Maine natives and tourists have long been attracted to the taste of lobsters. But in today’s spring poem Richard Foerster of Cape Neddick asks us to consider the allure of fresh, sauteed fiddleheads.

Fiddleheads

by Richard Foerster

Only the first scrolls inscribed with the long winter’s undeciphered lore, only the tight-harnessed coils volting up fully charged from peaty earth would do:

tiny crosiers straining to hook the sky; spring’s furled lace-wings before the sun has a chance to spirit them with flight. Arrested potential I demanded with each flick of my pruning knife, not woodland crofts feathered wide in August with spore-laden tracery.

How the future seemed to lie there before me, curled and delectable. Already the virgin oil sizzled in my mind till I was sure the skillet would whisper hosannas.