**I want to make tzatziki** 16

Slice cucumber crunch, tip cool green chunks

into the arms of a white bowl, smash garlic,

tear mint leaves, remember their jagged bite,

add thick sheep’s yoghurt from a barren hill.

Chop onions, melt butter, glaze, sweeten and

salten and simmer till golden, pour bouillon,

slice bread, carve Gruyère, grill till it bubbles,

float each cheese island on a caramel sea.

Sift pale ground almonds and raw cane sugar,

crack five eggs open, cool in the hand, grate

orange peel slivers, chop flesh in quarters,

spill teardrops of rosewater into a mould.

For this summer is imprisoned, everywhere

and nowhere: I will ransack all the cupboards,

conjure flavours, whip up memories, speak

their tongues again, lock them down here.