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Must Heard Mustard

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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:
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.