

Non-fiction poem by Aaron Loguercio. Written on March 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2025

*Weekend Crêpes*

I wake up in the morning to a sweet and savory smell,  
getting out of my bed quickly for hunger hard to quell.

I leave my room and wander to the kitchen on a rove.  
The source of the scent being my father on the stove.

He was pouring in a sweet blend; it simmered from heat.  
The recipe makes it such a scrumptious treat to eat.

Flour, water, milk, eggs, butter, and sugar of brown.  
Cinnamon, vanilla extract, mixed and blended down.

Cooked golden brown, the edges of the crêpe chip.  
Pan-fry the other side quick, then onto a plate, flip.

Confectioner sugar is best to add to the flavor.  
But butter makes the taste tantalizing to savor.

One, two, three, maybe even fourteen crepes for me.  
I can hardly get enough as I finish the scraps with glee.