

Magic Cupboards

Aidan Knight

In the lake where the basket floats
Where the wine keeps the skin soft
There is positively no man in the kitchen

Slapped the hand of my younger brother
Pulling apples from your magic cupboards

In the time it takes to set
The sweetness and the sweet of heart
I felt sick, she stroked my hair
I was asleep, asleep in the kitchen

The beater was licked before the rules were set
Wake up in love and go to sleep with warm bread

Pulling fingers through the warmest butter
Reading recipes with grade school stutters