

Eggs and Cactus, Onions without Tears

Chopping white globes into large juicy chunks
without a tear for cactus an eggs with Fauré
on the FM in light filtered through high thin clouds
knowing Nora if she were here would have them diced
I think back to those days when one group of us
would come down on the other for having so little to say
before those big city white on white canvases
showed us how saying nothing or nothing much might have
some value. Seeing the onions turning translucent,
I mix in the orange-yolked eggs, succulent
green slices of de-spined prickly pear,
powdered chili and deep-red chunks of tomato
just-picked from the vines outside the kitchen door.