

1997

## In the Kitchen

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My hands stained  
with cilantro, pungent  
garlic, rosemary.

The red pepper—roasted for  
15 minutes at 375 degrees  
rinsed in cold water  
flakes skin and oozes juice—  
bleeds.

Your blood rust colored on  
my hands. Strong and sweet  
Greased my face, my lips.

This is a metaphor for something  
unspeakable, disgusting.

lost in it, in a kitchen  
cooking pasta.

The portabella mushrooms  
bleed gray juice  
give everything  
their distinctive flavor.

Somehow I am saying  
“we are nothing more  
than our fluids.”

Water, salt tear drops,  
yellow mucous, white wine  
and blood.

My hands reek of liquid  
gray juice, rust blood,

I am reminded that both  
sex and cooking are best  
either silent or shrill.

—Colin Bossen '98