

from *Food*

Keep the dry and wet ingredients in separate bowls before mixing.

You do the egg/cream thing, and I'll take care of the salt/flower/sugar situation.

Reader, do you hear the moaning plane overhead? Feel the beating noon heat on yr t-zone?
See the sizzle of foam on the salt water? Poems light up corridors of the mind, like food. If I owe
poetry to cooking, this is an inheritance of that lineage

I grew up on a food desert, a speck of dust on the map of the United States—an Indian
reservation east of San Diego in a valley surrounded by mountains that slice thru the clouds like
a loaf, where the average age of death is 40.7 years old. I am 32. I live in the busiest city in
America. I am about to eat an orange.

Every feed owes itself to death. Poetry is feed
to the horses
within me.