

# After long illness

by [Nola Garrett](#) in the [February 22, 2005](#) issue

*God never makes anything without a remedy.*

T. H. White

Sprinkle me with rose water, saffron and powdered cloves.

I crave Basilisk baked in hummingbird milk, haunch  
of unicorn—O, Lord, set before me full platters.

I celebrate star fruit, brie, angel hair pasta,  
artichokes, tilapia, wine,  
          &nbsp;          &nbsp;          drizzled truffle oil,  
and parsley both curly and flat.

Bard pheasant breasts, crush garlic, whip cream,  
and let me lick the bowl and the beaters.

Deep fry onion rings. Stew the okra  
and the collard greens. Fill me with popcorn, doughnuts  
and fried egg sandwiches.  
          &nbsp;  &nbsp;          Hold the ketchup—  
I am not completely shameless.

I praise even the coarsest of salt  
crusted upon sliced limes,  
  
for it is good to hunger and thirst.