

Moringaka Curry

Matthew Jerome van Huizen

Then. Using drumsticks for curry,
Plucked by herself from its wood,
Its aroma brought forth not by recipe books,
But with measuring ingredients by hand.

Now. Her mind far gone,
Racked with a strange ailment,
Along with her thoughts not withstood,
I realise pati* will never cook again.

The moringaka tree bends over
Its fruit is shedding
On the old road filled with her memories, now dead,
The tree's ivory petals pepper the land.
As for a wedding,
Yet, there is none to wed.

Oh just to return to those days, coming home to sit,
And to eat.
The fruits of our land, the fruits of her hand.

* *Colloquial Tamil for Grandmother/Nana*

Matthew Jerome van Huizen is a Malaysian Kristang poet. His poems have appeared on the Anak Sastra, a SEA e-magazine among other publications. Matthew enjoys writing poetry on the idyllic nature of the Malaysian countryside. When not musing about *kampong* life, he works as a Maritime lawyer in that concrete behemoth, Kuala Lumpur.