

Non-fiction poem by Aaron Loguercio. Written on March 3rd, 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.