

Madeleine

prisoner of books, possessions Marcel Marceau in my ear treasures may
take over every room *invade me like a big wave* suffocate, drown,
dissolve the soul, sugar in egg a hardened glaze that cracks the mouth

preheat the oven to 190°C
combine 300g of sifted, plain flour
with 200g caster sugar and a pinch
of salt

one Sunday, 3pm a waning crescent in the sky the pretty nurse who
helped my mother the nurse who caught my father's eye my middle
name the tide pulls a thread seashells on Deauville beach with
Paulette

4 eggs, one by one
beat thoroughly then
gently stir in the fine
-ly grated rind of one lemon

it could have been a piece of toast with honey or a hard biscuit drafts
sloughed off Marcel Proust's desk raise a striated sponge dipped in tea or
tisane an aunt with her mindful fiction *I cannot change the way I am—*

add 250g melted butter, mix
well fill moulds two-thirds full
and bake for 15-20 minutes
or until cakes are golden

extant Madeleines run about history sweat on the brow, they sweep
through the courts fill a gap on the menu between quiches and
macarons a pretty shape, a dainty cake pilgrim ticket through an inland
town

reduce oven to 140°C, brush madeleines
with egg white and dust with icing sugar
return to oven for 5 minutes
to set the glaze

my painting feeds on the memories encrusted in my brain happy grit between
the teeth before the tongue dissolves *here I am, less than a fleck—* sweet,
sharp-edged a capital M to kick up warm thought, involuntary

eat warm or cold on the day
they are made
Un plaisir délicieux
m'avait envahi