

Elizabeth O'Connell-Thompson

Cooking Lessons

I ate gladly what I was told was good for me
what I was told would,
and eventually did, make my hair curly
what I hoped would,
and still might yet, grow me strong.

Burnt toast.
Runny eggs.
Raw garlic.
Potato skins.

It didn't occur to me then that my mother,
after ten hours of work and
years of scalded hands before me,
was too tired to peel away
what surely wasn't poison.

