**Grandma’s Cooking**

Lorrie Ness

What now?

*A wire hook to dredge the marrow.*

The bones?

*Hand me the narrowest.*

Radius?

*Or the ulna, the metacarpal.*

And the thigh?

*Split lengthwise & hollowed.*

Chiseled?

*Like two dugouts gliding on a pond.*

Won’t it tip?

*It’s held upright, served on a cushion of greens.*

Like an algal bloom?

*Every dinner table is a wasteland.*

Wasteland?

*A place where everything is dead.*

Victims of runoff?

*It’s not running that makes you prey.*

Like these garlic bulbs?

*Plucked from their sockets in the ground.*

What about us?

*We are at the table too.*