

Measuring Time

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Standing here by her
stove, I am stirring
with her spoon, measuring
her basil, her garlic. I
taste the soup I've made
with the herbs she grew, each
proportion recorded
in the legacy of her
handwritten recipe: a meal
for those she left behind.

It needs more thyme, I
think, feel the luxury
of my words. I imagine
her standing in this same
space, measuring Time:
noticing its length, its
fragility, the crumbs
of her remaining moments
left in this kitchen.