I crave the aroma of garlic in butter, simmering quietly at the right heat. Whether it cooks for sauces or snails, garlic takes me where I want to go.

I am breathing in Tuscany's hills, at a round table on a sunlit piazza, tasting red wine and pasta *al dente*, amply sauced in garlic and butter.

I inhale again and I'm in Provence, beside a pond of green water lilies, where outdoor tables bear plates of veal sautéed in butter and garlic.

That sculpted bulb, diced, sliced, or minced, can take me off to the best eateries all over this planet; I travel with my guide of choice.

I wonder at garlic's early discovery, a humble white bulb grown in soil, first decocted for curative dosing, cleaning the blood, killing colds.

Looking back into ancient times, I see an old woman, an herbalist, stirring a garlic brew over her fire, tasting the brew, and then—*ecce!*

How intimately we are connected, despite distance and centuries, by what we eat, cook, and crave: nourishment for body and spirit.

We want food’s sensual pleasure; even more we want its comfort: earth’s fruits, created in mystery, growing like us toward the sun.