

I am cooking pancakes on an old battle field,
Poppys marking where blood once fell
poking red petaled faced through rich dirt,
breathing in syrupy air

No longer a barren land,
wartime smoke clears way for new flavors
A growth of waiting orchards find their way home,
Land both familiar and forgotten

The earth is singing with new life,
rain pours down on prolific fertility
As I make my breakfast in canopied calm
singing out to the trees both ancient and new,
I'm home,
I'm home

But red poppies are for remembrance
and though my morning song is filled with gentle embrace,
She does not forget, crying her sorrows
as I whisper kindness into trembling palms

I am the anorexic chef
The cheap chef
The "I-can-make-something-from-nothing" chef
She does not yet trust that I will keep the peace,
afraid I will wander too far into my own curiosity.

I lay before her an olive branch,
cooked with deep sorrow,
fire lit as the ground shook from her weeping,
salted with tears of my own.

Golden sweetness

dripping with the own shortcomings of my heartstrings

Flawed as all things are

For a moment as we eat we can forget what once lay around us.