



Heather Moore, *Seville Oranges*

## Marmalade Memories

by Valerie Nielsen

when British winter arrives  
in my wartime childhood  
    Mother queues  
    for Seville oranges  
her string bag heavy  
with the dozen allowed  
from her ration book

    at home she  
releases thick skin  
from orange orbs  
    fragrant curls  
simmer with sugar  
in cauldron of water

    steam rises  
    pungent scent  
stirs images of Spain  
fiery flamenco dancers  
    in swirling skirts  
under a hot orange wun

it now floods our kitchen  
syrup dense with peel  
    is ladelled into jars  
    marmalade  
    succulent spoonfuls  
of Mediterranean magic  
we devour on hot buttered toast