

Ant March

As I sit at our kitchen table
on the cusp of the beautiful outdoors,
set for a romantic dinner for two—
straw placemats and large wine goblets,
I watch my beloved husband through
our ripped screen door flipping frankfurters
on father's friendly grill.

My eyes wandered down
to a wooden threshold
where a row of ants
line up military fashion
headed for my silver dog slippers,
as a few female rebels
dodge elsewhere, perhaps
in search of a falling hot dog.

I wiggle back into this lumbar-
busting wooden chair, hoping
my words don't penetrate
the ears of the colony surrounding
those two sugar packets spilling
into my right pant pocket
hiding beneath our table's edge
but still in scenting range.

Penstricken Spring 2025