

JANUARY GILL O'NEIL

Chocolate Chip Pancakes, 7 p.m.

Tonight, we do dinner easy.
I take measuring bowls
from the cabinets,

mix Bisquick, egg, and milk
with a wooden spoon,
fold the batter

while semi-sweets
drop from my daughter's fingers.
My son mans the griddle.

I hold his hand
as he flips with a spatula. Each cake
a toasted sun in a cast iron sky.

Everything floats in a sea of syrup
in this unhurried hour
at the end of the day.

And my heart, full from laughter,
requires no napkin.
I lick happiness my fingers