non-existent hunger

Recycling bin

Recycling bin.

Blue in color, green in nature

Renew my paper

My bottles

My pitiful excuse for being an environmentally friendly person of society

Recycling bin.

Table Set

Set the tea set upon the tables

I have set for the tea set, then set

another set of tables for our guests to set-I mean sit!

Our guests are set on helping us set up

So don’t set up everything yet or you’re setting

Yourself up for failure…all set?

Understood

You won’t understand

The things you have yet to see

Emphasis on ‘yet’

Lone

The cactus stands lone on the desert plains

It stood there before, and it will stay there again

An eagle swoops in, snake in its mouth

It perched on the cactus, with barely a sound

Coffin

Why did you buy me? I’m of no use

To your dead relative, I’m just an excuse

To splurge on them, mahogany, crafted with love

As a gift as they are sent off, up, up, and above

Since they won’t care, I might as well tell

The best angels were the ones that fell

Washing Dishes

I let the water run off the porcelain

Two drops of soap, a screen of bubbles

Less dishes on the rack, more in the sink

Even fewer placed back in the cupboard

Trapped in the cycle, the daily grind

My source of stress these simple platters

Like these plates, my peace of mind

Is threatening to shatter

Cacti

Cactus in the rain

It slurps the downpour quickly

It was quite thirsty

Quintessential Questions

If the world is my oyster, who is the pearl?

If I was the pearl, then where is the world?

If dawn comes after dusk, what’s after a candle?

Would the pot be as hot, if I held it by the handle?

Filling

Grilled Cheese.

I simply relish

A game of ketchup

I use neither

Sandwich.

Spinning Wheel

Wrap around myself I must, a daily trial

Trails of yarn hang from an infinite spiral

Weave and weave, my patience slowly thins…

Like the yarn by my side, still I spin, I spin, I spin

Schedule

Schedule.

A time table of events

Balanced on top of another

Like Jenga

Delicate as a breath

As rigid as a brick

Please don’t fall down

Schedule.

Mall

Shopping Spree.

Fill my cart, but not my heart

A sale away, I sail away

To aisle 3, where I spot

The shoes I need not

Buy, But I buy, though I

Do not need them

Feverish Propaganda.

Coins

Glittering coins illuminate the bottom of the well

A thousand stars that shone, a thousand stars that fell

Where they will go, that only time can tell

Priceless in their own right, things not meant to sell

Rice

Fluffy clouds, a cotton pillow for the tongue

Fresh fallen frost, you used to play in when you were young

Decorates the plate, like the trim of a dress

King of the grains, the best of the best

Letter

A greeting

A message of the news

You knew

Or of progress new

A breakthrough

Or something blue

And then you threw

This letter

Right Into

The trash

Insincere closing

Forgotten