



1992

Dad in the Kitchen

BJ Fogg

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Recommended Citation

Fogg, BJ (1992) "Dad in the Kitchen," *Inscape*: Vol. 12 : No. 2 , Article 9.

Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape/vol12/iss2/9>

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DAD IN THE KITCHEN

BJ FOGG

I just might forget that week I've pasted in albums:
Luke two, a new puppy, Monterey sun.
But I'll remember Dad
handwashing through the holidays.

Pouring Palmolive and massaging suds to life,
Dad moved easy like a tall tree-swing,
his white pinpoint oxford
safely under an apron.

And then I'll remember how he stood
ten years ago in bare feet
and a Pendleton robe to make me breakfast
each weekday at five fifty-five a.m. How he opened
my eggs in pairs and nested empty

orange halves, and how I swallowed those mornings
without words.