

Making Soup with Tobi, and Curry

Tonight I watch you cutting onions and laughing,
making faces as the tears run down your cheek, like
a low budget Monty Python film where one minute the
character is crying and then an onion shows up in the next frame.
You are talking to me despite the chopping
of green beans, kale and acorn squash
through the fumes of garlic rising out of the pot.
Not once do you look down
to see what your hands are doing.
*Not too much curry, I tell you,
it blurs the taste of everything else.*
I know you disagree.

Before we met the only three spices I cooked with
were red pepper, rosemary and garlic,
the only ones I kept in my kitchen. I was afraid to take
you home with me, not because we might have sex but
that I had no spices, especially your favorites, paprika,
and that all encompassing curry. After three months, I
was so hot for you I had to let you into my pantry
and now you are here making soup
out of nothing special, the leftover vegetables in my fridge.

While the onions sweat in the pot you add
the chopped vegetables, a bullion cube and some water
now all we have to do is wait. The tape player on my boom box
is broken so we listen to the radio. An AC/DC song comes on
and we scream the lyrics and then another, it's a tribute to AC/DC
we are singing loud and it feels good. A few minutes later a knock
at the door, I look through the peep hole and
two cops with sticks and leather gloves are standing there.
I open the door to what they believe is a wild party
but it's just you and me making soup. I explain
we were singing, "You Shook Me All Night Long,"
and how impossible it is to sing it softly
but promise we'll keep it down.

By this time the smell is overwhelming, and you
indicate our meal is ready, but being a professional
you must run it through the food processor to make it smooth.
The first taste tingles my lips and tongue; the next flushes my cheeks
you kiss me and our lips burn from all that spice.