

the toaster. by DS Maolalai

this is it; digging in
like a surgeon with a butterknife,
through soft spine
and between hard edges. feeling things give, hot things,
and crispy. knowing that the wrong move
will sent sparks out the windows. getting it eventually
and adding some butter, justified
in spite of the risk
with coffee. this
is it; what life
is really worth - like taking a chance
to merge
in fast traffic - buttering toast
from a jammed up
broken toaster, your coffee, black
with sugar,
the day looking sunny,
and quite
like being fine.

DS Maolalai has been nominated four times for Best of the Net and three times for the Pushcart Prize. His poetry has been released in two collections, "Love is Breaking Plates in the Garden" (Encircle Press, 2016) and "Sad Havoc Among the Birds" (Turas Press, 2019)