

## Grandmother's Kitchen

Hidden eyes peeking, through lavender leaves  
Lush green stems waving crystal clarity,  
Smells fluently flowing through ancient décor,  
Slithering slowly, viewing a heated mouth

Steadily staring, through clouded weeping air  
Temperate vanilla dough, dancing upon her tongue  
Richly sweet chocolate, surfaces deep brown  
Risen expansion spreads, vastly over metal borders

Faded rose floral, sustains her view  
Grandmother's, wrinkled prune hand extends  
Fingers laced, with sweet serenity  
"Cookie dear?"

—*Brian Wilds*