

I never found their god in my kitchen,
He was not hiding in my pantry,
nor did he ever sit down to eat.
The day I stopped setting his plate,
Holy purification cleansed my pallet
Bringing to the forefront
the sweetness
Crystalized, behind my molars
alive and dancing on my tongue.

Returned by bubbling pot and
smoking pan
My spirit came home through the kitchen window,
drifting in on the scent of candied ambition.

And now
when I think of sweetness
I think of you,
My love.
Honeycomb clouds my vision,
molten sugar strands
climbing my face like vines,
criss-crossing my vision with
my most delicious weakness
I would do anything for a taste.

Watching you chew,
My love,

Between your teeth and
under your tongue.
Does dinner consume you
like you do me?
A smile after you bite,
I am lost in you again.

If my hands have not danced magic
in this moment,
I will happily end the search.
If I have not cooked up god
in this moment,
I will know I have been right.