

BOUTIQUE

after "My Mistress' Eyes Are Nothing Like the Sun"
by William Shakespeare

by Kathleen Connolly Rosenberg

"Boutique," we call it, though it's not akin

To fancy shops of genteel enterprise.

Old books, clothing, CDs' recycle bin;

A Dollar Store has better merchandise.

When I have shopped in elegant boutiques,

Aromatherapy wafts through the air.

Into this dreary place, rainwater leaks

And musty odors linger everywhere.

There's no shop help to aid in your decision

To bring your surplus stuff and let it loose,

And no one glances your way in derision

When you take away what you need to re-use.

"Cluttered," "frayed," "out-worn" belie the pleasure;

To give and to receive, that's the real treasure.