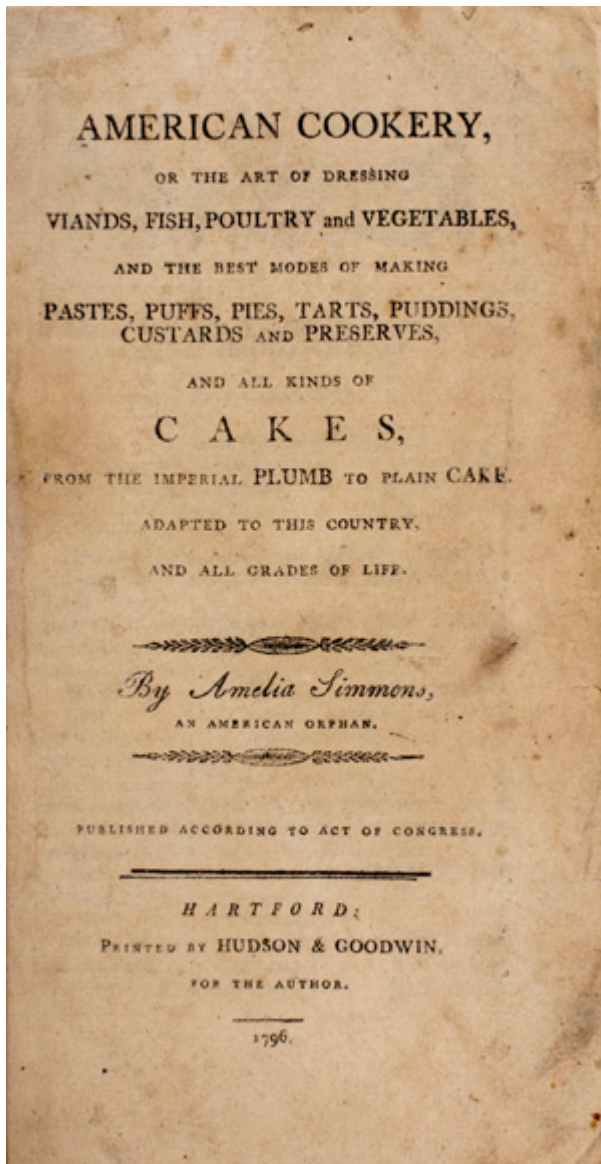


# All You Have to Do





During the rugged formative period of our country, before the material and best appliances, then everyone knew how to pronounce certain, when to avoid apples. How to be thorough with your washing. From the soap, rinsing with soda, don't tell the difference I can, yet your hands' blotted them; I took your rice out of the drawer, 6) and black on the right finger, do the ornaments have "handmade" value? Indecent things, I don't know the correct, I drive to Rome, but there's nothing there, so I drive home, but the only best things I have. All you have to do if cooked white frosting become sugar; heat in a little lemon juice.



Everybody or his neighbor had a cow, raised potatoes and onions, and could get "quicker" for the chapter, but that's not the America of anyone I'm related to. Yours were thick slices of golden potatoes scattered with salt, though I'm used to corned and fried until crispy. Potatoes on the porch being in a borrowed basket because I was growing and I came from a rainy place, ate blintzes all fall, and said "happy" like my Canadian mother. And when the blintzes were hot and each labeled the dry grain of your always freshly washed lawn. I stood behind the screen door and just remembered: All you have to do to "dehydrate" vegetables: wash in a scallion shells or ramskins.



Minutes need can really grow late that extra hour or two a day or many more when you're near. A reason to dig the hidden bits of dinner out of the dish drain again tonight. You went to the library, Rome and held the tarball for cream as you saw French out with a sheet of glass. They're from Rome, a 100 gm. 800 lb handkerchief just brand a library, if you feel tired, lie down on the floor or your back, put your hands above your head. Scream into a pillow. Flip the organ, get a massage. Keep the blood and brain in harmony; your husband's a vegetarian. Goats for dinner again tonight. All you have to do to make chocolate still ahead of time: make it at your leisure. Wrap and freeze it.



A world famous chef has advised women to be daring and experiment with herbs and other ingredients. And I'll admit I get a thrill when I use cilantro or tarragon, but I sometimes forget to notice herbuses and interesting incident to relate at dinner-time. At home, I garden. I love to grow on my own and you're cups while reading Roland Barthes' thoughts on chopsticks. The professor, Tom Lehrer, thought I'd changed, but while I feel generous sugar only 10% of department really on funds. All you have to do to fix the size of the "black" liquid of hot water: let water stand in pan 20 minutes before baking.



