

Baking Gloria

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Tomorrow, she's going on her diet.  
One more time she's going to try it.  
So in her *bata* at the kitchen table  
she vows this time she'll be able  
to really do it and shed the weight  
—this time she won't procrastinate.

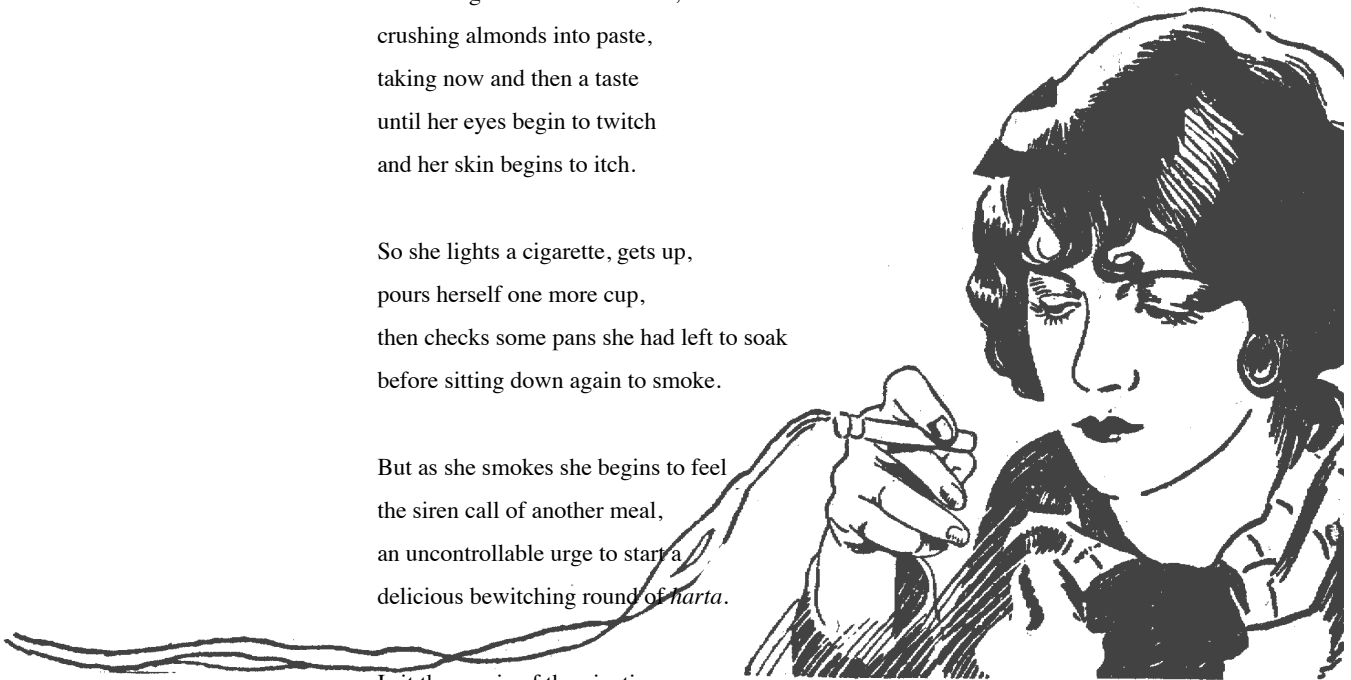
No more chocolate, no more cake,  
no more staying up to bake  
into the wild vanilla hours  
—stacking cookies into towers,  
crushing almonds into paste,  
taking now and then a taste  
until her eyes begin to twitch  
and her skin begins to itch.

So she lights a cigarette, gets up,  
pours herself one more cup,  
then checks some pans she had left to soak  
before sitting down again to smoke.

But as she smokes she begins to feel  
the siren call of another meal,  
an uncontrollable urge to start a  
delicious bewitching round of *harta*.

Is it the magic of the nicotine  
—or the urging of the warm caffeine?  
Is it something in the late night air?  
Is she trapped in a food nightmare?

She begins to slip into a dream  
of mazarine tortes and Boston creams,  
of chocolate ribbon cakes, of crepes  
floating around on cheesy lakes  
that flow into a raspberry sea  
where sugar boats in twos and threes  
ply their trade of foreign sweets  
to foreign ports for foreign treats.



Then suddenly she sees inside her head  
a recipe she's never read  
of chocolate fruit with chocolate glaze  
made a dozen different ways,  
with lemon ice and candied pears  
and slightly chilled, cream-filled eclairs  
smothered in a chocolate sauce  
using a technique now lost.

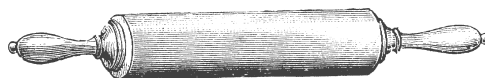
Her eyes take on a mystic glow,  
her energies begin to grow,  
something wild is in the air,  
she hears the hooves of the food nightmare.

In a flash she's on her feet,  
she feels her heart pick up a beat.  
Its rhythm tells her the time is right  
—this could be the night of nights!

She fires her ovens, lays out her racks,  
warms the butter, checks the eggs for cracks,  
shifts the flour, chills the bowls,  
arranges the knives and spoons in rows.  
Then she brings her Kitchen Aid up to power  
and sets the timer to the hour.

Her brain becomes crystal clear  
as deep within her head she hears  
instructions of just how to measure  
each dear and rare confectioned treasure.

The Kitchen Aid with its powerful strokes  
mixes the eggs with their golden yokes  
into flour as white as mountain snow  
into rivers of butter that warmly flow  
into the cauldron of the machine  
that shakes and grinds like a hungry fiend.



And the late night hours seem to fly  
as she piles the tables high  
with dreamy pastries, dreams come true  
of ancient recipes made new.

She samples everything she makes  
—cookies, torts, puddings, cakes—  
her head grows light, dizzy, is swirling  
as she moves through the kitchen twirling,  
first tasting this, then tasting that  
while making new batches in seconds flat,  
—on and on, hour by hour,  
until, at last, she runs out of flour.

And after cleaning up the mess,  
and after taking an educated guess  
of just how much she actually made,  
the night outside begins to fade.  
And when she hears the birds waking up  
she pours one last cold cup,  
lights a cigarette, sits down,  
and quietly listens to the awakening town.

And as she daydreams on the kitchen sink,  
happily exhausted, she begins to think  
—“Tomorrow, I’m going on my diet.  
I see no good reason I shouldn’t try it.  
It’s just a few pounds of excess weight,  
and I’ve never been one to procrastinate.”

*bata*: Sp. housecoat

*harta*: Sp. full, stuffed

