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Kitchen Ruckus

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KITCHEN RUCKUS

Broth throbs on the stove. I journey into a turnip, but the saffron-threads, forlorn, summon me back. Dicing the cake, icing the carrot, while mites converse in the oatmeal. Singing with Tristan, humming with Brahms, as tomatoes collapse in their sauce. We hold these truths to be significant—that shrimp goes well with garlic, that bread is a Promised Land, that onions hymn in the nose ...

Ghosts gather. Some wear aprons. They want to recall the taste of wine with well-sauced pasta, to savor brown sugar dissolved in espresso, lemon squeezed over smoked salmon. The tongue has a mind of its own. The chilis are biding their time. Wolves would come down from the mountains just for a pear and a nugget of goat cheese. Please saunter up to mis counter and sample a ladle of beans, a morsel of duck, a slice of porcini, as the golden drizzle of sunlight dances outside on the grill.

And which is the poem, please? The butter, the knife that slides right through it? Bread rises, lamb braises. Fruit ripens steadfast in a handsome old bowl. I lick my lips. Oh tingling shadows! Such luck, to be alive!