



DON'T COOK

Don't cook while writing poetry,
they just don't go together.

The times isn't heard above a sonnet.

While the chicken burns and carrots
turn to blackened sticks,
my mind is full, but cooking isn't on it.

I write an ode to nature, dreams,
to love and to a nation.
Though not in fashion, favor rhyming antics.

I search for words that illustrate
the glory of creation,
revel in the study of semantics.

Food is something all of us must chew,
along with knowledge.
We eat, we drink, and surely then it follows

when we ingest nutritious treats
to fortify our bodies,
we yearn to make them tasty, pleasant swallows.

There's beauty in an artichoke,
and style in serving pasta.
As I write and cook, at times I find

The beauty and the style of one
imposes on the other.
I need to limit pressure on my mind.

I now have found the safest way
to concentrate on writing,
eliminate the scorching of a feather,

is let the chicken wait, don't cook,
permit myself to write.
I cannot cook and poetize together.

Betty Benson