

Conversion experience

by [Mary M. Brown](#) in the [August 9, 2011](#) issue

Suddenly we find ourselves in love
with fresh cilantro, both of us,
and now we put it into everything—
salsa, of course, but also into salads
and sides, and we find ourselves
eating it all by itself and putting
the fingers that have handled it,
steadied it while we chopped it, up
to our noses, breathing deep.
The crispness of its leaf's become
an unexplained addiction, a mystery
so citrusy, of scent or secret spice—
and we are high on how it dawns
in us anew each time we think
to add it to the soup, and we're
embarrassed by the way we feel
because we both remember clearly
another time, though not exactly when,
in which we'd had a very pointed conversation
and agreed we didn't like it in the least.