

# *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.