

Soup

Paul Epstein

Soup

On the stove in a small pot,
She lifts the lid, standing to the side as steam rises
Leans her weight on her right forearm
To take the pressure off her aching back
And dips a spoon in,
Blowing gently, nostrils flaring.
She sniffs the barley scented broth,
Slurps slightly taking a small sip,
Eyes closed in concentration,
Does it need more salt?
More pepper? Does the dill work?
Should I add some parsley?

Come here, Paul, taste this.
What do you think?
Is it bland? Does it need more salt?
She dips again, holds out the spoon,
Careful, hot! She warns.

I blow gently, sip softly, concentrate.

I love to cook.
Maybe that's why.
She rarely asked my help
With anything else.

