

*The Aunt Who Went To The Airport*

It may be the silky yellow of the eggs  
 she whips up for a soufflé to serve at  
 the ladies lunch. The deep colour reminds  
 her of island hues in frangipanis, and

loquats before they turn orange. The way  
 yolks slip through the steel hand beater,  
 wobbly as the suns she drew as a child, escape  
 from any lines. Or, maybe it is the Spode

she was using with its petite pink roses,  
 all ordered, precise, remind her of oleanders  
 she strung on 'shooter' stems with May  
 made a necklace she wore for the day.

Or, was it how the cucumbers she slices  
 look like the pearl buttons on cardigans  
 she bought at Smiths, so delicate, fine.  
 And, anyway, she can't remember how

many sticks of butter she needs like bars  
 of gold to make the pound cake heavy.  
 She just can't decide, so she goes  
 to the airport, buys a ticket to fly home.

A husband, a daughter follow, bring  
 a goldfish bowl, cupped in hands like  
 a watery globe. Fish, the iris in a glassy  
 eye, to let her know they see her world.

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