A Concerto of Spice
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The subtle hint of spice, a symphony in the air
A crescendo of turmeric against mustard, sharp notes
The melodious harmony of cardamom and cinnamon wafting, a waltz
The passion and tang of citrus as fluid as a ballad’s flute,
Ginger as strong as the strum of a bass
The crisp presence of mint like the presence of my mother, the conductor of the ensemble
She taught me that the perfect hint of lemongrass orchestrates the soothing simplicity of balance
The heat of paprika strong as the heat of attraction
Tart zest of lemon as sharp as the power of speech
The crackle of dried peppers as loud as the laughter of my childhood
The smell mingles about now, I hear it
Her presence dissolving in the wind
Her frail hands stirring the pot, and her voice
Commanding, soothing
Echoing in the shadows of my mind
Her voice calling me into a simpler life
I smell it, and in the silence
The silence, she dissolves into the air around me