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TRICIA'S SKILLET

the aroma of crisp bacon
has wakened me like no alarm clock
ever could. I go to the kitchen
and there is my wife, cracking eggs
on the side of a hot, cast-iron skillet.
"Over easy?" she asks. I nod ...
she is using THE skillet; the one great
aunt Eloise gave her grandmother as
a wedding gift; the one her grandmother
gave to her mother, who, in turn, passed
down to Trish. it's the blackest pan
I've ever seen and it's probably fried
bushels of eggs. shaking a little pepper
on the eggs' faces, she turns them over
as gently as a kiss. our daughter comes in,
pajama'd, rubbing the sleep out of one
eye and asks, "How long 'til breakfast?"
for some reason, I step into the future,
thinking of that dark inheritance and this
same scene, years and years from now