

## **Luchi**

on the subject of love, my mother is silent  
she works the dough instead  
arthritic hands pound and pull and plane  
perfect rounds, black cumin pricking their white face

when we talk of food, what we are really saying  
in the dry-roasted vocabulary of cumin and bay  
in chillies shiny with swallowed sun  
in the hard roundness of the mustard's ripple  
is that we know, we know these days will end

in soft syllables of kneading we stretch our now  
our knuckle-prints on the morning  
we press we fold we stretch  
she slides the luchi in the smoking oil, then waits  
for it to bloom, which is to say I know  
I know what causes you pain

on the subject of love, we are silent