That Plant Fucker

April 2020
Bad Poems

COVID-19

Waiting here for news
Expecting much creation
Bingeing, napping full

Nature is my balm
The sun heals, the air cleanses
Are you still with me?
Brambles: Don't Call me Berry

Devil's Fruit: Cursed by Lucifer because it gave him a preview of heaven after he was cast out.
Blackberry Curd

- 80z (200g) blackberries (frozen is fine)
- juice of 1 lemon
- 1 1/2 sticks (150g) butter
- 9 oz (150g) caster sugar (superfine sugar)
- 2 eggs, beaten

1. Place the blackberries and lemon juice in a saucepan and cook until the blackberries begin to soften.
2. Mash with a potato masher, to get out as much juice as possible, and then press this through a sieve into a heat-proof mixing bowl.
3. Add the butter and the sugar to the berry puree in the bowl and place the bowl over a pan of simmering water (this is called a bain marie).
4. Heat, stirring until the butter is melted, and then add the beaten eggs and continue heating until the mixture thickens.
5. Place in the fridge to chill.
What will I do if I really get sick? Maybe it's coronavirus, maybe cancer. I don't have a lot of faith in the medical system. (I shouldn't need faith btw). Loving plants and seeing them as our friends, I want to lean on them during a health crisis. I create herbal protocols for various illnesses. Getting a cold: greek mountain tea (Sideritis scardica), elderberry tincture (homemade with brandy, yum), kombucha or water kefir, vitamin D. Under this regime, I didn't get that cold. Or maybe it wasn't even a cold.

What if I get coronavirus? And it becomes so severe that my lungs are choked with sticky mucus? Do I go to the hospital? Do I treat at home knowing I may die for a principle? My lack of faith.
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