

## SLEEPING LIKE SILVERWARE

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*Devon Brenner*

Ten weeks  
we slept like silverware.

No, not silverware in the drawer.  
Not like forks,  
stem cradled to stem,  
tines aligned formally with tines.  
Not like butter knives,  
passive and parallel,  
butt to butt  
and blade to blade.  
And certainly nothing at all like spoons,  
snug and complacent  
in their curved receptacles.

The way we slept,  
if we slept at all,  
was more like silverware  
in the dishwasher  
at the end of the economy cycle.

Jostled by steamed water,  
tangled,  
knives with forks with spoons,  
the odd spatula or ladle,  
ensnarled in the white  
squares of the basket,  
blasted clean,  
still damp,  
and a little too hot to sort out.