

The Water Heater is Still Busted
John Tustin

I got home a little after 8pm
and when I settled in it was
about 9:30.
I sat at the computer and started
to read ee cummings—
and like magic the poems
arrived.
I would read a poem
and then I would
write a poem.
Once, twice, three times
until in ninety minutes
I had written seven poems!
The poems stopped coming
and I sat there reading
the ones I had written.
Meanwhile—

I haven't made the dentist appointment,
I haven't spoken to my children,
we stopped talking three weeks ago,
I need to buy new bedsheets
and I'll be taking a cold shower
in the morning because
the water heater is still busted.

John Tustin's poetry has appeared in many literary journals in the last dozen years. You can find his published poetry at fritzware.com/johntustinpoetry