

This is for those that surround us / make shade, make food / this is for those basics for which we are too ungrateful / for those quiet sapbleeding prematurely harvested fruits / for those rootbound, earthholding, countererosions / for those nestparted / deadleaf summerfires / spiderarchitectures / black on white snow graphics. For those who prefer canopy and those that dwell in flower beds / the controlled chaos / the airwaste breathing / filth composting. For the green in my eyes that is there when I look at you. For the green that was here on this green planet before we were / for the green that we now fight for / attach slogans to / unite parties under / have to turn into kitsch in order to defend, just the basics / and what of your complexity? and what of your extraction? what of your beauty, Green? what of your yellow? and what of the flecks of red that become brown? and what of the whites? and what of your contoured edges that give way to black / that become all sorts of other colors / mixed, mixed into bottlegreen / ashgreen lime into pigment, into powder, into hair, into cream, rubbed onto my body / soft sided genital of a thorny aloe. This is for you when you speak / when you are alone / this is for you, your wood-wide web of roots / this is for you, that takes the heat of the sun and gives the chillies burn / for you who spread your branches like I spread my word / who give us the pages / for you, all for you.

# Introduction

Khadija von  
Zinnenburg Carroll

The Useless and Confusing:  
Vegetable Philosophies and  
Performances in the Kew  
Economic Botany Collection

