

# Thanksgiving, 2018

*by* Gary Hardaway

The eight pound Butterball bakes  
at three hundred twenty-five degrees.  
The cornbread for dressing cools.  
The cranberries boil with one cup each  
of sugar and water. The aromas are nice

but weaker in this apartment  
than they were in the house.  
All things fragrant are less fragrant here  
than they were in the house.  
Less is seldom more.

