



Ode to French fries

What sizzles
in boiling
oil
is the world's
pleasure:
French
fries
go
into the pan
like the morning swan's
snowy
feathers
and emerge
half-golden from the olive's
crackling amber.

Garlic
lends them
its earthy aroma,
its spice,
its pollen that braved the reefs.
Then,
dressed
anew
in ivory suits, they fill our plates
with repeated abundance,
and the delicious simplicity of the soil.