

## POEM NINETEEN

Home smells  
Like sautéed garlic mixed  
With grandma's drugstore perfume

Home sounds  
Like us fighting  
Over the last meatball

Home tastes  
Like cold leftovers  
I loved to eat for breakfast

Home feels like  
Your old wooden spoon  
In my hand as I stir

Home made  
Me



© Marie Whitman



Serving you  
Poems to go  
Words that feed  
Heart and soul