



CURRIES

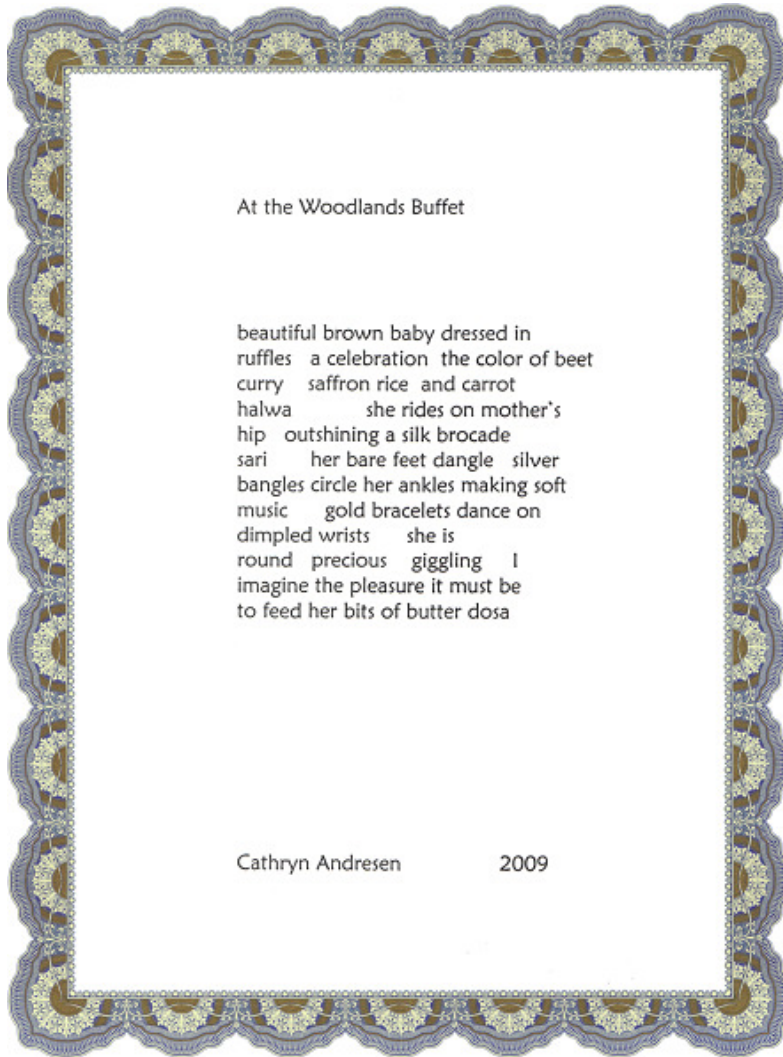
poetry *is* food
tactile as papadums
crisp as tamarind

cucumber coconut
cooled beside chayote
squashed brown
blackened by pepper

each spice spikes of
remembrance
a place on the Ganges
Ganesh awash in soothing
lassi and creamed wheat
mango smiles

food *is* poetry
lashing our tongues
our palates speak
from fire

Maggie Westland



At the Woodlands Buffet

beautiful brown baby dressed in
ruffles a celebration the color of beet
curry saffron rice and carrot
halwa she rides on mother's
hip outshining a silk brocade
sari her bare feet dangle silver
bangles circle her ankles making soft
music gold bracelets dance on
dimpled wrists she is
round precious giggling I
imagine the pleasure it must be
to feed her bits of butter dosa

Cathryn Andresen

2009

WOODLANDS

Onion masala dosa melts in your mouth,
pale yellow lemon jasmine rice mixes
with brown lentil sambhar stew, while crispy papadum
sweep up a colorful salad drenched in white coconut curry -
delightful offerings to Genesha, Lord of Obstacles, Lord of Beginnings
governing the forces that propel the wheel of life.

As he looks down from his picture above the
buffet table I visualize him lowering his trunk,
drinking in the lush mango lassi, savoring its
sweetness after uttering ancient Sanskrit mantras.

As I look down on this wonder-filled plate, I whisper:

*Life is good,
Come to its feast,
Partake of its bounty,
Blessings on all who enter.*

Joan E. Day

08/20/09

A PASSAGE TO INDIA

A sense of adventure
to far away places
a short trip away, to India
in the valley.

No visa required.

To sip mango lassi in the summer heat,
sample poori channa and dosas.

My tongue tingles
with the spicy tamarind and cool raita:
the unfamiliar exotic.

Melissa Grossman