

Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal

Volume 3 | Issue 1

Article 15

January 2003

My Mother's Kitchen

Deborah H. Doolittle

Follow this and additional works at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate>

Recommended Citation

Doolittle, Deborah H. (2003) "My Mother's Kitchen," *Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal*: Vol. 3: Iss. 1, Article 15.

Available at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate/vol3/iss1/15>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by The Open Repository @ Binghamton (The ORB). It has been accepted for inclusion in Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal by an authorized editor of The Open Repository @ Binghamton (The ORB). For more information, please contact ORB@binghamton.edu.

Deborah H. Doolittle
My Mother's Kitchen

"It helps if you actually draw the kitchen first, with crayons!"
—Rita Dove

Where I turned my crayons
to the parchment
wall, pine blades of grass
could not spring so high, jungle palm
fronds never touched the ground, forest
beetles clung to olive branches,
secret shamrocks, jaded mushrooms.
Where soon my fingers smelled
of magic mint and eucalyptus,
left their own wax impressions.
Where the cat tip-toed
through moldering African violets
on the window sill.
Where buns were in the oven,
my grandma said.
Who could tell which was more mellow:
yellow-green or green-yellow?
All I know is when my sister saw
the wall, the look of triumph
was all I saw, as she ran screamin'
green through the house.
Where I was left
to form my first thought.