

O Pie of Grace

MOLLY TENENBAUM

Let our flour and butter barely hold,
our liquid be minimal, trust be our motto
for this many icewater tablespoons
no matter how dry, how distracted
our small-pea particles.

Let us be worked fast, our flakiness ever
unthreatened by hand-heat, oven-sweat,
and let us in seconds be pressed into rounds,
chill an hour to roll out smooth, our gluten never alerted.

Let us remain tender. Our juices reduce
to fervent fruit flavor, our filling bubble
like baby's first mewling, and let us emerge, golden sun,
our edges artful flutings, our vents like appleseeds
or violin f-holes, our extra dough
our own decoration, cut out in cherries and leaves.

Let us sparkle with sugar.

Let us slice clean,
and be passed to the guests,
our unspilled filling
trembling, gleaming.

Let us be pressed and pressed and never hold.
Let us have been thrown by one in a hurry
in the mechanical bowl, dumped on the blade,

let someone add more, many dribblets of any old water.
 Let hot palms squash so we can't possibly peel
 off two sheets of wax paper. Or let our stiff circles
 retract and need rolling harder.
 Let us burble our pre-verbal goo on the hot oven floor
 to burn absolutely, black char to never be scraped.
 Let the house smell our smoke.
 Let our airholes leer, knife-twisted any which way,
 our extra trimmings be smashed with a fist, sugared
 and blasted like a sunburn to crispy snacks. Let our suns
 spot and flare, let the spatula bulldoze
 our wretched ragged slices, let our filling bloop out
 on the plate beside a piece too massacred
 to offer a guest, offered anyway,
 since what else is there?

