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What Epicurus Said

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What Epicurus Said Nancy E. Wright

Inspired by visits to the Root Cellar Café in London, Ontario, Canada.

I had tasted plenty of fresh-squeezed orange juice,
such that I might have chosen something exotic,
like jalapeño passionfruit with cloves and nutmeg—
but I chose orange juice--
wholesome simplicity from an organic café.
Who would have thought that this nectar
could transport me to Epicurean Paradise in one sip?
Orange was no more a color, no more tropics with palm trees,
no more harvest or Halloween.
Orange was a VERB!
The fruit orange'd its juice deeply into my taste buds.
It reverberated from my tongue to the roof of my mouth.
My cheeks trembled.

When I squeezed oranges,
I felt I was squeezing all life out of them.
Their once plump and symmetrical sections
would become shriveled, lined with tousled pulp remains.
These oranges were born inside my mouth,
with pulp enough to chew, which made one glass last
not long enough.

En route to the homeward bus,
I asked the taxi driver to stop.
Minutes later I climbed into the taxi, recyclable cup in hand,
back to citrus utopia
and Greyhound.

One year later, I returned and dashed inside, anticipating the first sip.
I tasted only a pleasant orange grove, still fresh-squeezed, but different.

Ellipsis

We used to squeeze the oranges ourselves, but now a supplier does it.
We couldn't keep up with the demand.

Epicurus said life was to be enjoyed, with all its pleasures
in moderation.