

# Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal

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Volume 6 | Issue 2

Article 30

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January 2007

## What's On a Plate

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### Recommended Citation

Lord, Casey (2007) "What's On a Plate," *Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal*: Vol. 6: Iss. 2, Article 30.  
Available at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate/vol6/iss2/30>

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## Lord: What's On a Plate

### WHAT'S ON A PLATE

Casey Lord

All meals have the earth in  
common, whole landscapes  
for breakfast, lunch. This is  
what it means to eat: a well  
at Parson's farm, rust from  
rain on silo roofs, doe blood  
from a barbed wire fence.  
Gravity pushes all things in  
to the dirt. We eat from there.  
Radio towers out in the country,  
words on waves in the ground now,  
a tractor's red reflectors, wind  
chimes, the breath of all who  
pass by. The earth must  
harbor breath from 20 years  
ago. My eyelash is in the soil  
somewhere too. There are  
dreams in the country and who  
knows what cows dream.  
Oak and dog bark and wild noise,  
there probably has never been  
a time when wind and four legs stood  
still. Midnight and 5 A.M., lonely hours.  
There've been bruises and sweet talk,  
cigarette butts and an unstrung aura  
that binds itself to dirt and the heads  
of everyone who's ever been,  
all of it gets folded in. And bare  
feet from daughters running  
perpendicular away from it all.  
The prints do not trace back.