**Ode to the Artichoke**

**by Pablo Neruda**

The tender-hearted  
upright  
artichoke  
girded itself as  
a warrior, constructed  
a small dome,  
to keep itself  
waterproof  
within  
its scales.  
At its side  
crazy vegetables  
ruffled up  
in cat-tails and tendrils,

bulbs on the march;  
underground  
slept  
the red-whiskered carrot,  
the vineyard  
withered the shoots  
wine once rose through,

the cabbage  
devoted itself  
to trying on skirts,  
oregano  
scented the world,  
and right there in the garden  
the meek  
artichoke,  
girded for battle,  
burnished  
as a grenade,  
haughty,  
and then one day  
it was into the grand  
willow basket  
with the others and off  
to the market  
it marched  
to fulfill its dream:  
the militia!

In columns  
never more martial  
than at the fair,  
men  
in their white shirts  
among the vegetables  
became  
field marshals  
of the artichokes,  
the closed ranks,  
the voices of command,  
and the sudden detonation  
of ... a fumbled cashbox,  
but  
then  
comes  
Maria  
with her basket,  
who fearlessly  
picks out  
an artichoke,  
looking at it, examining it  
against the light as if it were an egg,

she buys it,  
drops it  
into her basket  
with a pair of shoes,  
a white cabbage and a  
bottle  
of vinegar as well  
then  
entering the kitchen  
plunges it into the pot.  
And so it ends,  
in peace,  
the career  
of the armored vegetable  
called "artichoke,"  
and presently  
scale by scale  
we undress  
this delight  
we munch  
the peaceful paste  
of its green heart.

Getting to the “Heart” of the Poem

1. What Poetic device is used often in this poem? Give an example.
2. The artichoke reminds the poet of what?
3. This poem has no rhyme. What does it have that allows it be considered a poem?