

Pork Dumplings

The kitchen drips with steam
as I watch my grandmother hum
to a crackling radio. Descending,
her nimble hands conceal
pork filling in thin folds of dough,
kneaded by her rough palms.
How I admire my grandmother's nails—
broad and plain. Mine are naked almonds,
rimmed with pale crescent moons.
Thick, calloused fingers dip
into a porcelain bowl, brimming
with warm, murky water. My eyes crinkle
in delight as her thumb extends and
runs swiftly along a dusty-white edge.
The kitchen quiets when pleated skins
tumble into a boiling pot.