

## 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.