

## beignets

*Elizabeth Arterberry*

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the soft sweet scent of powdered sugar  
and the habitual hiss of hot frying oil  
are all i am aware of as, almost sleep-walking,  
i descend the stairs into the kitchen  
to greet my enthusiastic father  
stationed at the stove, shadowed by  
a fluffy, four-footed phantom  
lingering at his heels, longing for a taste

i stand beside him and fidget  
with typical twelve-year-old impatience  
watching the bubbles pop and sizzle  
dough swelling like deformed balloons  
he shoos me away when i get too close  
to the flame for his liking, and i retreat reluctantly,  
gaze lingering on those golden globs slowly rising.