

my fridge and I

The fridge is humming
although I shouldn't say fridge because it is really two parts,
one part fridge and one part freezer,
not the same weight because the freezer
is really only about 3 inches deep,
can't even fit a thing of frozen yogurt in it
It's humming, and I should know why,
I'm a chemical engineer after all 10.213,
stuff with compressors and pumps and heat flow and I just don't remember anymore,
as usual I'm worthless
But it's not really humming, more of a growl,
a growl some mechanical animal, some metallic wolf,
or maybe dog, like they have in futuristic movies,
like that one with Woody Allen where he had a pet that required batteries,
I mean pooped batteries,
I suppose I shouldn't say the word pooped in a poem but oh well,
it's the best I can do

I swing around in the same circles,
thinking the same things, I tell myself
why, what's the point, why do you think
you'll come up with something new after going down the same