

We Few Deified We Few Sue Finch

Wanting us to feast differently
I filled a basket with fiddlehead ferns
right to the brim for you:
ostrich fern, lady fern, bracken.
Tossing their bitterness
with garlic and rock salt.

*Look, I tell you, I have foraged
this taste for you.*

I let lemon zest fall on
those curled caterpillars
amongst the charred green-brown leaves.

We do not mention
that vague muddiness on our tongues.
We do not mention,
amongst the charred green-brown leaves,
those curled caterpillars.

I let lemon zest fall on
this taste for you.

Look, I tell you, I have foraged.

With garlic and rock salt
tossing their bitterness;
ostrich fern, lady fern, bracken.

Right to the brim for you
I filled a basket with fiddlehead ferns;
wanting us to feast differently.