

# To Share What Matters

Plucking fetta from  
the Carlos café platter  
brings a subtle satisfaction

to the poetic eye, seeing  
things in their sheer naked  
true colours white on red

is utter existential delight  
white cubes iceberg-bright  
stand up for themselves

set among strands of shredded  
beetroot, like remnant sunset  
cirrus clouds in the bleeding light

should a poet always say  
exactly what they mean  
or can they discover later?

sundried tomatoes curled  
like foetal thoughts about  
to leap from their olive oil

our minds are sharpened  
like scalpels they cut and dry  
outfox the Rumi paradox

Intrigued by words, tastebuds  
and eyes and ears engaged  
we feast on things that matter