

Contingency #4: White Out

James Best

If you get snowed in, locked into your home
so long the food runs out,
I suggest peeling the walls to find the mice,
or scouring the attics for nests, for beehives.
And when those are gone, even the cold bodies
of ants which taste like raw tabouli,
and you've dug through the crevices, the cushions,
maybe even boiled your leather jacket,
turn next to the wood.
Try the well traveled.
Sauté the banisters, rich with the proteins
of years of hands and arms.
It will taste like strangers and parts of you.
It will warm like comfort food.
After the walkways, after the desks and brooms,
save the dining table for last.
Scrape at its surface softly, like a butter dish—
years of meals shared sunk into its lumber,
waiting for you like a switchboard of memories.