



My Life in Food

CORI HOWARD

The only thing I learned to cook as a child was *kuffels*
rolling dough on my grandmother's Formica kitchen table,
her soft, wrinkly hands over mine,
cutting paper thin triangles from a perfect circle
slathered in butter and sugar,
flour everywhere.

I remember only the smell
of her cigarettes, yeast and cinnamon
The Price is Right playing in the background,
the apartment window open to the fresh spring air
I would eat the hot tiny rolls as soon as they emerged from the oven,
the raisins burning my tongue

In university, my boyfriend and I would play house,
make soup from beef bones on icy Toronto nights
chopping, laughing, smoking, drinking
enveloped, awash in the briny steam
in our cheap, rental kitchen with the peeling, linoleum floors
lovers unaware the food wasn't enough
to save us