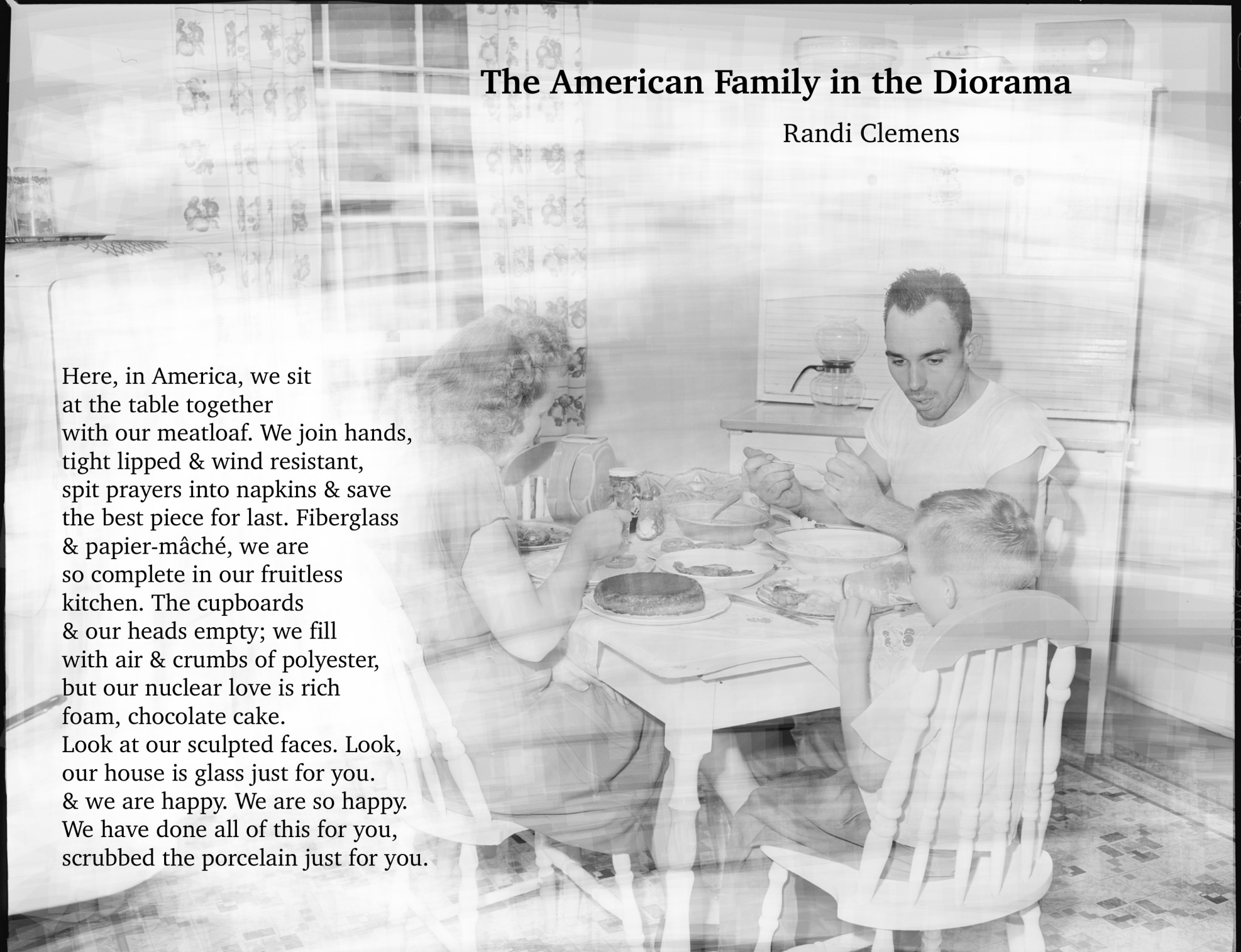


The American Family in the Diorama

Randi Clemens

Here, in America, we sit
at the table together
with our meatloaf. We join hands,
tight lipped & wind resistant,
spit prayers into napkins & save
the best piece for last. Fiberglass
& papier-mâché, we are
so complete in our fruitless
kitchen. The cupboards
& our heads empty; we fill
with air & crumbs of polyester,
but our nuclear love is rich
foam, chocolate cake.
Look at our sculpted faces. Look,
our house is glass just for you.
& we are happy. We are so happy.
We have done all of this for you,
scrubbed the porcelain just for you.



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