

PRESS RELEASE

A Lettuce Slaughter in the Woods

July 9 - August 8, 2010

Sing this:

Upon entering this glade, its effect on me was an
overwhelming swamp of emotional stupefaction.

What would lead a person to this
behavior, seemingly so rewardless?

Clearly not the site of a simple catharsis.
No, too meticulous.

No, not at all callous.

More purposive
than impulsive.

Perhaps superficially presumptive,
but actually quite collusive?

This slitting of leaves,
bred for variety and taste and texture,
planted with great care regarding optimal arrangement
in terms of proximity
for light and access
and painstakingly nurtured
for cultivation,
is elusive in reason.

An act timely this season,
or perhaps better said,
appropriate now.

Why would we, in habit, lament it,
if the sowing anticipates the reaping?

Some heads, instead of whole and neat, are rent hither and thither in a shambolic state.
Some are untouched, whilst others, unknowable, stay.

Perhaps it's a cooperative celebration of the time spent undertaking this?