



## **My Mother's Kitchen**

is painted,  
matte,  
in matcha green;  
the walls catch errant late-afternoon rays and bounce them across love-worn  
countertops by which she stood,  
not so long ago,  
fairy hands deep in doughs and batters.  
The cupboards have yellowed—  
or is that the halogen light?—  
stained with substances so ancient I don't dare scrub them away.  
The stains will fade, like those other things eroded by eons of being  
(the wan wicker chairs,  
the round table reminiscent of conviviality,  
its blanched bohemian cloth with tassels and a blurry backstory).

And so, I'll stay a while more  
to bask in their dimming haloes.

**by Râna Campbell**