

## Rumination: Time

*Isaac James Richards*

What is like grating cheese? Hard  
to begin with vehicle before tenor  
but perhaps Samson's falling locks.  
I glance at my Delilah, weakening  
me by thickening soup. The closer you  
get to the end of the block the more  
likely you are to slice your knuckle.  
Tattered skin. A carpenter's curling  
wood chips spilling from a hayloft.  
Sprinkling salt. Posterity. The years  
falling like these soft orange shreds.  
We are not young anymore my love,  
but we are not too old to savor  
this—*this is delicious* poblano soup  
so all we can do is dip our sop in  
the dish and try not to betray each  
other in these final hours waiting  
for your tomb, and hopefully another.