

ODE TO A COCKROACH

The cockroaches in the kitchen
Aren't worth killing...
When I turn on the light
They run into the corners
Of the cabinets where they live.
We're all awake, watching the late movie,
We're watching the same commercials
That are on over and over again.
We're watching each other, waiting
For me to step on their crunchy little
bodies.
I'm glad that they're awake,
They come out only at night
It must be quite surprising to them:
Not being stepped on by my flat moccasins.
I watch them run into the corners
Of the cabinets by the sink,
They flee from the light and my shuffling
steps
And I take the water from the 'fridge
To wet my mouth so I can write
A little poem to my cockroach friends.

Howard N Kaplan

