

Thesis

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Consider the certain rhetoric of flatware.
The drawer's slots, the clean classification:
A knife's urgent appeal to pathos—
it points to the heart.
The teaspoon's quiet humor,
hint of sugar to cut the truth.
Like any good counter-argument,
the soup spoon reflects its examiner,
albeit in distorted fashion,
tongue and teeth.
Even inch-deep into the flesh,
each greasy tine of the fork makes a claim
for civilization, offers its small statuette to ethos:
We are who we say we are; our hands are clean.