



...nov 11, 2008...

write about parsnips someone said
and so i wrote the letters down –
a black on white calligraphy
that broke no mental barrier –

then i spoke the word aloud
and tried to place it musically
but all the syllables went flat
falling back into my lap –

next i split the word in two
from par to snip then pars to nip
but splitting it into its parts
sparked no otherness of thought -

i placed the word upon a plate
and served it up to memory
catching a bus into the past
my somewhere mother shared with me –

i asked what parsnips meant to her
and she said she hated them
as if they were a blasphemy
that carved some separate history –

wrapping the taste around her tongue
she turned the words into a myth
of dreams that she had tried to share
with someone who was never there –

weaving in and out of speech
the word grew larger than itself
streaming conversations deep
beyond the giant moon-filled night.