

## **In the Kitchen**

she weeps  
peeling back layers  
of a purple onion

but it isn't the onion  
that makes her  
weep

it's the earthly fragrance  
of newly oranged  
terra cotta urns gathering  
cobwebs in the yard

their walls chipped  
brittle as fiery crab legs  
their emptiness  
hollow as conches

Samantha Lê