

# From the Kitchen of my Childhood

*by* Myra King

In its cupboard corner  
the Frigidaire  
unplugged  
round shouldered, cold metal handle.  
An ice block heart  
rushed home to the beat of its melt.

Around a table laminate-green,  
chrome chairs  
hard backed, numbering the same  
as your family.

Thin edged knife on steel grey stone  
sharpens in fluorescent glint.  
Paper cooks frieze in a march  
around the ceiling,  
muffin hats greasy  
from the regimen of  
a hundred Sunday roasts.

Through the grime of a window  
a bicycle basket,  
long rope slung in an open faced shed,  
filled with a pillow from your dreams.  
You swing, and hope  
its beam support  
will never break.

