

## *She Feeds Me Now*

SUSAN JOHNSON

I read cookbooks as if they were ancient texts,  
the life of grandmother's grandmother translated  
into recipes for blueberry buckle in some parts  
called grunt, crisp, slump, crumble, cobbler.  
Berries, stone fruit, orchard drops, warm, cold,  
sweet, tart, it fed you. And she fed you: finnan  
haddie, soused mackerel, parsnip pudding,  
hodge podge, kippers, vinegar pie. And she  
feeds me now, this language, this searching  
through tea stained pages. What to make  
of all this making? You cook what you have,  
ingest what you can. First thing you do is boil  
a pot of water. That's how all good meals  
begin. I mean memories. I mean poems.