

An Aromatic War Zone

Emny Moghrabi | Poetry

We used to stare at the night sky like it was the back kitchen window, whose sill with dust
and chipped paint
held plants often plucked and pruned so we could hold sharp fragrance until our fingers bled with green
and stemmed.

We grew hedges in pots, dropping chopped leaves through curling tendrils and vines of ivy steam,
marking the boundary between breakfast and dinner, while willows in casserole pans pushed at the
oven door, breaking the glass and descending.

An aromatic tear gas war zone of screaming kettles
of flurried snow beating at windows
and stolen bread knives, slicing deeply should they slip
(and they did)

Our skin rose, fell, bulged and bloomed with cuts and bruises,
blisters, and the scars of hot oil
mistaken for freckles or flecks of pepper,
while we scraped sea salt from rocks on a more jagged shoreline

We rarely swept the tile, cracked and blushing from the borrowed cull of beets, who half cut and
bleeding had ventured over the counter's edge.