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spoonful of sugar

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Lauren
Williams

you fit into me,
a spoon nestled into another spoon
because we are the same,
me and you

my slopes echo your curves
and your arcs mirror my contours,
each nook and cranny doubled
in perfunctory reproduction

we make-believe at spoons mechanically cuddled,
paint the perfect picture of an orderly silverware drawer,
with everything in its right place
and your warmth at my back, domestic

sharpness found in the offending knives
pressing in on all sides,
but you are only softness,
a smooth silver half-moon

condensation blushes across the metal surface,
heat of breath leaving an efflorescent impression

spoons because this utensil is
synonymous with comfort,
a vehicle for childhood's refreshing treat:
ice cream sweating cold sweetness
into an iridescent plastic bowl

delivery instrument for sickness's consistent companion:
chicken noodle soup still-steaming,
saffron broth's distinct mildness
as predictable a bedside attendant as a mother, compassionate

transportation conveyance for foods
intended to be eaten post-dentist:
dumpling-pats of pudding in chocolate or vanilla,
abstract geometry of technicolored jello;
green-brown muddle and lumps of apple sauce,
opalescent whip of yogurt rendered in elegant pastels

spoons because i dream of a nondescript sunday morning:
you, me, and a bowl of lucky charms,
arms brushing as we argue about ducks or something
and the marshmallows are soaked just so
in milk made a faded pink;
most importantly, you are close enough to touch
a luxury i promise i will never grow weary of
even when your presence is a given rather than a gift

spoons because you are the table at which i sit
come day's end, supportive, a place to lay my head
when i can't stand to make it to the bed

and you are the tea that warms me,
soul and body, implement of alternative medicine;
i practice aromatherapy through the constant inhalation
of your sun-warmed, laundry-fresh scent

three teeny tea scoops constitute a table
and sixteen of these little ladles add up to a cup,
but one you is all that my happiness's
list of ingredients calls for;
an easily-memorized measurement
for the mesmerizing contentment
that you whip up simply,
no oven necessary for you to make me melt—
all it takes is the glow of your gaze, heartfelt

so much more than a spoonful of sugar
for your sweetness knows no depths,
vast compassion incapable of being measured in mere ounces
but you stir it so effortlessly into this recipe of you and me

spoons simply because i reach for you and you are there:
an entire nightmare of a kitchen cabinet could be dedicated
to the faulty tableware of my past,
but i don't care about that
everyone always denies having a favorite spoon, but what's the use?

for me, it's always been you

LAUREN WILLIAMS

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