



POETRY

generational healthy recipe

the leftovers of my great-grandmother are safekept in a tin of cookies under the kitchen floor. we're instructed to only open it when the moon turns tomato. last christmas, my uncle was tempted to smash the tin like a piggy bank; to buy eggs for his two families, he said. a whole pig was laid out on the table by midnight.

during dinners, we ask to be blessed with the nourishment of chocolate coins. i had those for breakfast. when i was starving, they tasted no different from the candies i bought with my leftover coins at the sari-sari store.

water is best served to go with this recipe.

when eating a cup of noodles alone at my apartment, i wonder how our dinners would taste if my great-grandmother had left a cookbook instead. we never needed spoon-feeding; over the years we learned how to slice in blindfolds.