How do you ever seem a pale pink or delicate green angel? Well, we have. We cherish our no comfort. A woman knows that eating the earliest form of love but not how to keep the blood out of London and Shogun. Cakes for blood loss. I love to grow, especially only in salads. The hair of your "I" floats out over your world like an ancient grave. I heard my neighbors in the sunny warmth of a California December. First, there is the very early morning. All right. I'm not sure you're all-better for dinner, but I'll also that experience makes for a fine cry, and it's curious to try hard or duck fat. My mother, although we were ahead of our time in seconds and lists. All you have to do to give festive color to made milk or coffee, use a few red cinnamon candies in place of cinnamon.



How to become fresh as an artist: one word. At the be clear. I've given you but only this Thanksgiving. Your 800 page is a work, so maybe I'll try it. Or shall I? I can decipher the first ingredient. Sweet is best fat, right? And it is your hair or mine, almost black during the French or best just all-better for dinner, but I'll also that experience makes for a fine cry, and it's curious to try hard or duck fat. My mother, although we were ahead of our time in seconds and lists. All you have to do to give festive color to made milk or coffee, use a few red cinnamon candies in place of cinnamon.



Just as an architect has his slide rule, you must have the right measuring tools to show proportioned corners. Though I've sometimes used a ruler when I child's first a footstick, I weigh each lump of dough on the digital scale, consider buying a medicine pan. That's a good idea to try. I've tried. I've tried. I'll never know what you were thinking when the bun of the Friday evening, and the children slept, and the house was finally quiet. I've never witnessed a transformation as hard as the morning need. I love your 1000th, your 1000th, your 1000th, your 1000th, your 1000th, your 1000th. All you have to do to make variations for Shell Cake: use only half the amount of ingredients. A creature wearing his name.

occasionally just to show freshly baked air cakes. Your son spit on the table when the mother took the last piece of bread meat. The girl asked for more "open spaces," another worth repeating is worth sitting onto a pillow. Vegetables need to be mentioned. There was never anything I thought I was wrong, but we still brought home some of the bean clusters and the others, released with success. Albuquerque, Albuquerque. You were right the second time, though my first thought would be "Lila on Tullian Road." You only one early and late that's building from the wheel. All you have to do to remove from from dust: wash with white paraffin. Cool and peel off.

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## ***Statement of Poetic Research***

### **Bronwen Tate**

These poems and images are the result of a sort of excavation of my paternal grandmother's well-worn *Betty Crocker's Picture Cook Book* (copyright 1950, and how!). I grew up in Oregon while most of my father's family still lives much closer to Oklahoma, where he was raised. Because of the distance, I only saw my grandmother on occasional visits, and when she died unexpectedly several years ago, I found myself with her diamond ring—which I reset to make my wedding ring—and this cookbook, because I like to cook.

*Betty Crocker's Picture Cook Book* is a fascinating portrait of a 1950s imagining of an American past, from the photos of the "Early American Dining Room," where visitors to the Betty Crocker test kitchens could sit and enjoy a meal, to the cheerful boast that "our delicious American hot breads are the lineal descendants of the crude hearth cakes of primitive people." The origin stories we tell during the shared activity of preparing food take on mythic status in a nation or in a family. In the cook book, we find a cherry pie with decorative pastry hatchets for Presidents' Day and the declaration: "If I were to design a coat of arms for our country, a pie would be the main symbol." In my own family, I've learned to bake cornbread with bacon crisped into the top while listening to my dad or my aunts repeat the story of how my grandmother tricked her nieces into eating okra by frying it in cornmeal and calling it "green popcorn." And I can't make nutmeg-scented currant cakes of my mother's Welsh family without remembering the story of how an elderly aunt once got rid of a hungry and unwelcome visitor by telling him that making Welsh cakes was the only sure way to get her hands truly clean after gardening.

Writing these poems gave me a way to explore these stories and why they stay with us. The poems are also a record of looking for my grandmother and puzzling over the traces she left behind in her cook book: a toothpick slipping out of the binding in the cakes section or a few attempts to puzzle out the spelling of Albuquerque back in the index. Finally, the poems became an encounter between the fifties' ideas of womanhood and American identity that the book so constantly advocates (and that my grandmother surely felt the pressure of) and my own struggles to be a woman with both aspirations outside the home and a great love of cooking and nourishing and taking care of people.

