**The House of Sustenance**

Food Memory Story/Poem

Nanny, I remember you

And your house of sustenance

We frequented

In in those carefree years.

Comforted by the billows of smoke

Which, through the carat-leafed roof of your tapia house

Lingered the aroma

Of mouth-watering curried cascadura.

I remember you squatting in your kitchen

As you turned the talkari in the big pot on the chula

Your reverence, in every ingredient

Now nourishes my memory

Of a dish as the native legend says

‘Once you eat the cascadura

Wheresoever you may wander

Will end your days in Trinidad’.

*The poem is about a distant, childhood food and family memory. Kath remembers the tapia house, a humble thatched-roof dwelling of her nanny’s (hindi for maternal grandmother), where she ate talkari (hindi for a kind of dish) of curried cascadura (a kind of freshwater fish in Trinidad) cooked on a chula (hindi for an earthen fireplace).*

By Kath Boodhai