**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?