

The Wandering Buddha

CATE GABLE

for chef Jimella Lucas

Entering the Bardo or another set
of bones, you cannot know
we mourn your knife skills,
tinctures, sauces, sturgeon opened

with precision, sliced along the
spine, flesh parted from skin.
We've glimpsed you ghostly in
whites on the line coaxing fragrance

from herbs, a two-fingered touch
for the ripeness of steak
in the pan, a pour of olive oil
wedding garlic to flame.

Please take a moment, love,
to relay your whereabouts:
how born, to whom and if we
might contact you by phone

or email and what language your
new tongue prefers. We bow
before you regardless of form:
wolverine or dove, poi dog,

saguaro, silk worm, dappled
trout. Just call out in the night
(my dream-door is ajar)
or leave a message at your gate

beside the weeping alders.