



SWALLOWTAIL FARM

All the Food that's Fit to Eat

Week of March 17th, 2010

THIS WEEKS BASKET

Salad mix

Broccoli

Carrots

Pearl turnips

Collards

Boc choy

Sprouts

Cilantro

Rosemary

Sprouts

RECIPES:

Sesame Choi

- 1 Tbsp sesame oil
- 2 green garlic cloves, finely chopped
- 1-2 heads baby pak choy, washed and leaves sliced in half
- 1 generous pinch of salt

Heat wok or skillet over a high heat and add the oil. Add the garlic and pak choy and stir-fry for 2-3 minutes until softened and wilted. Season with salt and serve immediately. serve over rice or soba noodles. Add finely shredded kale or collards with the choy to add more greens to the dish.

Cilantro lime Rice

- 1 Tbsp. olive oil
- 1 cup basmati rice
- 1 1/2 cups chicken or vegetable broth
- 2 to 3 cloves garlic, green or clove, minced
- 2 Tbsp. fresh lime juice
- zest from one lime or lemon
- 1/2 cup cilantro, chopped
- 1 tsp. salt

Add the oil to a sauce pan and heat on low. Add the garlic and rice to the oil and saute for 2 minutes on medium heat stirring frequently.

Add the broth, salt, lime juice and bring to a boil. Cover and cook on low for 15 minutes.

When the rice is done, add lime zest and chopped cilantro and stir to mix in. Serve immediately.



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- member forum coming soon

“Every spring is the only spring
- a perpetual astonishment.”

—Ellis Peters



TEMPTED TO BELIEVE that we have crossed a threshold into the warm and loving arms of springtime, I am pinching myself, and experiencing flashbacks of the night I was out in the field and pulling on frozen frost cloth with unfeeling fingers at midnight, ripping the edges in a vain attempt to unfurl its iced folds. Recalling that moment, one that was saturated with utter terror and desolation in the unknowing of my inexperience, only firms my resolve to trust the reality of the changing of seasons. I cut my hair as a declaration of this faith. Today, we were joined by some culinary arts students from Job Corps, and together we worked to strip the fields of its cloth; an even bolder declaration. Even now, as I write, I am knocking on the wooden table that I am working at, and checking the today forecast, just to be sure I am not being foolish or cavalier in my rookie spirit...

There is a certain force that courses through the earth at springtime, and it fascinates me that this happens just at the point, give or take a week, when the day becomes longer than the night. The time changes with the season. The season changes with the equinox. I suppose it makes perfect sense symbolically and materially that when the light overcomes the darkness, spring should break free from the cold grip of winter. Somehow though, it still seems another magical facet of life that this is so. It was shared with me recently that the moon and the sun appear to us as exactly the same size. This seems unremarkable until you consider that their actual diameters as celestial orbs are completely incomparable. And yet we see two discs, and they occupy the very essence of our beings as evenly-balanced symbols of duality, as the day, the night.

This force of spring, the coursing, indomitable movement of all things vegetal, of migration and re-emer-

gence, of good green growth, this is the miracle that I have been sensing most of late. It arrives as an authentic resurrection, a recreation of life from the impulse of death and dying. And once it begins, it is a mad rush to grow.

We have planted nearly every type of seed in our arsenal this past week. Everything grows in the springtime, from snow peas to hot peppers. Nothing is left



thirsting for the energy of springtime, it moves all. Soon, we hope our baskets bear the mark of this movement, and overflow with the fruits of its passage through our fields. We will be picking beans within a month, though their tips have just unfurled today and yesterday. The cucumbers will be grabbing hold of anything their tendrils encounter, the Seminole pumpkin of course requiring its own playground, for the simple fact that it won't play well with others. Wild abandon prevails when the sun, wind and rain conspire in such a way as springtime. We as gardeners become preoccupied with maintaining some navigable order to this conspiracy with our pruning and trellising and harvesting and mulching. It's a delicate balance between encouraging a riot and suppressing it. We allow certain elements to erupt and blossom and create an outburst, and others (the weeds want to grow now too) we stifle and deny. In the process, a garden is brought to fruition, and we are fed.

With thanks for being with us through winter, and blessings for our friends at Comet Farm for their Spring wedding,

Noah Shitama
Swallowtail Farmer

