

Citrus Honey Cake
By Paul Rabinowitz

I don't have a fancy name or moniker
no one calls me Spirit Child
only what my father gave me,
and what his father gave him

Once I asked my grandfather
if he ever listened to Brian Wilson's arrangements on Pet Sounds
or watched the setting sun from a sandy beach

"Only a rich man has time for that," he said

I recall a story he told my father, about a customer
who sang in the night club across from his tailor shop

The way her voice transported him to springtime in the old country
How he wished he had the words to tell her all this in English

Instead he offered her a cup of his fresh brewed Romanian coffee
And cut an extra large slice of citrus honey cake he made from scratch