

Kale Love

TAMARA NICHOLL-SMITH

Kale love is deep love.

Blended in a Vitamix,

with apples, spinach, and celery, but not pineapple,
because pineapple makes your lips go numb,
like those peppercorns from the Szechuan province,
that you also do not like.

It is please, *please*, don't get cancer again love.

It is flush all those deformed and maddened cells out of your body love,

It is we will grow green and grand, our wild leafy hair reaching for the sun love,

It is let's get wrinkled and worn like the tree bark of an old sequoia love.

We will grow more interesting with each ring
and never wish each other younger as we weather.

My love is no trifle

swimming in sweet heavy syrup.

Bring on the spirulina!

Bring on a bloom of algae!

Bring on the wheatgrass!

Let's drink the lawn together,

— a chorus of green singing in our bellies.

9

the Examined
Life *Journal*

A Literary Publication of the
University of Iowa
Carver College of Medicine

