

## Cooking with Love

The smell of garlic, rosemary and thyme,  
the steam rising out from the boiling crock,  
the bubbling sauce, the rhythmic chopping knife,  
the chicken sizzling in the shallow pot.

A breeze from the window blows across our hot  
wet brows, and we both sigh, husband and wife,  
and catch each other's eye. Your floured smock,  
your oiled hands, your lips purpled with wine.

The flowers in the window gently rock,  
and the breeze ripples through your hair, and I'm  
left dumb—the world goes mute, everything stops,  
and for the rest of time our eyes are locked,  
our love is locked in this moment of time,  
and I am all yours, and you are all mine.