

Cuyahoga
County
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By Maxwell Nobis

A WELL-WORN, LIGHTED PLACE

Gordon Square's evening glow tints my kitchen
rosy with the end of the day.
Serenity is tied in the knot of my apron.
Covered in cornmeal, my freshly caught walleye
crackles in oil next to a West Side Market onion.
My eyes water from the sweet aroma
and the blissful silence of a home cooked meal.
After I clean up, night lays itself upon my apartment.
I crawl into bed
like my hand into my warm baseball mitt
like a place I've worn out into a home.