

JUDITH BAUMEL

## Hand Made/Home Made

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Sunday evenings, the kids all home—all—  
I love to watch your cool hands knead  
The pasta dough, coolly take the durum 00  
Into the room-warm egg, coolly stretch  
The lozenge of dough, the tongue depressor  
Shaped patches, coolly cut the noodles  
Deftly drape them, coolly on the dowels.

*You can't imagine how I suffer walking all morning across the park  
And down Park Avenue to Bellevue  
As the fingers and toes shut down, ice blocks  
Inside my shoes and I know they won't  
Warm up all day, the vessels of the gates.*

Maybe I've been making a ragu—that chicken  
Liver imitation of wild rabbit,  
Maybe it's just fried celery and butter  
And we all sit at the table and the kids  
Are teasing each other and us and then take  
Seconds—success. Your fingers on the fork, up to your mouth.  
Those cool, beautiful things

*You can't imagine how I suffer  
In the winter waiting for the bus at midnight*

*When the rain has dropped me off  
And I come up the little hill, the little house  
Lit, and you're asleep in the lamp light  
Warm, fornicic in the blankets  
And I bury my fingers beneath you.*