The Aunt Who Went To The Airport

It may be the silky yellow of the eggs
she whips up for a soufflé to serve at
the ladies lunch. The deep colour reminds
her of island hues in frangipanis, and

loquats before they turn orange. The way
yolks slip through the steel hand beater,
wobbly as the suns she drew as a child, escape
from any lines. Or, maybe it is the Spode

she was using with its petite pink roses,
all ordered, precise, remind her of oleanders
she strung on ‘shooter’ stems  with May
made a necklace she wore for the day.

Or, was it how the cucumbers she slices
look like the pearl buttons on cardigans
she bought at Smiths, so delicate, fine.
And, anyway, she can’t remember how

many sticks of butter she needs like bars
of gold to make the pound cake heavy.
She just can’t decide, so she goes
to the airport, buys a ticket to fly home.

A husband, a daughter follow, bring
a goldfish bowl, cupped in hands like
a watery globe. Fish, the iris in a glassy
eye, to let her know they see her world.

Nancy Anne Miller