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Jon Remmerde

I

Ate

Lunch,

Slowly.

I held 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 and bit.

Almond breaks into many pieces.

I chew each piece into 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 of the billions of organisms  
living in what was milk;  
do I consider each?  
There are billions

My lunch becomes eternal  
infinite.  
What is more important  
than this food in this moment,  
What is more eternal  
than this half-tick of the clock

in this moment?  
Eating  
lunch  
slowly,  
I 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