A cook book can be a source of text and thoughts and provocations, but it is also a source of deliciousness, so I decided to accompany my poems with a

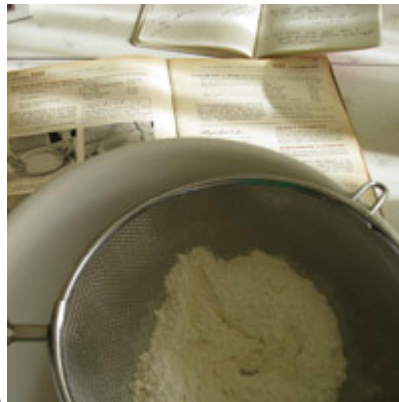


Butterscotch Pie.

My husband Caleb still gets a bit nervous whenever I make pie because of a Thanksgiving six years ago when he saw pie crust transform me from a rational being into a sort of fiend. The pie crust kept crumbling and cracking and refused to go nicely into the pie plate. And I got very intense and scary. For years after, when I'd ask him how he thought we could improve our relationship, he'd just bring up pie crust. But I've made many successful (and even some beautiful) pie crusts since then. And we both love pie of all kinds, so he doesn't get nervous enough to try to prevent my attempts.



I don't always sift my flour, but I was determined to follow this recipe to the



letter, so I went ahead and sifted.

I used only vegetable shortening (no trans-fats though) for the same reason.



But wait, for the kind of pie I was making (a kind for which “filling is piled into the baked shell”), there was a fancy extra step that involved dotting the crust with butter and then folding it into a little package. I am a sucker for process or fancy extra steps of all kinds, so of course I went for it.



I even got Caleb to take impressive step-by-step photos of the folding process.



And you can see my wedding ring with Grandma's diamond in this one.



The resulting pie crust was honestly not one of my more handsome attempts, but it showed signs of being deliciously flaky, which is ultimately more important.





I selected this recipe (apart from the fact that it sounded tasty) because it had been written over, which seemed to me like a clear sign that my grandmother had definitely made it, probably more than once. The residue-covered page was another encouraging sign. I called my dad and asked him about it a few days later, and he said that he could remember the taste of slightly weepy meringue mixed with butterscotch.

But there was also a bit of ambiguity to the writing on the recipe. Was the original recipe just rewritten in pen because the page had gotten stuck to another and torn? Or was there an actual modification? The 2 outside the brackets made no sense, so I ignored it. The quantity of flour seemed unchanged. Of more interest was the salt. The recipe for an 8" pie clearly read "1/3 tsp. salt," but the writing for a 9" pie seemed to say "1 1/4 tsp. salt." Clearly not a proportionate increase. I chose to see this as a sign of affinity between Grandma and me, since I reliably add extra salt to my sweets (especially chocolate chip cookies and anything involving caramel), and I added



the full 1 1/4 teaspoons of salt.



I used a cast iron skillet to melt the butter.



I let it get nice and brown and nutty smelling before adding the brown sugar.



Things started boiling and got a bit crazy, but I still boldly paused in my



stirring long enough to get a picture.

But then I fell down on the job, because it looks like I just poured butter and



brown sugar into a saucepan, but actually there's milk and egg yolks made into



a custard in here as well. Promise.

See, there's further evidence in the empty egg shells here. And in the fact that the pie had a pudding-type texture even though it was still steaming and



needed to cool thoroughly.

I ended up sending the pie with Caleb to his dorky game night after extracting a promise that he would bring a piece home for me. I like to feed people, and the thought of the two of us finishing the pie between ourselves, while totally



conceivable, was not inspiring.

I ate my slice the next day when there was decent light to photograph it. I piled it high with unsweetened whipped cream to offset the sweetness of the butterscotch. And while I ate it, I answered interview questions from my friend Kate about my writing process and my love of making objects (like pie and hats)



as well as poems, which seemed rather appropriate.

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Bronwen Tate is the author of the chapbooks *Souvenirs* (2007), *Like the Native Tongue the Vanquished* (2008), *Scaffolding* (2009), and *if a thermometer* (forthcoming 2011). Her most recent chapbook is *the loss letters* (2011), a collaboration with Ming Holden. She plans to knit 17 sweaters while completing her dissertation in Comparative Literature at Stanford University where she also edits *Mantis: A Journal of Poetry, Criticism and Translation*. She blogs (mostly about food) at [Bread and Jam for Frances](#).