

4-15-2018

Tomato Sauce

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Recommended Citation

Burkhart, Julia (2018) "Tomato Sauce," *The Oval*: Vol. 11 : Iss. 1 , Article 15.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval/vol11/iss1/15>

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POETRY

TOMATO SAUCE

Julia Burkhart

I turn the spaghetti sauce
sloshed stove dial to ten.
The faucet dripping swollen
water drops on the pressed glass saucer.
It's crystal ball blue.
The Tupperware red coffee mug
is on the precipice of the sink
and the floor.
Dust scratching the bottom of my feet;
bird song
sweating through the open window
past the Hydrangea and Hanging Jew plants
patched in decay,
gripping the counter's edge finger
brushing the coffee stains.
I rub the grounds in my fingers.
Stove horsefly bite red,
iron bending at the will of machine.
I sweep my loose Frey hairs
falling in my mouth
fallen trees or Jenga towers.
The wooden mouthpiece
viced in my chipped teeth, I
inhale the smoke.
Hoping for more than this.
Prego tomato sauce
on the ceramic pans.
Pandering addiction, moths pressing
themselves to the
crab apple Yankee Candle.
Coffee mug handle shattering
a busted hip.
But now I'm staring at
the speckled faucet. The

water hangs a loose tooth
falling in the drain.
Just like childhood at
the Grizzly Inn.
The stainless steel clouds bleed the sun's blood through gaps in my
blinds.