

## **I Remember**

*Rodas N., from Ethiopia*

**I remember** the taste of injera in Ethiopia

soft, hot and delicious,

when I see injera it consumes my mind.

“Gursha” is how we feed each other in my country

we offer food two times,

one bite for respect,

and another bite for love.

**I remember** the taste of my grandmother's chicken stew

simmering, with red *berbere* and yellow turmeric,

these foods take me back

to the highlands of Ethiopia

to the beauty of the green mountains,

white rivers and rich valleys.

**I remember** the sound of students singing  
the national anthem, proud and fortunate  
in my school in Ethiopia,

And **I remember** the smell of the roasted earthy and rich  
birthplace of coffee.

**I remember** the sound of my mom's voice,  
when she advised me to slow down in the garden  
as I was running, because I was running too fast.

**I remember** all of this and feel safe,  
and with these memories, my childhood quickly returns  
to injera and coffee.