

Ode to a Mug
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Brandon Spaulding

O, exalted mug!
To the multitude
you may appear
humdrum, even dreary;
your smooth porcelain stained like
walls of a deserted dollhouse
and brunette rings of Saturn
circling your cavity into infinity.
But those masses,
they have not beheld you like I!
Grail of the Lord's
bitter black ambrosia,
between my steaming nectar and the
melancholia of an unholy mahogany pool
reaching across the tile floor,
there is only you.