

Recipe

1.

She reminds me that double boiling
anything is an affirmation of patience. Hence,
a dollar-store coke is tipped into a pot, stirred.

2

Wolfberries and red dates would be
forgotten. Sliced ginger and lemons tossed
in for good measure. Nobody is counting,

3

but liquids inevitably come to a boil. What I know
about the laws of memory, I would learn from her
and her erroneous afterthought: a light

4

dusting of osmanthus flowers. Watching
fragments of a bouquet sink in a sticky-sweet
pool. As certain as a two-step flu remedy.

5

In the refrigerator, pears sliced two days ago sneak
their last breaths beneath plastic cling wrap.