

Food Porn

by Juhi Kalra

Breakfast

The eggs, beaten till they beg for mercy. The onions, ginger and serranos sauteed in the febrile butter till they are languid with pleasure. The pan sputtering as the golden liquid is moved about its surface, gelling and setting in ecstasy. The spinach and cheese placed in the centerfold, gently covered over with tlc, the whole of it folded, lifted ever so gently clinging to the spatula, and slid effortlessly onto the yearning Pfaltzgraff, the cilantro sitting atop the creation like a tiara. An Omelette for a Queen.

Cardamom ginger tea too hot to sip. Heaven...aaaah.

Lunch

The bread was sturdy, aware of its youth but not arrogant about it. Two rough hewn slices landed confidently in the sizzling pan, daring it to tan them. Delicate white slices of mozzarella and provolone lay on top of the bread, melting in their quiet shyness. Thin slices of ruby tomato, red onion, and green peppers joined the bacchanal, wilting in the bliss of chile and cilantro raining down on them. Finally, the spatula sliding under them, the two sides came together with a satisfied thud. Panini stood around the pan like an audience at the conclusion of Madam Butterfly, applauding but jalapeno with envy, as the hot creation slid off the spatula smoothly and into the arms of the waiting Waterford, resting in the knowledge of its perfection. The knife sliced through its rectangular heart diagonally, and the hand turned the two halves around to make a perfect heart.

The Kent mango, a sorry substitute for it's Indian cousin the Langda, sat forlorn at the counter. The hand picked it up lovingly, gently bathing it in the cool spray at the sink. The knife ran around the rim of the head, where the stem had connected the mango to his tree, and removed the remains of its umbilicus. Round and round went the knife, disrobing the mango leisurely in one long string of skin that fell like a stripper's cover-up when the bottom tip of the paisley was reached. The hand scored the mango all around its circumference, letting the golden goodness slide around in its own juices. The julienned strips were cut, fanned out by the side of the warm sandwich heart, ready to be devoured. And they were, leaving a trail of golden liquid dripping from the lips.

Dinner

The door of the fridge flung open, small containers of leftovers were retrieved. The drying vegetable kababs went on the greasy pan, not yet ready in its heat to receive them. The soupy concoction that once had been a passable curry was dumped unsung into a microwave safe bowl and tossed into the the square of nuking energy for two minutes. By the time the frozen tortilla was thrown into the toaster oven, the kababs were smoking. When the timer went off on the microwave, the liquid in the curry had spilled or burned off, leaving the pieces of malai kofta sticking to the sides of the bowl. The tortilla came out of the toaster crisper than a freshly minted dollar bill, having sat in its heated home while clean Melamine was hunted in the once pristine kitchen.

There was no finesse in the presentation, but sometimes a quickie bite is all one needs after a long hard day before falling asleep. And even bad food is good. Grab as grab ass can.

