

Sancta Maria, Mater Dei

Our kettle boils her best around six or seven minutes
to midnight, when the refrigerator's snoring can be heard
above the memory of another day. The sight

of blue flames and a half sort of hissing is all
the prospect of tea can add at this point to what there already is—
maybe it should have been more
or less (who knows?). The kettle never minds

as she cuddles enough water for two small cups and starts
cackling in counterpoint to the stove. Another burbling
attempt at clouds where a kitchen ceiling is, that's what it's for—
a humid prayer warming some plaster,
hoping for more.