

SLOW COOKING

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He was with himself
in life's kitchen
at the flame of cooking

as I was looking
and learning.

He sliced and diced
tiny bits and pieces
of past love
with a heart restraint
so faint with trust
to love again.

His eyes spoke of hope
as he deftly tossed the melange
of his life in a pan
over a fire so low
it was slow to ignite a faith
that he'd relate
to a woman
that way
ever
ever again.