

2015

Must Heard Mustard

Mark Sutherland

The College at Brockport, msuth2@brockport.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.brockport.edu/jigsaw>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Sutherland, Mark (2015) "Must Heard Mustard," *Jigsaw*: Vol. 2015, Article 20.

Available at: <http://digitalcommons.brockport.edu/jigsaw/vol2015/iss1/20>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Commons @Brockport. It has been accepted for inclusion in Jigsaw by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @Brockport. For more information, please contact kmyers@brockport.edu.

Must Heard Mustard

By: Mark J Sutherland

Mustard's excess—
meant to be licked.

We never do it
in the morning.

Look at you go,
been so long
I can hardly smell
vinegar's sweet embrace.

Memory toys with me—
a playground bully you can't
tattletale, befriend, or ignore.

Do I rise to the occasion?
Uncertainly sure. Crust
at the edge of eyelids compete
for attention and coffee gurgles
after a violent grind routine.
More to do, brewing
in 5am's stillness.
Dawn's a few cups away,

cinnamon rises, beating out
Columbian's scent while
Alexander Paley plays *3 Pieces:*
Op.2, Etude Op. 2, No.1 for lonely me.
Another great Alexander
scribed the notes, sir name Scriabin
and that wordplay amuses.
iHeartradio and my city stirs,

cars dance unbeknownst to flute, violin, and
clarinet—music tells a story below
two bedrooms half full.

Beep beep beep interrupts piano.
Wait is over, a new pot begins
its final drain.
My feet brush hardwoods
in last night's socks and trance
for milk. Rinsing yesterday's
mug, face too.
iHatedishes.

Music receding, momentarily
for a first cup. Fleeting
like every tasty thing heard must.