Cooking in the other room

Sarah Fitzgerald

A faint whistle and a resounding tap –
Glass or silver or marble.
Two minutes of bubbling
And the silence of a lid lifted,
air reaches places previously
uncharted.
Shuffle of wood under stone,
Perhaps that small, biting sound
mapped the course of the ceramic bowl –
Journeying from cupboard to round table,
the centre of Hestia's home.
A crackling sonata
of tealights and dripping flame-boats,
undercutting the bright clank of silverware.
An off-beat scratch of a worn timer
anticipating an oven's aged sigh of steam and
the smearing of tiles with perspiration.
The smooth clang
Of glass against glass
to punctuate the phrase.

Slowly,
the song fades and
Cuts. A brief
Dripping,
Tapping,
Humming,
Then ebbing.