Summer 1994

Gold-Vermillion Fruits

Adelle Graham
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A season. Dogs and pigs trained
to differentiate between chanterelles,
princes and God’s death cap. But,

it is the truffle the men from Corsica
want for their mistresses. I know women
with throaty, swelling laughs. Lying,

overlapping like organs gutted from
a deer, the truffle steams. They are
so close, beside the blue spruce

where the horse grazes. Look on the side
of the tree moss grows on. Alee.
Subterranean. As a child I found

a padded bra near the stone circle
where Indians danced. I visited it
every day. Garlic, virgin oil, Mouton

Cadet, a cast iron skillet, la viande
de veau, la truffe. Some will leave
the room when the smell gets overwhelming.

Nut, musk, ozone. I find some old
photos. That is me at the picnic table.
My hair is short. I remember now.

I’d been cooking earlier. We ate
together. My hands still smell like
sweet basil leaf. Spreading my fingers
out, I wipe dirt and moisture from the curve of the truffle. I let him sleep.