How to Make a Lamb Stew

Khayelihle Benghu

Start with a lamb that never learned
how sharp the world can be.
Cube its tenderness carefully
not to wound it,
only to understand it better.

In a heavy pot, place your sorrow.
Brown it until it stops pretending
to be something else.
Add onions for honesty,
carrots for what you hoped would grow,
and potatoes for the weight
you've carried quietly.

Pour in broth
the kind made from memories
that took hours to soften.
Season with thyme,
because time is what heals,
and thyme is what reminds you
healing has a flavour.

Let it simmer.
Let it whisper.
Let it tell you all the things
you were not ready to hear
when you were rushing through your days
as if your heart weren't heavy.

Stir only when you must.
Some truths rise on their own.
Some settle at the bottom
no matter how much you try to lift them.

When the stew is tender,
taste it, not for salt,
but for the ache that has finally eased.
Serve hot,
to the people who stayed
even when you were boiling over.

And when you take your first spoonful,
remember:
this recipe is not about lamb.
It is about the way you learned
to feed yourself again.

Salutation to the Ordinary Feast

Inside the quiet kitchen hum,
where steam curls like a whispered hymn,
food becomes a small salvation
a soft reminder of being human.

A tomato, split open,
bleeds its sun-red memory into the bowl.
Garlic crushes beneath the blade,

releasing the ghost of every meal
my grandaunt ever made.

Rice clicks like tiny bones of the earth,
swelling with patient heat.
Bread rises with the confidence
of something that knows
it is loved.

And when the plate arrives
colour, warmth, fragrance
it is more than hunger relinquished
It is comfort learning my name,
it is joy sitting beside me,
it is the world saying,
Here, take this and live.



Khayelihle Benghu is an emerging author, poet, essayist, and dedicated nurse based in Johannesburg, South Africa. Her work blends everyday rhythms with lyrical reflection, often weaving prose and poetry into hybrid forms that explore memory, resilience, and communal love. Khaye's writing spans poetry, fiction, translation, and activist essays, with a focus on disability advocacy, social justice, and the transformative power of language.