

# *Of Food*

## *Miracle*

HAS Creation ever seen  
Such a practised interlace;  
Such a clever go-between;  
Such an ordered self-embrace?

Each component's shaped and curled,  
Welded in its proper place.  
Never flag so firmly furled:  
Miracle of minute space.

Every layer's overlapped:  
Nature's parcel, I surmise,  
Stands far more precisely wrapped  
Than some cherished worldly prize.

*Tightly, neatly, closely curved;  
Genius that's unobserved:  
This is not what you've deserved. . .  
Waiting wanly to be served.*

Brilliance has not found fame,  
*Hallelujah!*, praise or shout.  
Little beauty, what a shame. . .  
What a shame you're just a sprout.

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