BLACK BUT COMELY

Jessie, the dog really wants

to get under that tree.

So Georges helps, ripping

up the tight branches;

Jessie, after all, does not

deign to look under just

any stunted oak. A genteel

scratch by Jessie, and Georges

is down, digging, and we

all say oo-la-la, for out

of dark-brown earth emerges

this bulbous fist-size growth,

the mother of all truffles.

What shall we say of a black

biomass that wrapped

in two layers of poly-

ethylene, in a day

fills a fridge with the must

turn on semen? We don’t dig

black, save oil. We take black

shiny, as hematite and coral,

we are not drawn to grainy

matte black, nor to the brain-

like, but the truffle, untamed

like the black cat I once saw

in a forest, evades factories,

does this inflationary universe

turn on a rhizome thread. Who

needs order out of chaos, when

this taste can come from decay?

The flag of Provence shall be

red like wine, olive green, black

as moonless night, as the truffle.