

Chicken Soup

Diana Raab

As a child, I loved visiting Aunt Silva's
66th Street apartment on New York City's West Side
and how the fragrance of chicken soup permeated
that corridor leading to apartment ICW.

It's as if love poured under her metal door
all the way down the hallway:
that aroma of chicken and vegetables
simmering in a large pot on her small kitchen stove
in front of a yellow-tiled backdrop,
as I watched her skim fat off its top
and teach me to use white pepper,
not black because it ruins
the look of the soup.

I loved the steam coming from her soup
and how it warmed me on cold winter days.
On inhalation, I felt instantly healed
as I watched her put soup through the strainer
into her biggest metal mixing bowl
and then the ingredients became the main meal,
with a cup of soup poured over.

For generations, this soup has been called
Jewish penicillin because one cannot help
but feel better with all its goodness
and love poured into a porcelain soup
bowl with golden rim.

Science has even told us
that the tryptophan in chicken
produces serotonin – comforting
and hydrating during sick times,
as the steam from the bowl clears sinuses
that we had no idea were stuffed.

It's no surprise that my children's freezers
have jars of my chicken soup
moved from one home
to the next, because like a first aid kit
it can cure anything
from colds to a broken heart.



Diana Raab, MFA, Ph.D., is a poet, memoirist, blogger, speaker, and award-winning author of thirteen books of poetry and nonfiction. Her writings have been published and anthologized world-wide. She blogs for *Psychology Today*, *The Wisdom Daily* and *Thrive Global* and is a guest blogger for many others. She frequently speaks on writing for healing and transformation based on her book: *Writing for Bliss: A Seven-Step Program for Telling Your Story and Transforming Your Life*. Her latest

poetry collection is *An Imaginary Affair: Poems Whispered to Neruda*.

To know more about Diana, please visit dianaraab.com.