My great-Aunt Matilda Marie Shortstocking could make something out of nothing-flour sacks became kitchen curtains; she balled yarn from old sweaters for the kittens; she recycled tin-foil, old newspapers and metal. But when she got out the big kettle and announced it was "Stone Soup" day even the cats turned tail and ran away.

Stone Soup

every drop of my soup. the dog had lapped up when I returned home that had one spoon but where I found a haberdashery in a parade down Main Street the door marched off with me that fell out when I opened to the cupboard. The shoes which I folded and returned covered with bath towels only to find their hive I took the bees to the backyard The drawer was full of bees, and me in search of a spoon. A big bowl of tomato soup

20nb Dreams

Water spilled over the dam edge of the mixing bowl as the reg sloshed around its sides, the chocolate cake batter dissolved into a muddy lake where measuring spoons, spatulas and beaters swam before standing bravely under the clear waterfall, toweling themselves dry and snuggling into the drawer to sleep until tomorrow and snuggling into the drawer and new culinary adventures.

Kitchen Adventures

Rather than disturb the holded napkin, the knife and spoon, the newspaper dated six months and two days ago Mavis took mer coffee cup to the back patio.

It was in the kitchen just as the sun rose, for the coffee was not yet started.

Nor the eggs set out to take the chill off.

But the paper was laid neatly beside
the knife and spoon to the right of the plate.

All just waiting for him to take his place
in the chair. To open the paper to
the comic section. Unfold his napkin.

(They still used the good linen Muss. J
washed and ironed each Monday morning.)

Kitchen Routines

Please recycle to a friend!

WWW.ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM origamipoems@gmail.com

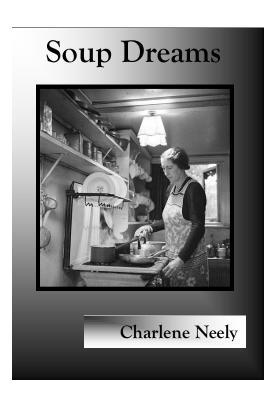
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Ofigani Poeny Project ™

SOUP DREAMS
Charlene Neely © 2014



Donations **G**reatly **A**ppreciated



Note I'm Sure the Plumber Meant To Leave On My Refrigerator Door

Missus.

The door was open so I let m'self in pipe was leakin', you said, I shut the power off not wantin' to get shocked by garbage disposal leavin' me with the need to reassure m'self all was back to workin' fore my tools got put, an' I left the premises checked the fridge to see nothin' went bad while I worked up my appetite under yer kitchen sink which is why you'll find the left-over chicken an' cherry pie gone

missin'.

Corned Beef & Cabbage

Like riding a bicycle, corned beef & cabbage is an acquired taste. Some people take to it as easily as running after the ice cream truck. Others try in mid-March to drink green beer without gagging but never the corned beef & cabbage.

Just as each April they take out their bikes vowing to ride every day. But wobbling along for God & All to witness soon gives way to pastimes of less strenuous venues. They wish the bike craze like corned beef & cabbage would last only a day.