

Kitchen Sonata

While every other kitchen in America
pulsed with the baritone vibrato of a microwave
and hummed with the gentle gargle of a
boiling pot, my kitchen sang a unique melody.

Beyond the mahogany cabinets and
eggshell countertops, nestled in a nook,
sheltered from the spatters of grease and
clouds of steam, rested a keyboard.

Do you want to hear a song? Maybe a
sonata in C while you stir or a fantasia in F
while you filet will help you keep time? It's
not easy to be a chef in every clef.

My parents were not musicians themselves,
but they always seemed to live life through song.
Melodies would waft through the air of my home
like the smell of my mom's fresh-baked cookies.

I watched Mom chop through chords and
mince through minuets. Dad would waltz
dishes to the sink to be washed. They kept
time through the metronomes in their bones.

Now it feels far too mundane to try
and cook anything without singing a refrain.
Even as I cook in my apartment alone, I rely
on the recipes evinced in my bones.