

Rainbow Rice

When Arzana came to school today
She wore silky robes
That smelled of spices
And excitement.

She spoke of candle flames
And fireworks
That still sparkled in her eyes,
And she brought us bowls
Of rainbow-coloured rice
Tasting of sugar
And sweet surprises.

I shall forget the dates
Of kings and queens
And far-off battles.
I shall forget the names
Of tiny islands
In shimmering seas.
A thousand facts will slip from my mind
Like scuttling mice,

But years from now,
When I am no longer young
The tingle of Arzana's rainbow rice
Will always be
On the tip of my tongue.

Clare Bevan