

# Spiced Nuts

*by Gary Hardaway*

I don't know where the recipe  
began. The flavor, though,  
harkens back to Christmases

far back, before marriages  
and children. Before  
the complications of adulthood

and independence. Before  
the sorrows of Alzheimer's  
and death. There are lines

across time, beyond the tug  
of elections and fashion,  
beyond the turbulence of history

and whatever zeitgeist  
prowls the season. So it is  
that the recipe in the hands

of one competent, but not  
the mother, resonates through  
the fog and mystery of time

to capture something lost  
and found again through  
the grace of recipes and ovens.

