2 poems by Diana Raab
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MY GOOD FIREMAN

I'd just finished a morning
being Mrs. Dalloway–
shopping: a florist stop, gas station, post office
and a quick moment at the supermarket.

Driving home, phone calls roll in—
my daughter with a funny story,
my mother, in nursing home
needing more perfume.

In the driveway, a large
phoenix-red fire truck!

"*What did I do*?" I scream
"*Your alarm went off; open the door*, stat."
I'm greeted by a wall of smoke.
The fireman dashes to my stove
recognizing the sulfur smell.

"*My husband will kill me:*
I left the eggs on the stove."
He tells *don't worry.*
I will handle it,
with a flirtatious smile,
wiping egg particles
plastered to the kitchen window.

My husband enters.
Before anger spews from his mouth,
the protective fireman puts his hand out.
This happens all the time
as I nod affectionately.

MESSAGE TO MY FAMILY

The day after I die
and hours after my ashes cool,
find a purple urn with a window.

Purple nurtures my spiritual strength
and windows keeps me alive. Remember
I'm claustrophobic and the thought

of being stuck inside a box irks me,
since I must indulge in my favorite hobby
of people-watching, which drives me

to my journal where I find joy and solace.
Remember writers need time alone
and once a day my window should be closed,

just once a day after I die.