

Thanksgiving, New York City

The wild turkeys should be worried this year –
Their luscious free-range thighs are coveted
By every chef in the city. The cornucopia
Of tubers at the Greenmarket stand
Is a tumultuous mob of spectators, jostling
For position. Decorative gourds invade shops
Like misshapen aliens; a mountain of cookbooks
Sprouts on the kitchen counter. You could stab
A ham with all the advice you've been given.

Where the pie plates buckle, there buckle I.
The metaphysical weight of the potluck dinner
Makes muffins of us all. On the sideboard lurk
The candied yams of no one's dreams, uneaten
Bowls of stuffing. The TV chatters to itself
Like a crazy uncle, the moon fills the sky
Like a ripening cheese. We could sit here
Till the cows come home, if we didn't have
Work tomorrow. The marshmallow fluff
Of your cerebellum says *go to sleep*.