

## Kitchen Poems

I knew there was a kitchen  
In the dark recesses of my home  
I enjoyed breakfast at the table  
Picked at my lunch  
And waited for dinner

Yes I knew there was a kitchen  
Somewhere in the interior of the house.

Kitchen Poems

Once I went inside the kitchen  
The maid was glaring at the fire  
As though she'd never forgive Prometheus  
For his misdeed  
Her dark face glistened with sweat  
And the place had an awful smell  
  
I tiptoed out  
And wondered why  
People had to have a hole like this  
In their mansions beautiful and bright?

## Kitchen Poems

I remember a night  
Full of fragrance and light  
Lovely women and noble men  
Brushed past me beaming with delight  
My mother - regal and resplendent  
With all her jewels and a gracious smile  
Reigned over the scene

I stood in a corner  
Enjoying it all  
Till someone praised the dinner  
And complimented my mother  
For all her expertise.

## Kitchen Poems

It was a golden evening  
Slowly turning grey  
We were hot and tired  
My friend and I

We went to her humble home  
With a kitchen in the centre  
All smiling and gay  
Her mother's hands were busy  
A sparkle in her eyes and cheeks rather rosy  
She scolded us in a singing voice  
And gave us food and drink

We sat there  
Right in the kitchen  
On a stool and a chair  
Ate and drank and talked and laughed  
With her mother joining in  
Oh, we had a merry time  
In a kitchen small but bright.

## Kitchen Poems

I was a child no longer  
I was growing fast  
I had to raid the kitchen  
At all unearthly hours

How a kitchen changes its colours  
When the day ends and night begins  
It is a different sort of place  
When all are at rest  
The maid, the fire, the pots, the pans  
Only nly footsteps are alive  
And I cannot do a thing  
Without their comment  
It's a place of mystery and  
Small thrills of delight  
Our kitchen at night.

## Kitchen Poems

Then I fell in love  
Naturally first with our history teacher  
Then with a movie star  
Then with the captain of our cricket team  
All those loves were real  
Lasted quite a while  
Till I met the man of my dreams  
Tall and fair with a dimpled chin  
And a smile that made me fly  
  
I loved him desperately, passionately  
Of course with all my heart  
Till he asked me jokingly  
Are you sure you can cook?  
The kitchen walls swirled and swirled  
I fainted - not with delight  
It was the memory of heat and sweat  
Never ending hours of work and toil  
That crushed me under its weight.

## Kitchen Poems

Can't a woman escape the kitchen?  
My mother had nothing to do  
With such a lowly place  
She just ordered the menu  
And sat at the table  
So lovely and fresh!

But my father was so very rich  
A string of servants  
With very little to do  
That was the problem my mother faced  
Not the walls of the kitchen  
And the things within

But today is another day  
Another age - it's different  
And my sweetheart asks me  
If I can cook  
I'll have to say  
Either yes or nay  
He'll brook no delay  
So tell me - my hands and head and heart  
Shall it be yes or nay ?

## Kitchen Poems

Maybe I can cook  
Take a few lessons  
Read a few books  
Buy a pretty apron  
And the thing will be done

I shall preside over the kitchen  
Also the dinner table  
And be fresh as a daisy  
We lcome them all with a smile  
My family, my friends, my guests  
Perhaps my neighbours too fo r a while

They'll eat and be happy  
Praise me to the skies  
I'll feel proud and satisfied  
But...

There will be another day  
And another and another  
Always three meals per day  
Will I remain a dewdrop  
Scintillating and gay?

Why don't I ask him the same question  
With an enticing smile?  
Let us see what he says  
Whether he realises what he wants  
Three square meals per day  
Every day of the week  
With hardly a break  
How many human hours does it mean  
Of toil and moil without respite?

I think I'll say 'No' to his innocent question  
Asked with an audacious smile  
And scream till I'm all red in the face  
"I don't know how to cook  
Neither do I want to learn!"

But I want him with all his arrogant ways  
I want him for my very own  
So I'll learn how to cook  
Reach his heart through his stomach  
Till I find another way.

## Kitchen Poems

They say the kitchen is the most important room  
In some countries of the West  
The nicest, airiest, biggest and brightest  
Even so  
Isn't it the place where meals are cooked  
And aren't meals always cooked by women?  
Does it make any difference  
If the prison is big or bright?

Alas ! I love him  
I want to live with him and bear his children  
The children will grow up  
And clamour for food  
At all odd hours  
He, the Lord of the House, will want  
Peace and order at all meal times  
Can I meet his demands  
With a smiling face?  
In my disheveled hair and dirty gown  
Will I be lovable yet to him?  
Or will my tired eyes just drive him away?  
  
I might make a Herculean effort  
But is it really worthwhile ?

I hate this kitchen  
It always intrudes  
On the privacy of my thoughts  
Even when all my chores are done  
I have to plan for tomorrow

Who doesn't know  
That planning is far more difficult  
Than carrying out the plan?  
As I enter the kitchen  
My mind is cluttered  
With a hundred nasty details  
That cannot be overlooked  
As I sort them out  
All my dreams vanish.

I can't crawl on the earth  
And fly in the sky  
Simultaneously

I cannot be  
A Wife, Housewife, Mother and Cook  
An Explorer, Scientist, Lawyer  
Architect, Poet, Surgeon as well  
At one and the same time

I will not be a mediocrity  
I want to excel in whatever I choose  
Why this terrible option  
For me - just me  
Because I am a woman?