

Live Luscious

by Charlotte Hamrick

I always chop the olives by hand.
I like a rough chop that says
someone still cares about
the preparation of food instead
of settling for little identically
square bits popped out by a
steel thing attached to a cord
that gives it life.

The knife and I give new life to these
olives; messy, uneven life such
as it is. The earthy texture of the
black and the pungency of the green will
soon mix with onion, pimento and the
special piquant of a home-canned Gardiniera.

Aaron Neville croons "Tell It Like It Is"
in my ear as I chop in time to the beat,
the heft of the knife comfortable in
my hand, the flesh of the olives
relenting to the steel determination
of the blade.

