

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 17
Number 1 *HERE IT IS IN BLACK AND WHITE...*

Article 6

Fall 12-1-1996

My Mother's Kitchen

Patty Mugavero
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

Mugavero, Patty (1996) "My Mother's Kitchen," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 17 : No. 1 , Article 6.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol17/iss1/6>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact koteles@cod.edu.

My Mother's Kitchen

By Patty Mugavero

Somehow, it was always warm.
Like so many seasons,
the recipes came and went
as we sat in a circle
eating in silence
wolf-like
keeping the world at bay
lost in the worlds we never did leave behind
completely.

It was the first room we walked into
and the last room we left.
Wedged into half of the painted cupboard,
the Kenmore washer chugged out work clothes
faithful animal in harness
and paperwork got done monthly
on the cheap Formica table,
between meals and cigarettes.

Into this room came earlier versions of ourselves.
Like mirrors, we looked to each other for signs of recognition
five people adrift
or harboring awhile
in the quiet old kitchen
surrounded by white metal cabinets
where we sought comfort as much as food
and sat in molded-form chairs
of assorted colors
talking of our days
looking out the window over the double sink
to the fields and woods
where we imagined danger lay brewing.

We were together in that kitchen.
As the world raged outside the doorstep
we sequestered indoors
sharing the years like cheerful roommates
grouped by fate and linked through blood
gathered in a room
that somehow, despite itself,
was always warm.