

### **The Kitchen Sink**

When it's dark outside  
And light inside,  
Rather than stars,  
Out the kitchen window  
I see my own reflection  
Standing over the sink,  
Hands immersed  
In gray soapy water,  
Fumbling with sharp things  
Out of sight  
And the tips of my fingers touch together  
Lightly, like the quick lick of the tip  
Of a tongue on teeth, articulating 'L's  
And the water, once lobster-hot,  
Has, in an act of entropy, cooled  
Nearing  
The temperature of my blood  
Approaching  
The temperature of the room  
To meet  
The same fate physicists predict  
For the Universe,  
Heat Death,  
When all thermal energy and matter  
Is evenly distributed across the black sky  
And someone unstops the drain  
And countless celestial spheres swirl, spread,  
And pop.  
And the tiny constellations that cling  
To my skin evaporate.

And as I turn to dry my hands,  
I notice, in the prints on the tips  
Of my soapy fingers,  
The storms on Jupiter,  
The craters on the Moon