Twitter Thread by Zig Zag Claybourne



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A pie thread. Send the children out of the room.

Know how you're eating something so good that you hunch over it, damn the utensils, go full Altered States proto-human, baring your teeth and flailing at anybody who gets too close?

Let■Me■Tell■You■About■The■Sweet■Potato■Pie■I■Made Yesterday praise gawd.■
That pie achieved consciousness long enough to know true love.

First off, I didn't have any brown sugar. I realized that Wednesday evening. Was I about to go to the CDC testing center to get some? Hell no, Kroger was hella crowded. So Thursday morning, I take inventory. No cane sugar, no white sugar, no Alaga syrup. Started to lose hope.

Then I remembered.

I had mother-loving lemon honey. It's not super sweet, it's got a ting-tang of lemon, and--I swear to this--when I put it in my tea my 3rd eye opens in appreciation. So I do the math: brown sugar is just about the sweetness; 1/2 a jar of lemon honey should do.

And it did. You wouldn't think the combination of cinnamon, sweet potatoes, butter, eggs, and lemon honey would make you stomp a Smurf if it got too close to your pie pan, but yeah, it does.

Here's the science: the sweet potato mash coils around a honey, cinnamon & butter 3-way, creating a genetic strand of Fibonacci whee, thereby adding gravitons to your taste buds to slam the flavor on there like Halley's Comet through tissue.

But here's the kicker: leave that sucker baking for an extra one hour.

Heat, my friends. Lemon honey takes to heat like an Ohio Players album cover. Old heads feel me. It leads the peaks of the pie toward glossy, gem-like brown-ness while leaving the insides moist and warm and pliant.

Dammit, son, this pie ain't for chirren!

And here's the thing with pie: it's always better the second day. Today was that day. I did things to that pie. I ain't ashamed. That pie knew I had feelings for it, it knew I respected it.

Every bite told the world to hush. Every bite made me remember to be kind. Every bite increased my time in heaven by 90 minutes each. For a brief moment...I heard that pie speak my name.

We bonded. My thoughts to its thoughts. Pie thoughts are about as sublime as they get. I learned more abt myself eating that pie than in 25 years of pretending to read Moby Dick. Buddha achieved the highest states by eating pie. Love is an animal, primal thing. Hunger is life...

...of which that pie reminded me to lust for.

I didn't eat the entire pie. Lust appreciates. Unchecked lust devours. There's enough for tomorrow. But you'll excuse me if I draw the curtains and hunker down.