

MATTHEW WESTBROOK

Godsblood

Sumptuous, yes. And inviting:
the junction of bone and bread.
How I rise to this task
before I, too, am smote, smitten
with love of living, here in the middle
of the kitchen.

 The tab's
on the elements: heat too hot,
light too lit, everything I own
on *On*,
the out-of-doors turned in.

I can stomach it, lording over
this cutting board waving my fingers,
cursing these onions for all
their wobble and slide
even as they bring forth
what I most relish: pluralities from singulars,
 juices created
to clear the eyes,
the sting of my own crimson
making me whole
as I come undone.