Mbariam

For G & A

Mountain winds refresh,
chorus with trees that sing.
Émigré brothers, knives in hand,
kneel in welcoming grasses,
scouring for edible greens.
Spiced with regrets of immigration,
they rejoice in the echoes of their childhood valley.
Plastic bags fill with spinach, chicory, amaranth, fennel,
bulbs of tasseled hyacinth, ladies fingers,
asparagus, capers, garlic and onion shoots.
They recall mothers’ culinary delights,
stuff tomatoes and peppers, lamb on the spit,
savory fish relish, delicious omelet – sprinkled with wild rosemary.
Purple flowering bushes in abundance,
sprigs rubbed between their fingers,
pungent aromas trigger memories of the incense of orthodoxy and family life
they sip water from the clear spring
sniff the air of uncertainty
for debate rages – entrepreneurs versus conservationists – will the Mbariam be decimated by a waste disposal site?

Loula S. Rodopoulos
Peloponnese, Greece, 2009