

Soft Crinkle of Baking Bags,

A Christmas reverie

by Skipperdoodle Productions

Softshoe of her hands over a freshly flour-coated counter.

A whisper of friction ~ palm flesh on dough in small circles to form balls.

The oven announces it is up to heat.

In they go.

I walk to the park and back.

Through the door to warmth and heavenly smell of freshly baked cookies.

Merry Christmas, everyone!