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Jon Remmerde

I Eat Lunch

I

Eat

Lunch,

Slowly.

I

hold the first almond
that grew
slowly
on a tree
in California,
was picked, hulled, hauled,
cleaned, packaged, shipped,
handled, handled, handled.

Laura roasted almonds
last Tuesday
for crisper
easier chewing

I put it in my mouth
bite

Almond breaks
into pieces.

I chew
each piece
to pieces,
soak, chew, swallow.
A second almond.
Eventually and eventually
eventually
(Oh my, how we telescope time
and experience
in this modern world),
the end of almonds,

for this meal,
then a pecan.

I roasted pecans
yesterday,
crisper, easy chewing,
enhanced flavor,
and then,

oh my,
yogurt;
think;
billions of organisms
live in
what was milk;
do I consider each?
There are billions

My lunch becomes eternal
infinite.
What is more important
than this food
this moment

What is more eternal
than this half-tick
of the clock
in this moment?

I
eat
lunch
slowly,
move forward
a small step
toward
seeing the universe
in every molecule.
Finding eternity
in this moment
infinity
in every almond
in every pecan.
My consciousness
All consciousness

Each moment
every distance
All consciousness
My consciousness
an almond
cultured milk
a pecan