

“Tomato”

By Sr. Mary Corita Kent

A

The time is always  
out of joint....

If we are provided with  
a sign that  
declares  
Del Monte  
Tomatoes  
are juiciest  
it is not dese-  
cration to add:

**Mary Mother is the juiciest  
tomato of them all.**

Perhaps this is what is meant when  
the slang term puts it, “She’s a peach,”  
or “what a tomato!”

A cigarette  
commercial  
states: “So  
normal, so firm  
so fully packed  
and we are  
strangely  
stirred, even

ashamed as  
We are to be so

taken in  
We are not  
taken in.

We yearn for  
the fully pack-  
ed, the circle

## I

That is so juicy that not an ounce more can be added. We long for the “groaning board,” the table overburdened with good things, so much we can never taste, let alone eat, all there is.

We long for the heart that overflows for the all-accepting of the bounteous, of the real and not synthetic, for the armful of flowers that continues the breast. For the fingers that make a perfect blessing.

O

There is no irreligious-  
ness in joy is pump-  
primed at first. Someone must enter  
the circle, especially since the circle

appears mena-  
cing. The fire  
must be lit  
lovely task, then

The look for  
some familiar  
action to relate

it dances, the spark  
of flame teaches  
one person to dance  
and that person

to. There is too  
yawning a gulf  
between oneself  
and the spirit.

teaches others and  
then everyone can  
be aflame. Everyone  
can communicate.

so we turn to  
our super  
markets,  
Allegories;

But someone must  
be burned. Perhaps  
everyone who would parti-  
cipate entirely in the dance

a one-to-one  
relationship  
you pay your  
money, you

must have some part of  
himself burned, and  
may shrink back

get your  
food  
you eat it, it's gone. But

intangibly, during the  
awkward part of the dance, with the whole heart not in it, with the eye furtively looking out for

one's own ridiculousness, allegory becomes symbol, wine becomes blood, wafer flesh, and the spark  
flames like bright balloons released, and the heart leaps up to behold, and somehow we have been  
taken from the greedy signs of barter and buying, from supermarket to supermundane. We have  
proceeded from the awkward to the whole. The rose of all the world becomes, for awhile, and in our  
own terms, the "pause that refreshes," and possibly what was a pause becomes the life...