Onions

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I wonder how many more red onions will come out of your garden now that you’re dead.
I peeled the last one tearfully, unwrapped pieces of thin-flaked skin and washed the remaining earth away.

You might have touched that dirt.

Maybe your sweat dripped down the corner of your cheek, through your beard as you dug and planted.
This was how you reclaimed the world. This was how you communicated with the God who left you waiting in the woods for seven days with no answers—no signs.

This was what you did.

This is what you created—the onion we sliced into hair-thin lines sautéed for cranberry chutney on the Thanksgiving Day table.

I feel like I just bit into your cheek.

These are the onions you planted while you were rotting and praying in your garden.

The onion tastes sweet—is this what you prayed for—sweet onions for a chutney?