

Self-Expression

Today I finally decide:
It is enough.

Enough driving around in my cookie-cutter car,
on cookie-cutter Interstate Highways,
past cookie-cutter shopping malls,
occupied by cookie-cutter boutiques,
with their cookie-cutter clothes and
cookie-cutter mega-stores full of
cookie-cutter electronic gizmos;

enough drinking cookie-cutter cardboard cups
of gourmet cookie-cutter coffee,
eating in cookie-cutter restaurants,
browsing cookie-cutter bookstore shelves.

Yes, I say: "enough!"
Tonight I refuse to watch
another cookie-cutter program
on TV, resolve, instead,
to demonsate my individuality,
and so as soon as I get home,
stride toward the kitchen
grab my apron, take down
the flour, sugar, shortening,
mix up and roll out the dough,
top it with cinnamon here,
chocolate bits or rainbow
sprinkles there, and—when I
am well pleased with what I have achieved
(all with my own two hands!)—
scavenge through the drawers until I find
my cookie cutters.

Steve Bloom
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