

Kitchen Routines

It was in the kitchen just as the sun rose, for the coffee was not yet started. Nor the eggs set out to take the chill off. But the paper was laid neatly beside the knife and spoon to the right of the plate. All just waiting for him to take his place in the chair. To open the paper to the comic section. Unfold his napkin. (They still used the good linen Mrs. J washed and ironed each Monday morning.) Rather than disturb the folded napkin, the knife and spoon, the newspaper dated six months and two days ago MAVIS took her coffee cup to the back patio.

Kitchen Adventures

Water spilled over the dam edge of the mixing bowl as the rag sloshed around its sides, the chocolate cake batter dissolved into a muddy lake where measuring spoons, spatulas and beaters swam before standing bravely under the clear waterfall, toweling themselves dry and snuggling into the drawer to sleep until tomorrow and new culinary adventures.

Soup Dreams

A big bowl of tomato soup and me in search of a spoon. The drawer was full of bees, I took the bees to the backyard only to find their hive covered with bath towels which I folded and returned to the cupboard. The shoes that fell out when I opened the door marched off with me in a parade down Main Street where I found a haberdashery when I returned home that had one spoon but the dog had lapped up every drop of my soup.

Stone Soup

My great-Aunt Matilda Marie Shortstocking could make something out of nothing- flour sacks became kitchen curtains; she balled yarn from old sweaters for the kittens; she recycled tin-foil, old newspapers and metal. But when she got out the big kettle and announced it was "Stone Soup" day even the cats turned tail and ran away.

Corned Beef & Cabbage

Like riding a bicycle ,
corned beef & cabbage
is an acquired taste.
Some people take to it
as easily as running
after the ice cream truck.
Others try in mid-March
to drink green beer
without gagging but never
the corned beef & cabbage.

Just as each April
they take out their bikes
vowing to ride every day.
But wobbling along for
God & All to witness
soon gives way to pastimes
of less strenuous venues.
They wish the bike craze
like corned beef & cabbage
would last only a day .

Note I'm Sure the Plumber Meant To Leave On My Refrigerator Door

Missus,
The door was open
so I let m'self in
pipe was leakin', you said,
I shut the power off
not wantin' to get shocked
by garbage disposal
leavin' me with the need
to reassure m'self
all was back to workin'
'fore my tools got put,
an' I left the premises
checked the fridge to see
nothin' went bad while I
worked up my appetite
under yer kitchen sink
which is why you'll find
the left-over chicken
an' cherry pie gone
missin'.

Soup Dreams



Charlene Neely

Please recycle to a friend!

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Origami Poetry Project™

SOUP DREAMS

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