

How To Eat An Avocado

Don't go by looks, or hype:
The outward beauty is meagre,
Unobtrusive. No, look
To the essential, to the interior:
This fruit has to *give*, to be ripe.
To test your specimen,
Take a bulb gently into your clutch.
If the rind surrenders to the touch
You know the fruit is eager
And you may begin.

First, pare away the skin,
Revealing the pale green meat.
You may not like its slimy feel,
But hold the bulb with deference
For once it's peeled
This grenade may shoot
Or slither from your hand.
This fruit is elusive.

Slice it lengthwise.
Almost before you've begun
Your knife will hit an inward limit.
Congratulations:
You have met the pit,
The atomic heart of the fruit,
The secret prize,
A nut with a talent for procreation.
Remove, and place it before you.

Admire its size.

Slice the halves into wedges,
Noting each's emerald lustre.
Take one sliver in your mouth,
Allowing your tongue very slowly
To absorb the edgeless, sexy texture,
A neutral presence,
Gone almost before had.

Eat only so much as will satisfy.

This fruit can go bad in the air,
So sprinkle the leftovers with lemon juice
(The bitterness will keep it sweet and fair)
And refrigerate in silver foil.

Lastly, go into the nearest garden
And bury in good black soil
That forgotten heart,
The soul of the fruit.

Then rest, and digest
And wait for it to sprout.
You've done your part.