

## Wazmo Nariz

### "Refrigerator Saga"

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On the shelf in the door sits the mustard once more.  
Through the jar he keeps track for to tally the score.

In the refrigerator saga,  
tales of lives in the larder,  
with the hint of something rotting in the freeze.

I am the meatloaf, said I, as the melon passed by.  
And so we talked most the day, fell in love in the tray.

In the refrigerator saga,  
tales of love in the larder,  
and the eggplant keeps soaking up the grease.

In the end, we will only hold a grudge against the  
bread.  
And our love, so preserved, will be a fitting sandwich  
spread.

But soon the mustard was miffed, thought the melon  
was his.  
He saw it all in this box, saw the bagel love lox.

In the refrigerator saga,  
the deviled eggs make lifer harder,  
but my love for you will never grow cold.

Yes, I, the meatloaf, have cried since my crust has now  
dried.  
And since my melon has gone, for warmer climes I now  
long.

In the refrigerator saga,  
tales of lives in the larder  
and the eggplant keeps soaking up the grease.

In the end, we will only hold a grudge against the  
bread.  
And our love, so preserved, will be a fitting sandwich  
spread.

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