

Kitchen Construction  
By: Emily Horton

Consciousness

suffocated by the irresistible rub of bare legs against trapped feathers  
Lazy nostrils search for the smell of fried pork belly and chocolate chips  
Kitchen construction

I lie cradled in a blanket of familiarity  
as the sunshine sedative sets in  
beneath a baby blue roof of juvenile clouds

Toes shyly stretch into a cool reality,  
and pet the plush threads of carpet  
that witnessed last night's demons  
burn from underneath my bed  
at the hands of morning's murderous hero:  
Miss Sunlight Strangler

Pupils wane to the size of my worries  
and eager petals begin turning inside a tummy dryer

Chilled tile caresses curl my toes  
as my ears heed to a baking battlefield  
and clumsy newspaper turns

A reclined brown leather chair boasting golden details  
levitates a profiled face:  
rosy cheeks,  
glared glasses,  
and mangled hair  
stray from their black and white routine

“Good morning, Peanut!”  
My dad's favorite nickname for me--  
also an unobserved reminder of my ironic allergy

A silent broadcast of sleepy Sunday eyes and  
strawberry-tinted elephant hearts plays alongside  
the sweet song of a frenzied llama:  
“Breakfast should be ready in 5!”

The last strips of bacon sizzle on the grill,  
as she struggles to convince turbulent grease  
that her velvet skin is not its canvas

I take my self-assigned seat at the family table,  
and close my eyes to feel  
the last bars of sunlight on my face  
before I completely give myself away  
to reality