

## Asparachrist *(for Andres Serrano)*

**Terry Trowbridge**

A cylindrical green shoot firms itself in the evening,  
embedded between the new-sprouted Easter grass.

A pagan element  
among symbols of Christ.

The ambiguously erect spear is picked.

In the hand of a settler-soldier  
who looks up at the figure of the Sun,  
the asparagus feels familiar.  
It has the shape of a piercing armament,  
the width of the space between an adult's ribs.

The settler-soldier reflects on the Romanesque city he sees in one direction;  
reflects on the poverty-stricken local farmers he sees in the other direction.  
His garrison cooks for the mass of soldiers.  
Therefore, he idly considers where to go to find a friend for dinner  
who will boil his asparagus for just him.

On his way to dinner, a cloud burst rains  
refracting the red and gold reflections of sunset  
over his sunburnt body.  
He smells the rain, and the golden droplets,  
thinking of the smell of asparagus,  
cherishing the transmutations of the body.

He is so hungry and far from home.

*Terry Trowbridge is a PhD student in Socio-Legal Studies at York University, Toronto. He was the emcee for the St. Catharine's Poetry Slam, 2012-13. His poems have appeared in journals in England, the USA, and Canada, including Orbis, The Broadkill Review, American Mathematical Monthly, Law and Humanities, Briarpatch, CV2, Paperplates, Carousel, The New Quarterly, Untethered, and more. He has several chapbooks with Grey Borders Books. Terry's literary criticism has appeared in Ariel and Rampike; and co-authored essays (with Joseph Brown) about cryptanalysis and poetry in conference proceedings of the IEEE and the ACM (Terry's Erdős number is 5).*

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