

Frosting

Rosemary Volz



When the moon still had its way with me,
when I hulled strawberries and frosted cakes,
you would not have left.

Not while my root cellar was filled and we could still
make each other swell.

Why would you leave Our Lady
of the Kitchen Sink who could
feed the hungry, clothe the naked
and turn water into lemonade?

Women grow old waiting
for coffee to perk,
bread to rise.

Women have been known to freeze
while anticipating a thaw.

Remembering a purple summer in Oregon
when you taught the boys to cast.

Those perfect hands
testing the waters,
throwing lines,
tying lures.

As I watched through a misty window
and prayed the trout
would fight the hook.

