**A Dream, a Blessing**

Fredric Hildebrand

A dream pulls me back

to childhood, to a full

moon, a long-ago kitchen,

an old woman. Her smile

the light of Heaven. Let’s

have breakfast for dinner,

my grandmother says. Her

Southern drawl, a story

of the family farm, her

chickens. The hum of

the gas stove, the tick-ticking

of heating metal. Eggs crack.

Butter pops in a hot pan.

The smells blooming around

me: egg, spinach, melting

cheese. An omelet, it’s steam

on my face. The eggs taste

like clouds, like spun gold.

She slops canned peaches

into a bowl. Seconds later,

I am eating wedges of wet

sunlight. My blood a warm

golden flow through my arteries.

Magic in her every word.

Every taste a blessing.