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Nikki Moustaki Coq au Vin

In the kitchen hacking chicken, Mother's cleaver has never been sharper. There's a dried gecko behind the toaster, its bismuth gone over to gray.

Mother adds wine to the simmer, romances the reds together, the hen stipples up plum, like sandpaper, Mother rubs the flour in.

The row of milk seed taking soil seriously now, greens on the sill like spring, though it's November. But the oven drags the kitchen into summer,

brussels sprouts boil on the stove. Mother feeds the pot from her glass, the bird rusts, the plates deepen. You fill your own. The seedlings shiver.

Though you haven't been here in years, the chicken never changes. What's dead remains dead. Mother chops the bacon in.