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