

## **A Cook's Dilemma**

By, Richard Tornello © 2011

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The earth turned eastward, black.

Violet-blue, lavender, red, orange, yellow  
the sun poking through, the morning window aglow.

Rosie the breakfast witch,  
the brunch and lunch witch, as well as the lupper and  
of course, the main course, supper witch,  
was preparing the daily meals.

But first on her list of things to do  
breakfast dessert and a thing or two.  
Most adults frowned at this a breakfast dessert witch.

“Fruit and grain what could be bad?

A cup of java for you juice for them

Come...

In , Sit down

Give it up that frown.

and...”

to an empty plate she turned, intoned

low and solemn:

“Time to cook, time to eat;

now it's time to make a treat."

But looking round and up and down

Said she to no one in particular

(only Spud the cat heard her sounds

and he who made out when things fell down

by gravity assisted, or paw pulled down).

"Well I'll be a witch's broom.

Can't find my tools, the batter to beat.

A big empty plate is in front of me!"

"Bubbles-bubbles-bubbles floating by my window? What?"

"Even wacka-wacka spoon is gone,

so where in heaven, in the light of day,

oh my, even my great old fork,

it ran away."

“And everywhere are bubbles-bubbles  
I have a feeling, troubles troubles.

Worse than that, I know/I know,

I had IT where?,

I know, I KNOW!

I can't seem to find my magic spat-u-la,

Disappeared from right,

there.

All my cooking tools are gone,

nary to be seen.

I wonder where they went, and who they went to see?

To yonder fields and back again,

Maybe 'cross the sea?

There are only three to tell ,

three, I know quite well.

with that uncanny a-bil-ity,

convince/my/magic/cooking/tools,

to up,

and abandon me.

Ally, Ken and Mac,  
running through fields in back,  
dancing all about.

Bubbles bubbles every where and what here do I see?

My spatula, my tools all dipped in suds  
by one, by two and what? all three.

“It’s a cooking tool! a magic one!  
You little witches I’ll warm your buns!  
How dare you use it for your fun  
It cooks, it flips, but does not dip  
And bubbles,  
it should have none.”

“Now you three, in trouble deep  
and my tools are mine/not for you to keep,  
so give them back you little thieves  
I’ll warm your buns  
I’ll heat your britches!  
How dare you use them for your fun.”

“Give me back my cooking junk.”

Giggle giggle laugh and jump and in a circle round a bubble pot,

*“Bubble bubble, no toil, no trouble,”* they yell and scream

and

run.

“Into the yard I’ll retrieve  
and of my tools I will relieve.”

“Don’t scamper off , your silly games.  
I know your mothers and your names.  
Come back here three, I’ll dust you off  
with the wacka-spoon, and not too soft.”

Bubbles bubbles big and small  
I think I’d better take a look  
At this bubble brew the three did cook.

Oh cooking oh, it can wait a while,  
with bubble mixture I just have to smile.

Up upon the wind so high,  
spherical diamonds in the sky.

The three of you have the key  
to fun and joy and life, you see?

Bubbles bubbles in the air

The rest of life?

Not a care.

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THE END

Small print:

No tools were damaged, no parents told, no bottoms were warmed writing this poem.

The author.

Just breakfast dessert, Ha!