

Спадщина (heritage)

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Спадщина (heritage)

Malina Infante

Quando ero una ragazzina,
mia nonna ha insegnato
a me e mio fratello a cucinare i ravioli
con la ricetta dei nostri antenati. Io e lui
sempre abbiamo litigato su chi
dovrebbe appiattirsi la pasta e ho cercato
di rendere i miei ravioli più belli dei suoi.
Mia nonna non ha mai voluto
che litigassimo; ha detto che non sapremo
chi ha fatto quali ravioli quando sono usciti
dalla pentola. E quando furono cotti,
tutta la mia famiglia si è seduta a mangiare
insieme.

*When I was a little girl,
my grandmother taught
my brother and I to cook ravioli
with our ancestors' recipe. He and I
always argued over who
should flatten the dough and I tried
to make my ravioli look better than his.
My grandmother never wanted
us to argue; she said we would not know
who made which ravioli when they came out
of the pot. And when they were cooked,
my entire family sat down to eat
together.*

A year after my grandpa passed,
my mother drove to Youngstown
to purchase neporïi from her childhood
church. She lost the family recipe
when she left home, erasing
Ukraine from her heritage
starting that day.

perogii

I could not find
the words to comfort
my mother when I noticed
her crying over the stove – all

her neporïi had fallen to pieces.