Carol Dorf: Blessing Myself [1]

November 27, 2013 Featured Poetry [2]

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	Blessing Myself	
	If you make a last of all you are granted for, you will find teaptreen, there are a meeting in San Privation advantagement, there are a meeting	
	than just being born on the happy side of the bed. Wind curls through the excelption, while the fir across the street holds solid.	
	I don't come from a people who are naturally bittle, though many find plymas teals. Fined said the goal was to transform	
	neurotic meany into ordinary unhappress. Two always admired the people who could ask directions, listen to the answer,	
	and hold the steps in their heads for several inles. Outs circle, regative space against the writer sty I pause, bless the god of creation; sometimes	
	the forms provide conflict, a language I partially understand more effective for beaking than my native tangue.	
	This Thurshapinng, the cal steppe on my chair. The child still in bed, hastend in the bathlub. I nambe Happines?	
	-Caro Dat	という
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Coming Soon! TW's Holiday 2013 Issue

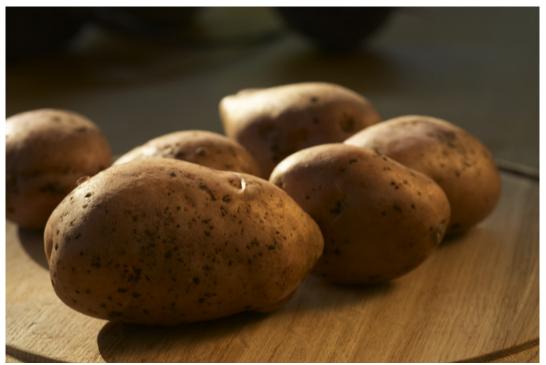
Stay tuned for our next issue—"Writing and Faith"—which lauches Monday, December 2. And don't miss our holiday cards featuring TW Poetry Editor Carol Dorf's "Blessing Myself."

When you buy these limited-edition cards [3], you help support TW. Happy Chanukah—and Thanksgiving!

Latkes

I make space in the book of problems, then begin to fry up latkes. The daughter washes potatoes, I peel onions. She inserts them in the food processor, which grates (a job so labor intensive, we cannot imagine latkes pre the age of kitchen gizmos). Speed, I instruct, is the key, the pacing that eludes us every morning on our way to school/work; but here in this moment, we can put aside the daily in favor of the once a year. Let the olive and grapeseed oil heat until almost smoldering. Potatoes, onions, in the bowl, a couple of eggs, and stir. Find the old spoon, slip them into the oil. The smoke alarm goes off, and the daughter climbs a chair to fetch it down and put it on the back porch. Then paper towels to sop some of the oil back up, and latkes. These are for a party so most are wrapped in foil for the freezer;

(function(i,s,o,g,r,a,m){i['GoogleAnalyticsObject']=r;i[r]=i[r]||function(){ (i[r].q=i[r].q||[]).push(arguments)},i[r].l=1*new Date();a=s.createElement(o), m=s.getElementsByTagName(o)[0];a.async=1;a.src=g;m.parentNode.insertBefore(a,m) })(window,document,'script','https://www.goofglege 1 of 3 analytics.com/analytics.js','ga'); ga('create', 'UA-18260536-1', 'auto'); ga('send', 'pageview'); but for breakfast—latkes and jelly. The book of to-do waits in the other room, buried beneath the Sunday paper.



[4]

Blessing Myself

If you make a list of all you are grateful for, you will find happiness, there was a meeting in San Francisco about this yesterday, more

than just being born on the happy side of the bed. Wind curls through the eucalyptus, while the fir across the street holds solid.

I don't come from a people who are naturally blithe, though many find shrinks help. Freud said the goal was to transform

neurotic misery into ordinary unhappiness. I've always admired the people who could ask directions, listen to the answer,

and hold the steps in their heads for several miles. Gulls circle, negative space against the winter sky. I pause, bless the god of creation; sometimes

(function(i,s,o,g,r,a,m){i['GoogleAnalyticsObject']=r;i[r]=i[r]||function(){ (i[r].q=i[r].q||[]).push(arguments)},i[r].l=1*new Date();a=s.createElement(o), m=s.getElementsByTagName(o)[0];a.async=1;a.src=g;m.parentNode.insertBefore(a,m) })(window,document,'script','https://www.gooff@ge 2 of 3 analytics.com/analytics.js','ga'); ga('create', 'UA-18260536-1', 'auto'); ga('send', 'pageview'); the forms provide comfort, a language I partially understand more effective for blessing than my native tongue.

This Thanksgiving, the cat sleeps on my chair. The child still in bed, husband in the bathtub, I narrate. Happiness?

Art Information

• "Eat Plant Cook [4]" © AGphotographer; Stock Image License



Carol Dorf is the poetry editor at *Talking Writing*.

"Latkes" originally appeared in the December 2011 issue of Poetica Magazine: Contemporary Jewish Writing.

Source URL: https://talkingwriting.com/carol-dorf-blessing-myself

Links:

- [1] https://talkingwriting.com/carol-dorf-blessing-myself
- [2] https://talkingwriting.com/talkingwriting-categories/featured-poetry
- [3] http://www.cafepress.com/tw2013card.1189347928
- [4] http://www.photoxpress.com/photos-potato-potatoes-vegetable-491776

(function(i,s,o,g,r,a,m){i['GoogleAnalyticsObject']=r;i[r]=i[r]||function(){ (i[r].q=i[r].q||[]).push(arguments)},i[r].l=1*new Date();a=s.createElement(o), m=s.getElementsByTagName(o)[0];a.async=1;a.src=g;m.parentNode.insertBefore(a,m) })(window,document,'script', 'https://www.goof]@ge 3 of 3 analytics.com/analytics.js','ga'); ga('create', 'UA-18260536-1', 'auto'); ga('send', 'pageview');