

Asparapology

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Abstract

The poet's seven-year romantic relationship with another writer ended in 2017. They were not married, but they did make a non-nuclear family. The poet reflects on positive, mutually supportive aspects of the relationship such as poetry, career support, food politics, exploring urban environments, and metaphors for justice. The poem reflects on how feelings of remorse, regret, and alienation, are structured by the idioms that shaped their lives together, but now are obsolete, retrograde, but still beautiful as sentimentality. The poem is offered here as an example of artwork generated by the paradoxes of a family dissolved: apology without reconciliation, a state of closure in a state of separation.

Asparapology

If I were a fletcher
I would make you twelve arrows
out of strongest and straightest
asparagus.

If I were a calligrapher
I would make you a brush
out of the softest absorbent
asparagus.

If I were a marathoner
I would hand you a baton
of the lightest aerodynamic
asparagus.

If I were an orienteer
I would make a compass
out of the truest pointer
asparagus.

If I were an horologist
the hands of your clock
would be the accurate
asparagus.

Trowbridge

If you were still here,
and we were still us,
my apologies would appear
in asparagus.