

Jill McCabe Johnson

9

Watching the Dog Nap

Have you ever held a rabbit in your mouth?
Its dandelion wish a dusty kiss?
Your jaws never felt so rugged
nor halted by tender meringue.
And whose is the muffled whimper,
yours or the rabbit's, as you place her
tentatively on the vivid grass?
The tang of her stays with you for days,
loam and opiate, undisturbed dew.

Gazing at the glossy, magnified photos

of food, I can't help but squirm
seeing things too intimately,
larger than their usual proportions,
and glistening.

The phad see yew noodles, wet and
shimmering,
remind me how folds and glazes can appear.
I'm afraid to hold myself to the mirror,
so I plant my yearnings in a plate of phad
thai.

I ask for chopsticks, then fumble
with the slippery, flesh-colored strands,
as likely to slide back into the milieu
as to be wholly and recklessly devoured.