

Laurel Feigenbaum

SHELF LIFE

Though I've made it through actuarials,
my frozen raspberry tarte may outlast me.
Stewed tomatoes and succotash
secure in vacuum-packed cans
most certainly will their shelf life
assured by additives sulfites, transfat
all known to shorten mine.

Hundred year old peaches
found in the hull of a sunken ship,
as safe to eat as when they were canned.
Egyptian burials prepared for Afterlife
with food, beer and wine,
a laden table or boxed lunch³/₄whole ducks,
joints of goat mummified.

I don't plan to take much—
That form-fitted red dress with sweetheart
neckline I've saved for just such an occasion,
piped music - a swinging Benny Goodman
And the Angels Sing, a jug of mead, jar of honey
its special alchemy a food source with eternal
shelf, no expiration date.
A funerary guide of magic spells borrowed
from King Tut's tomb to assist in the journey—
one life to another,

Laurel Feigenbaum credits her father, the University of California (Berkeley) and Wordsworth with her love of poetry. After family and careers in education and business she gathered late-life courage and began writing, finding the world around a constant source of inspiration and humor. Her work appears in issues of *Nimrod* and *Spillway*. A first book of poetry, *The Daily Absurd*, was released in 2014. She is a board member of the Marin Poetry Center, and lives with her husband of 65 years in Corte Madera, Ca.