

## 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 lunch<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>whole 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.