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## Must Heard Mustard

Mark Sutherland

*The College at Brockport*, [msuth2@brockport.edu](mailto:msuth2@brockport.edu)

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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:*  
*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.