



ODE TO AN ONION:

On the Metaphysics of the Olfactory

Ahh,
how your long, slender leaves
with waxy strands of green
curve down lazily
towards
a bulbous base.

Yes,
your olfactory overloads
of peppery, piquant pungence
prick my nostrils
with no sense of shame!

Exploring layer after layer
of your enigma
I wonder:
could philosophy be
more zingy?

Ron: Aren't we like onions?

Lex: (pausing in surprise) Well, that metaphor has zing!

Lis: Perhaps all existence is what Szymborska calls "the idiotism of perfection?"

Linda: Sounds good to me. Much better than the skin of discontent . . .

- T Newfields

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