

Disappointment Apples

There is a breezy kind of beauty in discovery,
Like a blood-orange sun setting on a cold day.

In French, apples are apples. Pommes.
In French, potatoes are earth-apples. Pommes de terre.

I worked as a chef for forty years, Sometimes
Living at the whims of cuisine as a bon vivant.

In that time, I hoped to create a portable
Dessert of crisp, French-fried apples.

Set in golden matchsticks, like gleaming
Red-boxed McDonald's French fries.

Seductive warm apples, slightly sweet,
Somewhat sour, green and red apples.

Crisp like French fries are crisp,
Tender apple inside, like tarte tatin.

Cinnamon sugared. Waiting in rows
Under the sun-like lights of heat-lamps.

In Cooking, apples are pommes.
In Cooking, potatoes are pommes.

Under the unity of knowledge
I hoped to bridge that gap, but

Much to my disappointment
Apples are not potatoes

And do not behave
The same way in hot oil.