When I eat passion fruit,
I remember the warm summer breeze, flushing my cheeks,
and the sounds of insects buzzing in the clear nights.

When I eat passion fruit,
I remember the smell of spices and herbs, chilli, dill
and I remember the sound of water splashing, and the silent lizards clambering up the rough walls of our villa.

When I eat passion fruit,
I remember the taste of fruit from the busy market,
and the empty fields that I dreamed of roll around in
and smell of sweet grass on the island of Majorca.

Sarah

Whenever I'm eating lobster
I see the men picking out clams
as if they were selecting their next pebble to skip.
I smell the warmth of the country radiating off the people of the area.
The sweat beating down their face.
I hear the crunching and cracking of shells.
The prison of white succulent fish it traps within itself,
that takes me back to bushes that chirped when I walked by,
The tailless gecko that sat there glaring as if we were its TV show to watch.

Lobster
Cracking the shell
Opening to the flesh
Breaking apart for me to eat
The warmth

Archie
Whenever I eat jerk chicken
I remember the terror of my
great auntie as she screamed at the
devilish toad that tried
to drink the lemonade.

Whenever I eat jerk chicken,
I remember the warm, bouncy
bed that I could jump
on and play with the cat
that only liked to scratch.

Whenever I eat jerk chicken,
the spices of the kitchen
fill my nose as the
buzzing flies invade
my privacy.

Whenever I eat jerk chicken,
I remember the tons of banana
bushes in my great aunties
front garden that we ate
until our stomachs could explode.

Whenever I eat jerk chicken it
brings me back to my great aunties
‘too posh to touch’
House and the relaxing smell of
her expensive perfume.

Bad toad
Stealing the food
But the chicken is mine
Its juices are in my mouth now
Poor toad

Anna

When I eat fish
It takes me back
to the time when the sea covered all my face in water
and my auntie, pulling me back to the surface,
teaching me how to swim.

When I think of fish
I imagine them swimming freely into the sea.

Aliesha
Whenever I taste cheese it takes me back to another time.
The yellow wrapping surrounding pale cylinder of Lappish cheese, proud in the centre of the table.
Cold snow compacted in bare hands as I prepare for another attack,
The fresh scent of pine needles strong in my nose,
And
Whenever I taste cheese it takes me back to another pace.
Of booming laughter echoing through the restaurant,
Of my cousin and our colourful ski jackets intertwined,
Heaped on the back of a chair.
The wind, freezing, whipping against my face as I,
Glide clumsily down the slope, a danger to all around.

Whenever I taste cheese it takes me back to a simple memory
Of Loganberry juice, thick and warm on my tongue
Of rainbow trout, spiced with chilli and garlic
Scent running through the kitchen.

Winter
Memories fresh
Lappish cheese open wide
Bringing to life, fire burning
Peaceful

Katy

Will I ever eat shark again?
I think to myself.
I want to remember the memory of
the bruised sky falling down on me
and the sweet smell of the orange peelings,
with sugar delicately sprinkled on top.
The memories of the laughter from other families.
The taste of the air rumbling and grumbling inside my mouth.
The coconut oil sweating out of the shark.
I want to remember the smooth waves crashing
and the late swimmer.
The smell of the salt water.
My hand slips down the silk cloth
and on to the cold cutlery.
As I take another bite
I taste the salad cream,
that hits you like you have just stepped into the Caribbean.

Take me back to the Croatian shark cook and I'm ready to eat.
When I eat olives
When I eat olives
When I eat olives
When I eat olives
When I eat olives
When I eat olives
When I eat olives

I hear the calming accent of French people in the market.
The sound of children’s laughter as they splash around in the pool.
I feel the blazing sun beating down on my back.
The warm embrace of my best friend, welcoming me home.
The faint breeze of the wind as the market envelopes me.
I smell the strong spices stinging my nostrils
The fish as I speed away from the stall.
Churros, bringing me home, to where I first met my best friend.
I see the road, the small TV with the friends theme tune playing.
Faces of my family smiling as we shoot down the rapids in a canoe.
I taste the scorching coffee.

Olives
Blazing sun
Home to my paradise
Faces beaming, smiling, laughing
Heaven

Ella

Whenever I eat apples
Whenever I eat apples
Whenever I eat apples
Whenever I eat apples
Whenever I eat apples
Whenever I eat apples
Whenever I eat apples

I taste the bitter core and the salt of the ocean
I feel the rocky cliff and the hot sun burning my back
I feel the sea breeze messing up my hair on the sidewalk
Scratching my legs
I smell the sea salt of the deep ocean
I can see the high cliffs hiding the burning sun

Apples
Bitter heaven
I feel the rocky cliffs
I eat a sweet piece of happiness
The best

Immy
When I gaze upon the naan bread, in all its simplicity
While the food may have been simple, the meaning with deep complexity
An unimpressive room is all that I can see
But every single inch of the room, built on generosity

When I gaze upon the naan bread, humble in flavour and taste
It transports me to my most sacred holy place.

