

POETRY

ROGER NASH

Love in the Kitchen

When you're in the kitchen, I lose where I am.
Strips of bread-dough braid themselves
briskly into the burnished pig-tails
of a girl selling matches in a village
in Ecuador. She sings in the wavering
voice of a young white wine,
high in altitude and innocence.

A romaine lettuce swirls its skirts
wider and wider at your waist, revealing—
everything: a gipsy heart of pure
green rainwater. It beats all night
on the tin roof of our cattle shed.
Calves stumble up, and skip
around long pointed udders of the moon.

Sliced tomatoes simultaneously rise
and fall in multiple cross-sections
of the sun. They cast their red light
under the sifting seas of the blue salt-shaker.
This laughter you've just poured in my tilting glass
is conversational but quirky. It's Pythagoras, Solomon
and Groucho Marx. Can I manage to taste it?

As you tuck trout in the oven, they flare
the soft gills of love and swim,
invitingly, straight through the wall into a night
where no edible paradox is ever impossible.