Grandma’s Scones

BY ROBERT D. SAN SOUCI

I came to California when I turned seventeen.
Before, I’d never left my town of Skibbereen.
But across the miles, my grandma said, “all on my own,
Ireland would return in every taste of every scone.”

I’d visit and she’d butter scones and pour us tea,
And tell of growing up an orphan in a village by the sea.
Emerald hills and golden shores by lakes of bluest milk.
Were treasures for that scullery girl eating bread-and-milk.

Best was Sunday evening, when the old folks told their stories
Of heroes and high kings and all of Ireland’s glories.
They spoke, as well, of children lost to fairy wounds.
And warned: Beware of banshees, for death is in their sounds.

enraptured: with delight
regales: entertains

scone: small, biscuit-like pastry
scullery girl: young maid
banshees: wailing spirits that foreshadow death

“We ate our scones enraptured,” my grandma would recall.
“One bite brings back those days as if I hadn’t left at all.”
And though I’d never been there, like magic, scones and tea
Carried me to bright-dark Ireland and that village by the sea.

Crusty outside, inside light and sweet as sugared air,
Each was tastier for the countless currants hidden there.
All those years later, when I have a scone with tea,
I’m back where Grandma regales a younger, spellbound me.”