

Excerpted from *Free Flight*

Cheddar cheese disintegrating luscious
on the top while
mildly
I devour almonds and raisins mixed to mathematical
criteria or celery or my very own sweet and sour snack
composed of brie peanut butter honey and
a miniscule slice of party size salami
on a single whole wheat cracker *no salt added*
or I read Cesar Vallejo/Gabriela Mistral/last year's
complete anthology or
I might begin another list of things to do
that starts with toilet paper and
I notice I never jot down fresh
strawberry shortcake: never
even though fresh strawberry shortcake shoots down
raisins and almonds 6 to nothing
effortlessly
effortlessly
is this poem on my list?
light bulbs, lemons envelopes ballpoint refill

June Jordan

Excerpted from the Moosewood Desert Cookbook, *Black Mocha Cake*

This is the kind of cake everyone should have in their repertoire because it is delicious, moist, springy, extremely reliable, and quite versatile. It is an all-purpose chocolate cake that can be made in various shapes and sizes---as a bundt cake, sheet cake, layer cake, or cupcakes.

Black Mocha Cake is flavorful enough to serve plain, but you can make this dark, chocolaty cake special and decorative with just a dusting of confectioners' sugar, a dollop of whipped cream, or strawberry sauce, or an arrangement of fresh, sliced fruit.

This Is Just to Say

I have eaten
the plums
that were in

the icebox

and which
you were probably
saving
for breakfast

forgive me
they were delicious
so sweet
and so cold

William Carlos Williams

Excerpted from *The Dwarfs*

We sit. He stands.
The other stands. I stand.
He sits. The other talks. He talks. The other sits.
The other stands. I crouch.
He walks. The other sits.
He walks, talking. The other talks, sitting. He replies,
standing. I squat, say nothing.
He stands. The other sits. The other walks, The other
stands. They stand.
I speak, from a squatting position. No one replies.
I stand on my hands. They glance. They talk.
He walks to the kitchen. The other talks, sitting.
He comes back from the kitchen, places the teapots and cups.
The other questions. He replies.
I reply.
They glance, and smile, and talk, and walk and talk.
I turn, bump, ricochet, dodge, retreat, pirouette.

Harold Pinter

Excerpted from *The Inverted World*

And it is morningfall
and the table stands on one leg,

I raise my arm in the air and it catches fire;

Peter Handke

Excerpted from *Titus Andronicus*

If there were reasons for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welken with his big-swollen face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea. Hark how her sighs doth blow.
She is the weeping welken, I the earth.
The must my sea be moved with her sighs,
Then must the earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge overflowed and drowned,
For why? My bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them
Then give me leave; for losers will have their leave,
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

William Shakespeare

Song/Hattie Hart/Andrew sings: *I Let My Daddy Do That*

The people call me Mama Treetop, 'cause I'm slimmer and tall,
But when I get ready to get my ashes hauled,
I let my daddy do that,
I let my daddy do that,
I let my daddy do that,
Because it satisfies my worried mind!

I've got a range in my kitchen, I've got a strict rule,
When it gets too hot I want my oven just cool!
I let my daddy do that,
I let my daddy do that,
I let my daddy do that,
Because it satisfies my worried mind!

You can drink my liquor, wear my clothes,
But when it's on time of feelin' my dough,
I let my daddy do that,
I let my daddy do that,
I let my daddy do that,
Because it satisfies my worried mind!

You can milk my cow, use the cream,
But when it comes to lovin' me that will be in a dream!
I let my daddy do that,
I let my daddy do that,
I let my daddy do that,
Because it satisfies my worried mind!

Now keep a-churnin' till the butter comes!

You can crank my car, shift my gear,
But when any easy ridin' goes on here,
I let my daddy do that,
I let my daddy do that,
I let my daddy do that,
Because it satisfies my worried mind!