

Comfort Food for Theodore Lapp, 1904 - 1987

When Mom went out alone on Saturdays
my father and I would stand in the white kitchen
with red trim and drink milk from circus-motif glasses.
Dad became a boy again when we tore up slices
of *Wonder Bread*, drowning and slurping up
the soggy pieces, my moustache white, his gray.

On weekends Dad's graceful fingers took up
violin, chess pieces or philosophy books.
At concerts, undone by arias, he wept.
When I held his hand, it was always warm.

Now, when insomnia grips, I reach for comfort,
heat milk on the blue burner, add cardamom and honey.
Sometimes I notice Dad in my kitchen, seated alone
at the breakfast nook. After all these years he still visits,
hands around a mug of milk.

6/2020

Mohair Sweater

I didn't know you still were knitting, Mom,
but here it is: free floating dream sweater,
mohair, indigo with purple highlights,
flawless and ready to deliver its warmth.
Decades since either of us opened your box
of needles and yarn, thimbles and threads
on wooden spools, still handy and ready
to repair what needs mending.

The urge to dance overtakes me, arms outstretched,
fire aroused by your art of craft and color.
Lacking your patient skills, I offer
this homely word patch.

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