



Say Your Peace: Recipe for Making Sense of This

In the pot our world lay like a crowd of stiff rice grains, silent
none wanting to say the first word because there were no words
Outside, a pandemic banged on the door
aiming to squeeze its hands through the keyhole.

I searched for words in the cupboard and poured it into the pot,
calls, texts, memes, a smiley face.

A tip - grab the sun with your fist
and press it on the pot until each grain of rice inside relaxes
and voices slowly rise out of the group chat curling like steam.
In the group chat we share our recipes for self-care,
promise to send pictures of progress as we are cooking and baking
something new to feel new. Phone full of lists.

One recipe I hugged closer reads:

Take a soup ladle and pour yourself back into your body
through a sieve, let nothing return without being scanned,
sit for hours until you rise.

Enjoy your fullness, share it if you wish, tag ten people if you wish.

Each day delivers a new way of connecting

I carry a plate of food to the video chat; we pretend we are in a café
in Covent Garden, we imagine the music playing,
imagine children making noise outside
as their parents try to quieten them with candy floss.

We confess all the random things we have mixed,
mine is rice and sardine,

or the more common mixtures like laughter and tears
or the more humorous ones like a smart work top and pyjama trousers
Everything feels serious and nothing feels serious at the same time.

We try not to think of tomorrow,
whether we will even have enough to eat.

We feast on the decision to keep going.

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