



'My house is not a home, and my bed is a grave'

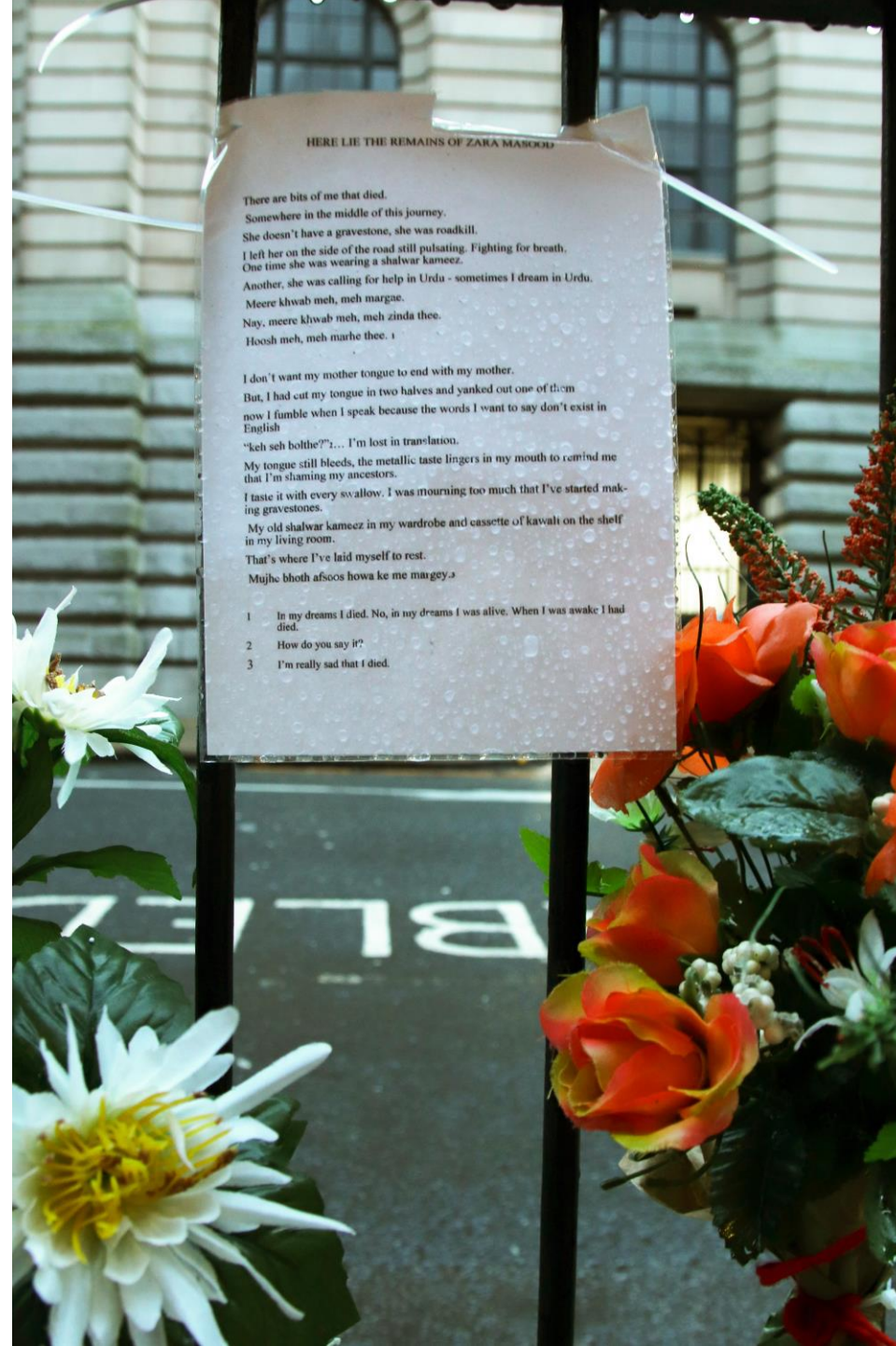
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4-Sys5yjqAQ>





'HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF  
ZARA MASOOD/ mujhe  
bhoth afsos howa ke me  
margey'

[https://www.youtube.com/  
watch?v=Eq44ZVB1m2U](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Eq44ZVB1m2U)



'Little Brown Girl'

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v= AoEF4-YNXk](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AoEF4-YNXk)





'Mapping the lines back home'.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=efQpB4ebbIE>



'Recipe of me'

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=C1kfvA674R0>





There's something that feels so ancient about this. The flame from the gas cooker, the hot oil in a pan that belonged to my grandmother and my hand reaching for the spice cupboard instinctively making decisions for me like I've been pre-wired. The smell when they touch the oil fills my nose and a thousand memories come to the surface. Half of them are not mine half of them are home. It's a language. One that I don't remember learning. The hāl di, mirch, zeera and salt are the grammar. They hold together my story of hunger, mothers, tears and home.

#### SHEPHERD'S PIE

##### INGREDIENTS:

6 potatoes	2 carrots
1 onion	500g lamb mince
1 tsp salt	1 tsp mixed herbs
4 stalks of celery	
1 tsp chilli powder	
1 beef stock cube	
1/2 tsp ground coriander	
Butter & milk/ cream for the mash	

##### METHOD:

- 1) Peel the vegetables. Chop up potatoes & boil in salted water til soft.
- 2) Dice carrots, onions, & celery and fry until soft & start to brown.
- 3) Add mince, spices, herbs & stock cube, cook until the meat is done.
- 4) Drain potatoes, add butter & milk/ cream as you mash til it reaches a smooth consistency.
- 5) Put the mince in a dish & then the mash on top, score with fork & bake at Gas Mark 4 until golden brown.

I take a stainless-steel pan from the cupboard.  
Ignite the flame on the gas cooker.  
Heat it up.  
Pour in some rapeseed oil and then some ghee.  
Caramelize sliced onions, toast 1tsp cumin, 1tsp turmeric, 2tsp chilli powder and 1tsp salt.  
I spit in it.  
Prick my right forefinger and let the blood drip,  
Drip,  
Drip.  
Until it forms a small puddle.  
It sizzles; it changes colour.  
I sprinkle in some dirt from my garden. Good old, soggy, wet British soil. It soaks up the blood and spices. Leaves no trace. But when I put it on my tongue I still taste them.  
I will always taste them.

Type written text on handmade paper coloured with turmeric. From a series of 13 writings.