

After long illness

by [Nola Garrett](#) in the [February 22, 2005](#) issue

God never makes anything without a remedy.

T. H. White

Sprinkle me with rose water, saffron and powdered cloves.

I crave Basilisk baked in hummingbird milk, haunch
of unicorn—O, Lord, set before me full platters.

I celebrate star fruit, brie, angel hair pasta,
artichokes, tilapia, wine,
 drizzled truffle oil,
and parsley both curly and flat.

Bard pheasant breasts, crush garlic, whip cream,
and let me lick the bowl and the beaters.

Deep fry onion rings. Stew the okra
and the collard greens. Fill me with popcorn, doughnuts
and fried egg sandwiches.
 Hold the ketchup—
I am not completely shameless.

I praise even the coarsest of salt
crusted upon sliced limes,

for it is good to hunger and thirst.