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A Memorable Marking

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*College of DuPage*

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Not every flavor
Delivered from our holiday kitchen
Was pleasing to my eight year old palate.
The perfectly browned turkey,
Laden with sage seasoned stuffing
And those slightly spicy, still warm
Pumpkin pies were offset
By the pungent unpleasantness
Of steamed cauliflower
And creamed parsnips.
My prejudice against white vegetables
Was born.

An ancient mahogany dining set
Easily accommodated
Mom, Dad, two uncles and four aunts.
From our outpost at the kids table,
My cousin Patsy and I could neither escape
Nor decipher eight simultaneous conversations.

Dinnertime dazzled:
Seldom seen china adorned the tables
Tinkling crystal launched wine-fueled toasts,
Piquant pie wedges turned quickly to crumbs.
Final tastes savored, cigarette smoke clouded the room
Rising to further stain the ceiling.

Anticipation accelerated the cleanup.
Mom distributed worn Bingo cards
Then released the contents
Of a battered tin container. Hundreds
Of dried corn kernels bounced onto the table,
Divided into piles by eager players.

Expecting to be banished,
My cousin and I were invited to play.

My first stack
Of shriveled corn kernels
Marked more
Than just Bingo cards.