

Under the Broom Tree

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I Kings 19:4–8

When the angel urged me to eat,
I ate. She was neither stern nor angry.

Her spattered apron faced me
at eye level, though I tried not to see.

Later, dangling the dessert menu
before me as if encouraging

a reluctant child, she touted
the strawberry pie and the lemon,

quickly pointing out the choices
in the plastic case behind her,

resting in their disappointed
meringues and sticky filling.

All I need is *a cake baked on hot stones*
and a jar of water, I quipped,

as though I were the prophet,
as though my misery were his,

as though I were waiting
to be summoned to Horeb,
the Mount of God.