Spoon and Tree

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What gladdens her is the spoon, with its tiny saucer of remnants, its slender shaft, scrubbed last—and now the kitchen’s clean. Clean are the knives and forks all akimbo in their drying cage at the window. The spoon leans alone toward light, a backyard limb reflected in its sunken belly, so a liquid darkness tongues its curves and bends along its slender neck, making the one tidying up blush at this bed she’s come upon—refractive, gleaming, the old dream of coupling here portioned out in such a strange supper.

When the light is gone, the immaculate house hushed, she puts down her book and returns, barefooted, waking the wood planks to the kitchen. The cupboard, too, sighs, its ascending note sliding wind-clean. And even before shaking whole grains into her midnight bowl, she has reached out, across the ticking, low-watt
world, her warm mouth
clamping itself wetly
around the cooled,
hard truth
of the spoon.