

Slow-Cooking

by Renee Emerson

Outside the sumac limbs sag,
the vow of winter already
weighing.

A late dinner, drowsy, shaping bread
on the baking stone.

Yellow squash, onions, carrots,
a roast and small potatoes
slow-cooking.

My hands bitter with chopped onions,
apron on, the slow-soak of waiting
for you to come home.

My self-reliance, old trophy,
what once carried me,

swallowed
in the night's cataract, the moon,

and stars like small umbrellas,
opening.

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