

Before Bed

Annika Le

I filed the fridge this evening—
sauce shelf now tallest to short,
a library of labels.

In a Ziplock, half a lemon shrugs,
smiling to show its seeds,
and in the bottom corner,
silver cans crawl in shadows.

I assemble a monument,
turn tubs into towers:
Hummus then pesto
with salsa as the steeple.

I imagine it's a dollhouse—
the onions spill secrets
in basement drawers,
minced garlic guards
the entryway.

I've put it into place now,
evicted the expired.
Purring as I shut the door,
it burbles a brief prayer
into pitch darkness.