

Thanksgiving, 2018

by Gary Hardaway

The eight pound Butterball bakes
at three hundred twenty-five degrees.
The cornbread for dressing cools.
The cranberries boil with one cup each
of sugar and water. The aromas are nice

but weaker in this apartment
than they were in the house.
All things fragrant are less fragrant here
than they were in the house.
Less is seldom more.

