



Because my mother was a terrible cook

I simmered bisques, distilled from the crushed shells of crustaceans, deglazed with calvados, topped with ice cold clotted cream, sinful cappuccinos I served in the crystal glass she had won, before the nappies

before the 'contraption'. I made her 'bagna cauda', to remind her of our forgotten home, pounding garlic and anchovies into a warm pomade which glistened an iodine glow in the porcelain mortar she had never used.

She remembered the thrushes stuffed with juniper and saffron milk caps picked in forests of golden larches. She remembered her grandiose disasters, and how they laughed, my father and her. And she laughed. And our life was defined by food, again, until

wild garlic starred the ditches and she left me. I never did cook her that broth of wild herbs and so, I hung up my superfluous pots.

