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Martha Stewart

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Martha Stewart // Austin Price

1 cup of flour
2 tablespoons of sugar
And 3 Hail Marthas

Don't touch the remote,
We'll be right back.

Dietary Deity, Caesar of Caesar Salads:
These are merely a few of my titles.

And yet, even the divine can be sentenced.
When I could've crosscut the boar,
I bore the cross to prison.

Prison: no lemon bars; just bars.
And dim lighting unfit for a queen
So used to brightness.
This darkness is not normal.

Normal: even though I'm the closest thing
you have to the word,
I couldn't be farther away from it.

I am not a human being.
I am your suburban fantasy.
I am the American Dream.
And I am your God,
The ultimate Cookie Cutter.

And even when the slightest shadow
Creeps into your house,
Mother Martha will be there.

I am with you.
In the rustic scent of a holiday pinecone,

In the suffocating warmth of a blanket,
I am everywhere.

Sweet, naïve audience,
Your brains numbed
By the glucose rush of Christmas cookies.
Your eyes blinded by studio lights.
You do not need darkness.

Don't touch the remote.
Don't look away.
Don't *ever* look away.

Dinner is served.