

Oscar Edwards

Last night I made Crêpes for dinner

Weeks ago
There was a guy
Making Crêpes
At the farmers market.

And even though they were expensive
I had in mind to get one
Filled with Nutella and strawberries.

We got to the market late,
And after being distracted
By amethysts at the jewelry table
He had closed up shop for the day.

Then last Sunday we went
To the farmers market again.
I watched him make Crêpes.

And

For a moment I was hungry,
Wild for a Crêpes! Then, in an instant
That pleasant thought dissipated.

I was now horrified.

The Crêpes maker was cooking them wrong.
They were crisp, like a dosa, not the soft
Ultra-thin French pancake I was expecting.

This is not how Crêpes are made!
These are not Crêpes ... I mean come on
He is burning them right in front of me!

No one seemed to notice, or care.
The nice lady in front of me ate
Her Crêpes and enjoyed it.

I wanted to bite my finger and shout

But I went home
Made my own Crêpes.

We had a savory one with herbs and tomato
And a sweet one with Nutella and strawberry!

Donna thought it was funny how mad
I got from burnt Crêpes and then did something about it.

Not all heroes wear capes.