

Utilitarianism (*and a warm bowl of soup*)

Fingers, brittle as bread sticks,
clamber for soup spoon—
(utility seeks utility);
convection warms the Winter skin.
Lunch otherwise concludes,
without event.

Inane chatter
about the weather
and whether the elevator doors close
faster if the floor buttons are pushed over
and over, again—
this soup's broth has thinned.

And what to write about?
The poetry of minutia—
an empty page
upon which everything has been written.

—*Michael Pracht*