

Poetry Porch: Poetry

On the Shelf

By Michael Todd Steffen

Used batteries to be recycled,
fingernail clippers, whiteout,
the small clear cylinder of sanitizer

beside the spines of Fitzgerald, Houseman,
shoved over to make space for a mask or two,
like an extended invitation

to sit down in the room,
take off your pandemic guard,
and notice the bow

in the plank of grainy wood,
almost a grin, bearing the strain while
preferring the weight of bound words.