

## **Homemade Soup**

**By Patricia Urban Korsak**

Cooking was not her area of expertise  
And she knew that.  
She didn't hand down any secret family recipes.  
But she knew how to feed a family of seven.  
And she had a lot of handwritten recipe cards.

Living through the great depression,  
She'd learned that soup could go far.  
Add Dad's homemade bread  
And you had a great meal.  
Add a sandwich and the kids were full.

Homemade soup started with broth and a bone.  
We'd fight over the marrow  
And spread it on buttered bread,  
A memory that makes my sister cringe.

Throw in some homegrown veggies  
And have the kids prep them.  
Peel, dice, slice, watch it cook.  
A memory of that homemade soup smell.

Go across the street to auntie's general store  
And see what greens she has this week.  
Maybe buy some penny candy.  
A memory of small treats.

Auntie's farm belongs to someone else now.  
Mom's home belongs to someone else now.  
The house that Dad built died with him,  
And I don't mean just the house.

They are all are gone,  
But the memories remain  
And the longing will fade someday.  
I'll have to let you know when.

For now, I can watch my grandson  
Who loves to pick veggies from the garden.  
Loves to peel, dice, and slice.

***NAMI NJ Dara Axelrod Expressive Arts Mental Health Poetry Contest 2021 - 6th Place***

Loves to make soup.

I take him to another farm  
To pick up our vege share  
And photograph the baby chicks  
And find peace at the pond.  
New memories.

And I never miss a chance to tell him  
That I love him.  
Because we always think we have more time.