

To a Frying-Pan

## **TO A FRYING-PAN**

**BY ZOE A. TILGHMAN**

**S**TEEL-STANCH comrade of my wanderings, strange  
Magician, alchemist, that so couldst change  
Untempting viands to ambrosial fare,  
Fit for the gods themselves, had they been there—  
Better to me thy unpretentious “eats”  
Than chef’s most costly gastronomic feats.  
Grimy and black, thou still to me art dear,  
Nor sweeter music ever charmed my ear  
Than thy resounding clangor when my pard  
With his knife-handle smiting thee full hard  
Beat the tattoo that summoned me to chuck.  
In days auspicious, or in hardest luck,  
Through desert sand and heat, through mountain snows—  
Through all, the memory of thy service glows.  
Be with me till I cross the Great Divide,  
Shall I not miss thee on the other side?  
Blest comforter of my faint inner man,  
Thou, tried by fire—my faithful frying-pan.