

## “Ode To Tomatoes,” by Pablo Neruda

The street  
filled with tomatoes,  
midday,  
summer,  
light is  
halved  
like  
a  
tomato,  
its juice  
runs  
through the streets.  
In December,  
unabated,  
the tomato  
invades  
the kitchen,  
it enters at lunchtime,  
takes  
its ease  
on countertops,  
among glasses,  
butter dishes,  
blue saltcellars.  
It sheds  
its own light,  
benign majesty.  
Unfortunately, we must  
murder it:  
the knife  
sinks  
into living flesh,  
red  
viscera  
a cool  
sun,  
profound,  
inexhaustible,  
populates the salads  
of Chile,  
happily, it is wed  
to the clear onion,

and to celebrate the union  
we  
pour  
oil,  
essential  
child of the olive,  
onto its halved hemispheres,  
pepper  
adds  
its fragrance,  
salt, its magnetism;  
it is the wedding  
of the day,  
parsley  
hoists  
its flag,  
potatoes  
bubble vigorously,  
the aroma  
of the roast  
knocks  
at the door,  
it's time!  
come on!  
and, on  
the table, at the midpoint  
of summer,  
the tomato,  
star of earth, recurrent  
and fertile  
star,  
displays  
its convolutions,  
its canals,  
its remarkable amplitude  
and abundance,  
no pit,  
no husk,  
no leaves or thorns,  
the tomato offers  
its gift  
of fiery color  
and cool completeness.