2014

Winter Recipe for Rhode Island Reds

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Quickly stolen, through light chicken wire and into the wicker basket, three red birds brought in to fry. This is our best laid plan for breakfast. Brush flesh with butter and oil the charred pan, belly heat bowed. Freeze dried, ice on chicken wire and the mornings are so cold now, my bed and comforter twisted with warmth. Our words, caught in September, gave flight to this plan; wake just long enough to eat our fill and then quick back to bed. Thoughts still blurred, half woven from light chicken wire and at this rate we’ll eat them by New Years and then what? Brush our coats for sustenance, burrs worked out to fry. This is our best laid plan to make it through to Spring. Rest assured—we here, wrapped in down, with three rusted birds quickly stolen from their iced up homes and brought in to fry, this is our best laid plan.