

My Three Apple Canisters

By: Joseph N. Tanson

Thrifed from a bustling Goodwill
These are the fruits of my labor.
They do no more than sit on my counter
And hold
Flour
Sugar
And soda of bicarbonate.
And yet, they do so much more.
Within these
Sealed
Cylindrical
Porcelain walls,
Are the ingredients for the rise of nothing.
Teaspoons of silence
Mixed with heaps of focus
Sprinkled on top with a dash of risk.
My apple canisters,
With three apples on each,
Hold moments of
Warmth
Clarity
And stillness
By the pound.