

**“Ode To The Onion”, Oil  
Mike Haubenstock**

**Ode To The Onion by Pablo Neruda**

Onion,  
luminous flask,  
your beauty formed  
petal by petal,  
crystal scales expanded you  
and in the secrecy of the dark earth  
your belly grew round with dew.  
Under the earth  
the miracle  
happened  
and when your clumsy  
green stem appeared,  
and your leaves were born  
like swords  
in the garden,  
the earth heaped up her power  
showing your naked transparency,  
and as the remote sea  
in lifting the breasts of Aphrodite  
duplicating the magnolia,  
so did the earth  
make you,  
onion  
clear as a planet  
and destined  
to shine,  
constant constellation,  
round rose of water,  
upon  
the table  
of the poor.

You make us cry without hurting us.  
I have praised everything that exists,  
but to me, onion, you are  
more beautiful than a bird  
of dazzling feathers,  
heavenly globe, platinum goblet,  
unmoving dance  
of the snowy anemone

and the fragrance of the earth lives  
in your crystalline nature.