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June 2014

## Vidalia

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### Recommended Citation

Wisniewski, Carolyn (2014) "Vidalia," *The Laureate*: Vol. 2 , Article 10.  
Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol2/iss1/10>

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My friend once saw  
the Holy Mother Mary  
in an onion.  
She was buried in the luminescent lamina,  
concealed until sliced in two.

I wonder why she would hide there?  
Why not some other produce—  
spelled out in a strawberry's seeds,  
like a constellation in the sky,  
or cloaked in a corn kernel,  
anticipating her pop.

But she chose an onion,  
which stings the eyes,  
and lingers, stinking,  
on the hands for hours.

Perhaps Mother Mary  
has kept her human vigor  
but lost her heavenly zeal,  
grown tired of tears and miracles,  
and gone on holiday  
to the onion's coated sanctuary.  
But sanctified seclusion never lasts.

I hope it is not sacrilegious  
to eat the Holy Mother in a stew.