

WALNUTS IN BAKED GOODS ARE GREAT—  
STONES IN BEANS ARE NOT

Bend a stem of grass, a spear  
of light-green light, meticulous proof of food  
each leaf as it pings back into sharp shape,  
as a leg, as thought kicking down a bright lane.

Meat-head soup, a porridge of the mind—  
it's fine, it's fine. Bread and butter. Warm.  
Needn't have a sausage—headless chicken lies down  
on gravel, wet and bright its many-pebbled thought.

Heave a loaf of bread to hungry children.  
Like rats they scurry, in the dirt.  
Grit adheres to the flesh-appealing bread.  
Shaft of grain. Arc of grass. Nice toss.