When I gaze upon the naan bread, in all its simplicity
While the food may have been simple, the meaning with deep complexity
An unimpressive room is all that I can see
But every single inch of the room, built on generosity

When I gaze upon the naan bread, humble in flavour and taste
It transports me to my most sacred holy place.
Not just the Gudwara itself but the state of mind
While a cacophony of cutlery in the background, peace of mind I find

When I gaze upon the naan bread, peaceful constrict is all that alludes
A full stomach, but most importantly a soul filled by the good

Naan bread
Simplicity
Lack of extravagance
What makes earth only black and white
Content

Casper

Pancakes
Melting delight
Summer breeze fills the streets
Taste like a sweet melting heaven
Pancakes

Ben

When I eat the rich cream and the crumbly bread
I remember the churning watermill
That never seemed to still
And the gushing water
Emitting into the river.
The smell of the Devonshire air
Was a relief from the
Dirty city blast
Whenever I eat ice cream
I see restaurants greeting new souls
I hear the beat of a song, light up the road
I taste salt sizzling from their home

Whenever I eat ice cream
I feel the love from my brother’s seep into the ground
I smell flowers dancing to the beat
I see an island calling for a home

Whenever I eat ice cream
I feel soft summer breeze brush my face
I hear motorbikes revving to compete
I taste paprika erupt in my mouth

Whenever I eat ice cream
I start tapping my feet to the beat
Sunrays illuminate the sea
Birds chirp to the voice

Ice cream
Taps to the beat
Delight takes me back to
The place where songs create new life
New beats

_Ciara_

Palak paneer transports me
To the table of wood, seats of leather
To the smell of air freshener
And the hiss of the pressure cooker

Palak paneer transports me
The brazen sun beating down on us
To the chatter of people eating happily
Palak paneer transports me

We eat away;
We’ve nothing to say

We gather around,
Our happiness found
Palak paneer transports us

_Paneer
Palak paneer
I love Palak paneer
I really love Palak paneer
Paneer

_Rhys_
When I pomegranate,
I remember the salty water in the sea, slapping my six year old face,
The hot concrete burning my feet as I raced after my brother down the mountain,
The buzz of the Olympics on the TV consuming my parents' minds.

When I eat pomegranate,
I remember the taste of olives, the saltiness overwhelming me, yet tasting like pure bliss,
The thorns of the plants stabbing my feet as I reached up to the tree for the bright jewel that was before me,
The engrossing smell of sweet flowers travels through me, transporting me back,
The bleating goats clambering up the steep mountain.

When I eat pomegranate,
The sweet, sharp taste of fresh orange juice fills my mouth,
It reminds me of my brother, sweet, yet sharp,
The warm, sun heated water of the pool made me comfortable, yet not tired,
The breeze through the tall trees calms me.

When I drink masala tea,
My mind travels back to the chatter of tea time as we sat on the verandah,
Clucking of chickens mingling with the relentless honking of cars.

When I drink masala tea,
I remember the initial scalding of the creamy liquid on my tongue and
The scorching tone of my grandmother, scolding my grandfather
A twinkle in his distant eyes.

When I drink masala tea,
I recall the plethora of biscuits, rusks, bananas and mangoes
Spread over the glass top of the table,
The sugary taste contrasting with the spiciness like my sweet aunt and my harsh uncle.

When I drink masala tea,
I know where I’d rather be.

Sweetness
Pomegranate
The taste overwhels me
The sweetness consumes my senses
Pure bliss

Maddy

Drink chai
Masala chai
Drink hot masala chai
With Parle-G and hide ‘n’ seek
Empty cups

Aisha
When I'm eating roast chicken, it takes me back to another time. 
A time when I taste the soft, vivid juices, and feel loved by family and all. 
I feel laughter cascade up my body, as my sister makes a joke. 
The smell of people engulfed me as we all sit down to eat. 
With the sun shining through the windows, it reflects into the familiar dining room and onto 
my favourite picture. 
The sound of knives surround me as my dad makes the sound we dread the most – 
The knife squeaking across the plate and the chair dragging across the tiles.

When I'm eating roast chicken, it takes me back again. 
To a time of laughter and happiness, where all the family remain.

*Natasha*

Fresh figs always remind me of 
The hot breeze that night, 
The smell of sweetcorn in the air, 
The muffled chatter of family members catching up, 
The sweet berry taste resting in my mouth 
As I sat on the squeaky swing that night.

*Rana*

As I open and taste the colourful jewels 
I am transported back to that warm sunny day 
The cold hard floor underneath skin as I taste bitter sweet drink. 
The smell of chlorine fills by nose, 
The sound of laughter drowning out that annoying magician.

As I suck the lolly I am transported back to the calm, tranquil night 
All that is heard is the chirping crickets. 
My nanna’s arm wraps around me like a warm blanket 
Mallorca starts to feel like home.

As I finish my last lolly I am taken back to the very last day 
The taste of greasy burgers hit my tongue 
I'm sad to go.

*Lollies*
*The sunny day*
*Sweet taste of happiness*
*The greasy burger on my tongue*
*Like home*

*Fanta*
*Bitter sweetness*
*The heat attacking me*
*Maids clattering about non-stop*
*Happy*
When I am in the garden I see my dad cooking food at the BBQ.
The smoke rising up into the banana tree bringing smiles to the family’s faces.
The bananas make it feel like home with the sweet smell of cinnamon burning from the candles in the kitchen,
And the crickets chirping in the grass.
I can see the light flickering in the porch
As the bananas grow day and night.
I can look out my window and it takes me back to those beautiful summer days.

Beside the harbour, the restaurant is welcoming like a new day.
In front of my very eyes was the pasta in a fantasy.
It lured me in with the touch of a sweet dessert
Tingling my sweet tooth and taste buds.

Beside the harbour, a rev of a motorbike
Took us by complete surprise, zooming over our heads.
Literally.
Then more, could it be the Grand Prix?

Beside the harbour, all at once came the aroma of garlic,
Vibrant, brilliant, red tomato and the waves slamming into concrete.
A view, unforgettable of multi-million yachts.

Harbour
Vibrant aroma
Garlic in tomato
Reaches my nose, filled with delight
Heaven