

Hymn to Vegetables

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Originally published in
Poem 103
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The tame prongs: signs
on the sweetened fork
of a violent ancestry. We too:
we wash our hands now before eating,
use napkins, eschew bones. Once
upon a time, we sang during dinner
because we had to, because the
half-eaten still had ears we needed to soothe.
We are in transition now: we envy
the mild ways of plants, the peaceful
feast of mushrooms on the recently dead.
the simultaneous aspiration of flower
towards heaven, the roots still,
in place, kindly feeding.