

A GARDEN READER

*Menu:*

*lavender cordial*

*garden nettle and cucumber soup*

*pan-fried chive or courgette flowers*

*wild sla mix and strawberry vinegar*

*morpho pea flower arancini*

*bbq roast farm vegetables*

*black bean and tahini dip*

*labneh and poppy seed crackers*

*home-made bitters*

*half-a-lemon possett*

*soothing foot baths with natural dye towels*

*With musical interludium by Eva Van Deuren*

With love,  
M.A.W & A.P.B

Short lines by Anne Carson I saved on my phone

“Blood is black.”

“Death is bad.”

"Reality is a sound.”

“Cowards livers are white.”

“The eyes terrible holes.”

(From A.W)

m'introduire dans ton histoire  
c'est un héros effarouché  
s'il a du talon nu touché  
quelque gazon de territoire

a des glaciers attentatoire  
je ne sais le naïf péché  
que tu n'auras pas empêché  
de rire très haut sa victoire

dis si je ne suis pas joyeux  
tonnerre et rubis aux moyeux  
de voir en l'air que ce feu troue

avec des royaumes épars  
comme mourir pourpre la roue  
du seul vespéral de mes chars.

(mallarme)

( from FB)

Vegetable  
by Gertrude Stein

Vegetable. What is cut. What is cut by it. What is cut by it in.  
It was a cress a crescent a cross and an unequal scream, it was upslanting, it was radiant and reasonable with  
little ins and red.  
News. News capable of glees, cut in shoes, belike under pump of wide chalk, all this combing.

Cranberries  
by Gertrude Stein

Cranberries. Could there not be a sudden date, could there not be in the present settlement of old age  
pensions, could there not be by a witness, could there be.  
Count the chain, cut the grass, silence the noon and murder flies. See the basting undip the chart, see the way  
the kinds are best seen from the rest, from that and untidy.  
Cut the whole space into twenty-four spaces and then and then is there a yellow color, there is but it is  
smelled, it is then put where it is and nothing stolen.  
A remarkable degree of red means that, a remarkable exchange is made.  
Climbing altogether in when there is a solid chance of soiling no more than a dirty thing, coloring all of it in  
steadying is jelly.  
Just as it is suffering, just as it is succeeded, just as it is moist so is there no countering.

Milk  
by Gertrude Stein

A white egg and a colored pan and a cabbage showing settlement, a constant increase.  
A cold in a nose, a single cold nose makes an excuse. Two are more necessary.  
All the goods are stolen, all the blisters are in the cup.  
Cooking, cooking is the recognition between sudden and nearly sudden very little and all large holes.  
A real pint, one that is open and closed and in the middle is so bad.  
Tender colds, seen eye holders, all work, the best of change, the meaning, the dark red, all this and bitten,  
really bitten.  
Guessing again and golfing again and the best men, the very best men.

Butter  
by Gertrude Stein

Butter. Boom in boom in, butter. Leave a grain and show it, show it. I spy.  
It is a need it is a need that a flower a state flower. It is a need that a state rubber. It is a need that a state  
rubber is sweet and sight and a swelled stretch. It is a need. It is a need that state rubber.  
Wood a supply. Clean little keep a strange, estrange on it.  
Make a little white, no and not with pit, pit on in within.

Snake

BY D. H. LAWRENCE

A snake came to my water-trough  
On a hot, hot day, and I in pyjamas for the heat,  
To drink there.

In the deep, strange-scented shade of the great dark carob tree  
I came down the steps with my pitcher  
And must wait, must stand and wait, for there he was at the trough  
before me.

He reached down from a fissure in the earth-wall in the gloom  
And trailed his yellow-brown slackness soft-bellied down, over  
the edge of the stone trough  
And rested his throat upon the stone bottom,  
And where the water had dripped from the tap, in a small clearness,  
He sipped with his straight mouth,  
Softly drank through his straight gums, into his slack long body,  
Silently.

Someone was before me at my water-trough,  
And I, like a second-comer, waiting.

He lifted his head from his drinking, as cattle do,  
And looked at me vaguely, as drinking cattle do,  
And flickered his two-forked tongue from his lips, and mused  
a moment,  
And stooped and drank a little more,  
Being earth-brown, earth-golden from the burning bowels  
of the earth  
On the day of Sicilian July, with Etna smoking.

The voice of my education said to me  
He must be killed,  
For in Sicily the black, black snakes are innocent, the gold  
are venomous.

And voices in me said, If you were a man  
You would take a stick and break him now, and finish him off.

But must I confess how I liked him,  
How glad I was he had come like a guest in quiet, to drink  
at my water-trough  
And depart peaceful, pacified, and thankless,  
Into the burning bowels of this earth?

Was it cowardice, that I dared not kill him?  
Was it perversity, that I longed to talk to him?  
Was it humility, to feel so honoured?  
I felt so honoured.

And yet those voices:  
If you were not afraid, you would kill him!

And truly I was afraid, I was most afraid,  
But even so, honoured still more

That he should seek my hospitality  
From out the dark door of the secret earth.

He drank enough  
And lifted his head, dreamily, as one who has drunken,  
And flickered his tongue like a forked night on the air, so black,  
Seeming to lick his lips,  
And looked around like a god, unseeing, into the air,  
And slowly turned his head,  
And slowly, very slowly, as if thrice adream,  
Proceeded to draw his slow length curving round  
And climb again the broken bank of my wall-face.

And as he put his head into that dreadful hole,  
And as he slowly drew up, snake-easing his shoulders,  
    and entered farther,  
A sort of horror, a sort of protest against his withdrawing into  
    that horrid black hole,  
Deliberately going into the blackness, and slowly drawing  
    himself after,  
Overcame me now his back was turned.

I looked round, I put down my pitcher,  
I picked up a clumsy log  
And threw it at the water-trough with a clatter.

I think it did not hit him,  
But suddenly that part of him that was left behind convulsed  
    in an undignified haste,  
Writhed like lightning, and was gone  
Into the black hole, the earth-lipped fissure in the wall-front,  
At which, in the intense still noon, I stared with fascination.

And immediately I regretted it.  
I thought how paltry, how vulgar, what a mean act!  
I despised myself and the voices of my accursed human education.

And I thought of the albatross,  
And I wished he would come back, my snake.

For he seemed to me again like a king,  
Like a king in exile, uncrowned in the underworld,  
Now due to be crowned again.

And so, I missed my chance with one of the lords  
Of life.  
And I have something to expiate:  
A pettiness.

*Taormina*

(From TvZ)

A piece of Plato's symposium, more specifically the hiccup scene

*“With Pausanias' pausation—the wise teach me to talk in such balanced phrases—Aristodemus said that it was Aristophanes' turn to speak; however, he had just got the hiccups (from satiety or something else) and was unable to speak, but he did say—the doctor Eryximachus was lying on the couch next to him—“Eryximachus, it is only just that you either stop my hiccups or speak on my behalf until I do stop.” And Eryximachus said, “Well, I shall do both. I shall talk in your turn, and you, when you stop hiccuping, in mine. And while I am speaking, see if by holding your breath for a long time, you make the hiccups stop; but if they do not, gargle with water. And if they prove very severe, take something with which you might irritate your nose, and sneeze; and if you do this once or twice, even if the hiccups are severe, they will stop.” “Go ahead and speak,” Aristophanes said. “I shall do the rest.”*

(From EOV)