

Juan San Miguel
passed on
a recipe for hot sauce.

It is not for

his Spanish accent
his service chevrons or
his loyalty to my leadership that

I remember him.

I remember him

for the condiment

we put on our rations
and carried in plastic milk jugs,
that made our eyes water and
changed carrots and cauliflower into edible fire...

We maneuvered on the German plains, laughed... and ate hot sauce.

I make some today...

and as the mist of tomato
garlic,
onion and pepper
invades our noses...

I remember

hot sauce on bread,
inside tracked vehicles
that dug up wheat fields
near the border.

I am observer...

practitioner...

and passer of recipes...

Not unlike...

Juan San Miguel.

Mason Jar 38/50

Deafun 90