

Food & Treasure

by Steven Pirani

She wakes up with rosemary
— a fresh bundle pulled from the dirt —
and biscotti, espresso with lemon.
Then pink waves of carpaccio,
feta & figs,
wax-paper strips of *jamón*
and a soft sigh of satisfaction,
like the hum of rising dough.

At lunch,
she says to her friend
something delicious,
with wide eyes like deviled eggs,
over saucers of lardo, crostini,
& plump arancini, like zeppelins,
floating in the sky between fork and mouth.

Evening, the city smells of bread,
ribbon candy eyelashes,
red wine, and boiling broth.
She is content,
and smiles at the bakery walls,
at all their equilateral triangles of quiche
and precipitous chocolate cakes.

