



# SWALLOWTAIL FARM

All the Food that's Fit to Eat

Week of January 13th, 2010

## THIS WEEKS BASKET

Salad Mix  
 Boc Choi  
 Herb Medley  
 Kale Medley  
 Green Garlic  
 Ruby Red Grapefruit  
 Ponkan Tangerine  
 Lemon

## RECIPES:

### Grapefruit Salsa

2 grapefruits  
 2 tangerines  
 Cilantro  
 Chives  
 2 radishes  
 4tbs lemon juice  
 salt  
 pepper  
 cumin

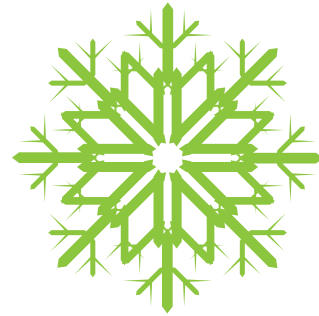
Peel & dice 2 grapefruits and 2 tangerines. Chop fresh cilantro and chives, add to fruit. Grate 2 radish into bowl. Add 3tbs lemon juice. Season with salt and cumin powder to taste. Feel free to throw in some green garlic , onion, avocado, or anything else you have hangin around. Serve over glades ridge goat cheese or on top of salad greens.

### Green Garlic Eggs on Toast

1 stalk green garlic for every 3 eggs (shepard hill eggs work splendidly)  
 butter  
 milk or cream  
 dense wheat bread or tortilla  
 Fresh herbs to taste, cilantro, dill etc.

Chop green garlic like you would a scallion. Feel free to use all the green part as well as the white part. Beat eggs and add 2 tablespoons milk or cream to eggs. Slice bread thinly and leave near toaster.

Saute green garlic in desired amount of butter over medium flame for a minute or two. Add beaten egg mixture to pan and reduce flame to its lowest possible setting. Stir constantly. As the eggs heat up they will start to steam a little and maybe stick to the bottom of the pan. Add some salt and pepper. Take the pan off direct heat to slow the process down. . The longer it takes, the better it'll taste. It should take at least 10 minutes to cook 3-5 eggs this way. Throw the bread in the toaster. As the eggs finally congeal, spoon onto toast, and cut to desired size.



All through the long winter, I dream of my garden. On the first day of spring, I dig my fingers deep into the soft earth. I can feel its energy, and my spirits soar. –Helen Marren



# Stitched Together

The sun is creeping over the eastern hills, dappling the barren cypress grove, following the morning star. Return us to warmth, bring us light and redeem this merciless chill. The birds are cheerful pigment on a bleak canvas of pallid greys and antiqued browns. The creeks are slim in their icy banks, the pastures asleep under a hoary blanket. I have been sleeping longer into the cold mornings. Starlight, lend your fire.

I watched *Into the Wild* last night. I should have gone to bed early, with the sun. I think we forget our ties to nature's rhythm, fooled a bit by the glare of electric light, teased into a forgetfulness of the wisdom of sleeping longer in winter, and allying ourselves with the solar metronome. In my forgetfulness last night, I watched this film, and it recalled the loneliness of our existence as beings who are in, but not of, nature. "Happiness is only real if shared." How often I've felt the pang of this strange truth, standing atop a craggy peak, or in the moss-embraced fairylands of rainforest nooks. It is a feeling that follows ecstasy, and as such, I think perhaps that the twist of it is that we require both solitude and companionship, else we cannot grasp the beauty of either. They are two sides of the same breath; and inhalation and exhalation...

When we indulge ourselves over lunch, sipping coffee and peering over the edges of our mugs into the wispy future of Swallowtail Farm, we are inevitably transported into imaginings of a living farm, with perhaps a school, and workshops in fermentation, and beekeeping, and barn-raising, and the whole thing becomes a meditation upon the ways of community-building. And when we are through with the details of plantings windbreaks of peach trees and acacia, and chicken tractors, and cracker cattle and sawmilling of the pines on the hillside and the cypress on the creekbanks to craft

beautiful outbuildings and honeying our tea with this land's flowers' nectar, we find ourselves sitting at a table and quilting. For it seems that is what we are in our best and wisest capacity – quilters. We have remnants nowadays, of old-timer wisdom, of myriad cultural histories, of fading traditions, of emerging brilliance, of astounding creativity in a sea of confused blunderings. We, the children of the lost, we of the new world, are tasked with the challenge of stitching these pieces together. We have to take the broken pieces, trim them, shine them, sand them, polish them, and make the edges clean. We have to practice skilled parquetry, and fashion continuity out of disjointedness, fill the awkward gaps of lost knowledge with ingenuity and cooperation, discover the rhythm and reward of constancy and patient patchwork.

We are putting ourselves back together in this work, which can be as simple as gathering a brunch for fellow farmers, or as grueling and challenging as creating a cooperative-owned grocery. It can be putting trees back on the land, electing great local leaders, creating coffee shops and bakeries, creating good solid employment out of meaningful work, putting our love into our work and families. These are the bits and pieces. When these things happen in isolation, they are beautiful things, but remain fragments. When we are able as a community to stitch them together, finding their synchronicities, their common edges, we become quiltmakers. And as the quilt unfolds and we discover our wisdom and talents as a community, the light can shine once more, and warmth returns.

With a stitch of fellowship,

**Noah Shitama**  
Swallowtail Farmer