

### **Of Chard and Time**

Night before, I had collected  
a tub full of large, crunchy, hard chard leaves  
their white full veins streaming right and left  
from juicy, porcelain crafted, white pregnant stems  
    swirling, curving  
    to an internal desire

I stood by the sink between the stove  
    aglow with black  
    wrought iron skillets  
crackling with ginger root, hot peppers,  
last year's pick sweet apples,  
    red palm oil  
and my cutting board, chopping away  
    into small pieces  
my food for many months.

My eyes still open, my heart coming into agreement  
with hope, exaggeration, expectation,  
if I can just get this done I will have time,  
time to love my world so very joyfully.

    Yet time is only now,  
whippoorwills starting to sing,  
    I am now cleaning up my mess.

Tomorrow, well today,  
    in two hours,

I will wake up and the joy in me will stay awake  
for I have cooked a bathtub full of chard,  
and now I can stand in front of me  
and embrace my love of me  
scorched by time and so much to do...

- Irisha Pomerantzeff