In the Kingdom of Obsolete Things

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In the Kingdom, there is no ruler.
There are no rules.
Just an increasingly crowded land
of unwanted things.
Everybody knows someone who arrived before.
In the kitchen section of town, they come every season:
garlic dicer, lemon zester,
one unfortunately named soul—vegetti.
No one wanted to say
spaghetti squash was just a trend.

The blender resents the food processor,
who took his place. And they all laughed
when the slow cooker arrived in town. He thought
he could beat that Instapot and would've,
but they broke his lid.

In the technology section
iPhone 5 is jealous of iphone 8.
With GPS, it could have found its way in the world.
But the new generation still became the old.
Phone cases mated to each discarded phone like a spouse,
meant only for each other—'til death do them part
while charging cords and plug heads mourn
for their lost mates.

There are only two ways out of the Kingdom—
a second life, in a new place—
they might be made whole again.
The other a place of bodies crushed or melted,
they become a dismantled collection.
When the humans come with an empty box,
they pray in the language of watts and amps,
their cords pressed together in supplication.
When empty spaces are made,
they curse the can opener in the dark
for his secret, his talent,
how he could always be of use.