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## Fettuccine

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## Markover: Fettuccine

### FETTUCCINE

Fran Markover

it's simple enough	our hands talk	pound the dough
until it gives	until the holes	seem to heal
the only fortress	flour as it melds	with the eggs
then knead rest	chat pummel	salt pepper
even her hair	is older	I'm at Lynn's
and awkward	with firsts	homemade pasta
a fresh <i>Hello</i>	after years	of no words
we're together	two women	with more pounds
we shape-shift	tomatoes	mealy ribbons
whole pieces	cranked out	long stories
her rescued dog	our exes	is the clock slow
mother's shoulder	brother's pills	there's too much
wine garlic	Pavarotti's	falsetto
but the noodles	are so tender	like new skin
her arms a cradle	and for a moment	we're simpatico
as if three minutes	simmer boil	what's left

hurt snub hunger	pesto marinara	I can't decide
serve yourself	she tells me	with a touch
a flourish	not opera	biscotti
no thanks	she can't	her root canal
maybe something	deeper softer	cheesecake
or Sinatra	thanks I say	for the invitation
maybe lunch	yes maybe	yes maybe