

The Other Mrs McGuigan

She devours books,
hunger leading her
to sample the full menu,
as if starving from malnutrition.

I eat, recommendations
or recognisable ingredients,
tempting me to expand
my culinary horizons.

She writes,
as if her life
depended on it.

Writing feeds me,
deprivation resulting
in a hollow shell.

She channels energy
into creating tasty treats,
to indulge and share.

My off the shelf efforts,
along with my skills,
will never match up.

Her trophy cabinet
bursts at the seams
with qualifications.

My humble shelf,
displays my honours,
in creative format.

We share the same name.
I have no wish to be her.
She has no wish to be me.

The privilege of knowing her,
a priceless treasure,
I heartily recommend.

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