Black Jellies, Eggs, and the Pearling of Ovaries
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The fire is stoked, kindling set in triangles. Black jellies are sealed with wax, and loaves of bread air on racks. Frost-cold, I am living in an old house, and I have been dreaming of winter’s wolves, of my discovered body. My herb garden shivers on the windowsill until basil falls into the sink, harvesting itself, and fennel floats in a slender bowl of milk to lead all snakes away from my aspirations for the egg swimming to the top of the cup. A kitchen of miracles! I spoon up dreams of his past lovers, reciting three times, "To open my lover’s eyes," as I close mine to see the pearling of ovaries. We are in love. After his bed-boasts, his days of exile are done, even though he believes he’s fated to leave and receives my offerings unaware, denying the beauty of a kitchen window that opens
onto the seal-bath, the whale-way, the sea,
claiming that I have no power of prophecy.
Poor lamb, he's been sick, he wants to sleep.

He needs to rest before he mends and leaves,
so I kneel with my salve of water and ash
(a bad twist as he tumbled from the sheets).

He turns gray and cold, but I know what I'm doing.
He asks with an old sweetness, will I do the lay
of the nine twigs, so I place a petal on his lips
and squeeze his palm in the softest spot.
I will give him a song of the future's face.
He wants to sleep. As I part my lips to sing,

he loosens in his regular love of release,
closing his eyes, manly, happy, planning,
not dreaming he can't sleep without me.