



Kitchen Timer

after forty years faithful service
 digits and gridlines faded
 you sounded your final alert
 spring overwound like yesterday's wristwatch
 no chips or batteries to mend you

no more will you herald zucchini cake,
 Thanksgiving turkey, sterilized jars,
 appointments, sheet pan dinners
 —your bell now silent, all that remains
 hard white plastic shell, scrap metal inside

so reliable is your kind, the model
 is still current—black numbers replace red
 your otherwise identical twin
 awaits its next task
 now poised where you once lingered

— Adrienne Stevenson

