

the HARLEQUIN

Alice Willington

Whetstone

Your kitchen's a magician's hat
of a hundred and one courses,
tricks that appear and disappear
from the hatch, as if there is nothing
in the space beyond except you,
your whetstone and your flaming pan.

Delicacies flutter over my tongue
like doves – anchovies, blinis,
melon, cured ham – and yet
I become hungry for the great
silk squares of soup and lamb,
tied together with knots of wine.

I ache for your prize, your firework,
the white angora rabbit,
the chocolate mousse,
lifted out to dazzle and delight.
You proffer the dessert fork to my mouth,
your last trick to open my lips.

Thank you for reading! Find more at www.theharlequin.org.