

Summer recipes

by Jane Flett

You do not need to follow the recipe precisely. Be creative, and the results will surprise you.

Substitute the sundried tomatoes for a warm rock on a late summer afternoon.

Instead of juliennening the fava beans you could, instead, slip your linen shirt off your pink shoulders and hang it on a tree branch like a white flag yelling "I don't want to fight anymore, goddamit, this afternoon is beautiful."

Bubble the mixture on a long, low flame until the air caramelizes and the hum of mosquitoes sticks to your damp patches of skin.

You do not need to keep a close eye on proceedings. Relax. Leave everything to infuse, let the butter sweat the onions until they are translucent kisses waiting to be wiped away by the back of his hand.

Do not stir the pot.

Distract yourself with brie and half-completed crossword puzzles and refrain from lifting the lid to see. It will be ready when the sun ducks under the leaves' canopy and the breeze raises the hairs on your forearms.

You will notice that you are ready to eat.

Leave it to cool until it is just right, then chew slowly

and thoughtfully

and have patience with your tongue.

