

theslowdown_20200102_20200102_128

Wed, 9/30 7:59PM 5:00

SUMMARY KEYWORDS

onion, layers, cooking, sweet, peel, today, eat, poem, enter, granny smith apple, hypnotist, brown robes, hungrily, smell, meat, traveled, fills, forgotten, sunrise, carmelite

00:06

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

00:22

Onion simmering in oil smells like evening to me. Just that first suggestion of dinner cooking on the stove fills me with a warm feeling that means family. I learned to carmelize an onion in 1993 to cook it slowly over a low heat until it grew translucent, then transparent, then golden brown and sweet. That year or soon after, there was a new pizza on every upscale restaurant menu, goat cheese, caramelized onion and fig illogically. Whenever I think of Carmelite monks in their brown robes, heads bowed over the evening meal, my head fills with a dark smell of carmelized onions, adding sweet depth to a bowl of beans or broth or meat. At the Jamaican Patty shop in Brooklyn, one man turned up for work before sunrise, his job to peel and chop the day's thousand white onions. I like best the onions that aren't perfect spheres. The ones that look as though they've been padded between someone's poems, so they're almost flat on top and bottom, like Christmas ornaments. One time I watched a hypnotist convince a woman that an onion was an apple. She bit into it several times hungrily. The juice she understood to be nectar sweet. When he snapped his fingers. she wept gasped, spat the white pulp at her feet. The first layer of skin on an onion is a dry papery husk. The second is more tender, but still nothing you'd want to eat. How many layers must go to waste? I asked each time it's my duty to stand crying over the cutting board. When I was pregnant with my son's even the sight of an onion made me gag.

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cooking shows were a personal torment

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and conversations with dear friends. I sometimes found myself thinking why would you speak to me today? Knowing you've eaten onions only yesterday. I used to love rings of raw red onion on my sandwich layered next two slices of green granny smith apple. One was the antidote to the other. Now, out of courtesy to others, I try to avoid onions altogether. But not my father in law. I envy his wanton abandon. He keeps a saucer of hacked by dalias. beside his dinner plate, biting hungrily into the flesh squinting at the way it bites him back. Today's poem is the traveling onion by Naomi she had Nye It is believed that the onion originally came from India. In Egypt. It was an object of worship. Why? I haven't been able to find out from Egypt. The Onion entered Greece and onto Italy. thence into all of Europe. Better Living cookbook. What I think how far the onion has traveled just to enter my stew today. I could kneel and praise all small forgotten miracles. crackly paper, peeling on the drainboard pearly layers and smooth agreement. The way the knife enters onion and onion falls apart on the chopping block a history revealed and I would never scold the onion for causing tears. It is right the tears fall for something small and forgotten. How at meal we sit to eat, commenting on texture of meat or herbal aroma, but never on the translucence of onion. Now limp, now divided or it's traditionally honorable career, for the sake of others disappear.

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