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ORGASMIC OREO

As a young girl
There was something so satisfying
About an Oreo floating in cold milk
Then, barely making it past my lips
Before disintegrating
Into a mound of mush in my mouth

Years have passed and
In the heat of summer frozen hard
Four, no, five --are stuffed in my pocket
Cold against my thigh but sweetly knowing
They wait for me
A bribe of sorts for pulling weeds

(written for National Oreo Day)

A STUDY IN PENCILS

When I was a kid I loved long pencils
It was the uniformity of them
Lined up in my pencil box –smelling like
Fresh cut wood, yellow paint with No 2
Emblazoned on the side. Erasers in
Perfect cylinders. Discarded when barely worn.
And quickly forgotten during recess.

The only wooden pencils I own these days
Are made short-3 inches to be exact.
They bounce helter skelter in the bottom
Of my golf bag—a collection of golf
Courses imprinted to name such places
I can say I've played – not keeping score much
Just a more expensive, grown up recess.

TARDY BELL

The young ones gather
that first day each fall
wearing scrubbed faces and new clothes
and anticipation
thick enough
to see

school rooms fill
with smiles and giggles
the smell of floor wax and crayons
and the primal
sweet smell
of sweaty children