

# Conversion experience

by [Mary M. Brown](#) in the [August 9, 2011](#) issue

Suddenly we find ourselves in love  
with fresh cilantro, both of us,  
and now we put it into everything—  
salsa, of course, but also into salads  
and sides, and we find ourselves  
eating it all by itself and putting  
the fingers that have handled it,  
steadied it while we chopped it, up  
to our noses, breathing deep.  
The crispness of its leaf's become  
an unexplained addiction, a mystery  
so citrusy, of scent or secret spice—  
and we are high on how it dawns  
in us anew each time we think  
to add it to the soup, and we're  
embarrassed by the way we feel  
because we both remember clearly  
another time, though not exactly when,  
in which we'd had a very pointed conversation  
and agreed we didn't like it in the least.