

Momma

I never could quite duplicate
her chicken soup of family fame
without the feathers and the feet
it never tasted quite the same
Those little objects bobbing round
were always such a mystery
she said they were the unhatched eggs
and were a special delicacy
On Friday evenings when I climbed
the five flight stories to the top
of the apartment where she lived
you'd hear the sound of chop chop chop
'Cos that's the special day to cook
for people of the ethnic kind

It seemed the whole apartment shook
from the scraping clanking plucking grind
The different smells from every float
attacked me as I hobbled past (I was frequent at the time)
urging me onward to the top
where I could catch my breath at last
And there was Momma large as life
wielding a serious carving knife
coaxing me to sit and eat
and take a load from off my feet
with hungry eyes I looked to see
what Momma had in store for me
Amongst the strange and alien fare
my eyes observed just one thing there
No other morsel could I see
But this great big fish staring straight at me

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Vicki Blaineaux-Simon