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00:06

I'm Tracy k Smith. And this is the slow down.

00:23

cooking together. No matter who you are, is a kind of journey together with another person, you go a little ways down some path of memory, or even fantasy, and your companion takes that same trip with you cooking together. I've learned who prizes control, order and method above all else. I've learned who's timid, who takes the recipe as a kind of incontestable doctrine. And I've learned who sees cooking as an opportunity for improvisation. You can learn the same things about yourself. Of course, I love to wing it when I'm cooking, salmon or chicken or pork can bend easily to my momentary tastes and whims. But when it comes to baking, I'm obedient, respectful of the proper proportions and the sanctioned steps that will yield a glorious cake. Maybe baking a cake feels especially sacred, because it carries me down a path that inevitably leads to memories of my mother, who baked the most memorable, the most mouthwatering, the most heavenly cakes, you could imagine. coconut cake with a sweet cloud of white icing and lemon curd filling a German chocolate cake whose mild velvety cocoa sided up harmoniously against golden sweet pecan filling. There was even something called a dump cake thrown together. When we kids begged for something quick and sweet. Everything about cake baking, sifting out the flour, standing over the mixer handing over the remnants of batter to an eager child. All of it constitutes for me a time machine back to perfect happiness. Today's poem is making Zelnick at the sibling reunion by Karen Paul Holmes. It shows how five siblings touch base with one another and their late mother by recreating one of their childhood dishes. And it lays out a recipe for a savory Macedonian pastry to boot. Making Zelnick at the sibling reunion by Karen Paul Holmes though the Bob has mixed filo dough from scratch, rolling it thin as onion skin. We use frozen, but the fed up must be sheep's milk and brine and we never make Zelnick without hearing mother's warning

in our heads. Sand can hide inside the leaks. Fill the sink with water separate swish scrub. Philip chops the stocks with a chef's precision channeling our father, Eileen touches his shoulder sautes the hillock of pale green Crescent moons to tender in a bubbling inch of butter. We discuss how many eggs what ratio of cottage cheese to fetta Zelnick needs its salty sour bite. Nancy and Beth handle the thawed Philo quickly so it won't dry and crumble like a dragon fly wing. They peel and place each translucent sheet while Phil and I swiftly brush with running butter Eileen at the ready to melt another stick. After eight layers, we spoon and spread the leak filling. Then finish off with Philo, buttering more and more to brown and crisp our 50 fingers roll the crust edges to seal the hollow will feel tomorrow. We each peer into the 350 degree oven. Discuss if it's time. No one waits for our pastry to cool, though it tastes better warm than hot hot. Next day, we split the last piece five ways then fly off to five cities in three states, crossing ourselves on takeoff as mother instructed when she kissed us goodbye. The slow down is a production of American public media in partnership with the Poetry Foundation.