

# Fallon Tiffany Cabral

## Family food poem

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Jüdisches Museum Berlin

Fallon Tiffany Cabral  
**Family food poem**

**Back then**

My friend says, "You smell strange!"  
My friend says, "Your mom cooks strange food!"  
My friend says, "Your mom's food smells strange."  
My younger self asks, "Why do we always have to eat this strange and boring food?"  
My younger self asks, "Can't you cook something else?"  
My younger self says, "I want to eat normal German food like pizza and spaghetti."  
I ask, "Why are there green chillies swimming all over the spaghetti sauce?"  
My mom says, "This has no taste. It's hopeless. I can't eat it."  
My dad says, "Let's go out to eat at Mc Donald's, but don't tell your mom."  
My brother's friends say, "Mama Cabral, your food is so tasty!"

**Today**

On the phone I cry to my mom, "My food tastes so boring."  
On the phone I ask my mom, "How do you make fish curry rice?"  
My mom tells me, "With fresh green chilly you can always aufpeppen your food."  
My friend asks, "Can you cook Indian food?"  
My friend tells me, "You should ask your mom to teach you to cook tasty Indian food."  
My mom asks, "What did you eat today?" instead of „how are you?"  
My mom asks, "What do you want me to cook for you when you're coming home?"  
My dad asks, "What do you want your mom to cook for you?"  
My mom says, "Our Indian food is so healthy."  
My mom says, "Drink curcuma water every morning to prevent a cold."  
My mom says, "Eat ginger if you feel sick."  
My aunt says, "With our Indian food you will stay lean and slim."  
My mom says, "This time the prawns pickles are really tasty."  
My mom says, "We are growing our own chillies."  
My mom says, "I don't know how to cook for vegetarian people."  
My mom says, "I'll give you fresh green chillies, the next time you come home."  
I say, "My flatmates cooked my precious deep frozen green chillies because they mistook them for beans."  
My mom says, "I prefer to eat my own food."  
My mom says, "Give me the money instead of taking me out to eat tasteless food."  
My mom asks, "Why did you cook the rice too long?"  
My mom asks, "Why did you add so many tomatoes?"  
My mom says, "Come home, pick up your mangos."

My brother says, "If this is too pungent for you, you don't belong to our family."  
My sister says, "You always cook their favorite food."  
My dad says, "I'll make you fresh orange juice."  
My dad says, "I'll make you breakfast. How many eggs do you want?"  
My mom tells me, "You can always aufpeppen your food with pickles."  
My sister says, "I love masala fried prawns!"  
My mom says, "You can eat tasty food, even if you run out of money, just eat rice with pickles."  
My mom says, "I don't know how to cook this. Only Hindus cook vegetarian dishes."  
My mom says, "Oh, Trang's mom cooked for her? I'll come with you to her place."  
My mom asks, "Oh, this mango sauce is so tasty. What did you put inside?"  
The waiter tells her, "It's a secret, but I will share it with you."  
My dad says, "I don't want to eat this kind of food." And then he changes his mind as the waiter say he's an Arab Christian.  
The guy on the train says, "I smell curry, are you from India?"  
My dad asks, "But does he eat everything, like us? Also pork?"  
My brother says, "I learned to cook tandoori chicken from Manjula on YouTube."  
I say, "I miss my mom's food."

*Fallon Tiffany Cabral, Family food poem, Berlin, 2019,*  
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