

For a month I have been unable to find brussels sprouts. I have been to the grocery store (various) a handful of times and have found staples (i.e.) onions, potatoes, canned and bagged beans. What are people grabbing to fill their countertops? Seemingly, sweet potatoes and shallots; all the good-looking oranges, or maybe the season is turning and we are in a middling time for fruits. Although, I just had a decent grapefruit this week that gave me hope.

Every berry is soft-looking, and I miss testing the firmness of a pear by squeezing a few others in the pile. If my gloved hand touches any produce now, I take it with me.

Mia still can't find sweet potatoes and I know she'd like to make some for dinner. Brown rice was missing from Key Foods, but has returned over the past week. She has on a broccoli kick presently and I am curious to see how many ways she can prepare it. So far, it seems like she really enjoys it steamed.

On Orthodox Easter I remembered the farmer's market on Sundays by the public library. I usually work over the weekend, so it hadn't come to mind recently. When I went to see what vendors had come, I saw a Bread Alone tent, a farm with beef cuts, and a goat cheese stall with a beaten-up blue cooler. I bought a semi-hard, funky goat cheese for Mirko and skipped the Bread Alone line. All the people with their dogs and spouses had come out of the long rows of old beautiful houses to get Sunday bread. Perhaps for french toast, but most likely for a chaotic sandwich during the week. Some people wore masks, mostly women.

The man who makes kebabs across the street from my apartment stopped showing up three weeks ago. People are both really listening and not listening to Cuomo. Everyone is afraid until it's 60 degrees, then they are walking, jogging, biking across the borough. They are sitting babies on picnic blankets and falling asleep in the sun on park benches. People are carrying clipboards and taking produce and Coca-Cola off of trucks.

In Pennsylvania, my widowed grandfather is learning to cook again. He tried making salmon because he misses it, but it didn't work out. My mom prepared him some for dinner one weekend-- enough to take home leftovers. He has his children and grandchildren out shopping for him now. His list is small:

berries
cereal
milk
canned pork and beans

No one can find any canned pork and beans.

People are learning to make breads and preserves. The kettle is turned on and promptly forgotten. It feels like homesteading because it is.