

SOLUTION

To write
experience
was needed. Now, having
wandered far, he no longer wished
to write.

-- Raymond Tong

Trumpington, Cambridge, England

THE ARTICHOKE

Vegetable most formal: a poem of green couplets,
detachable, like metal leaves unpetalling from some
sublime artifice apprehended in a dream of Longinus;
the etched scales of the Eternal Fish, or Palamon's
unringing mail bitten by Arcite's sword.

Embalmed in garlic, crumb-cruste'd sarcophagus; its
disjecta membra the greatest cenotaph in history.

A vegetable: a myth. Quest for surface. The little
pulpy heart a tissue, a feathery green tongue, a
gauzy garlic kiss.

THE EGGPLANT

Skin plumply stretched in elegance of silk and glamour
of purple; lascivious dream of the saint writhing in
his Lenten cover. Black monk's rich secret dish.
De Sade's strangulated fruit. Opulently rounded bottom;
breast all black nipple tongued to a fatness.

Hanging in pairs in the garden like swollen testes,
ready to engender all of the soft black nights of summer.

By the Greeks loved next to the bending smoothness of
young boys.

Halved, they are pale green as Sappho, deprived of
Atthis' swelling hips.