

Identity Text Assignment: Kringla

My family came from Norway, I'm the 5th generation today.

I'm not sure how we got here, but this you'll have to hear.

I don't have the story, just cultural culinary glory.

Kringla is a Norwegian food, it puts me in a good mood.

It's a sweet bread or pastry, very much so tasty.

Kringla is pretzel shaped, sort of like an 8.

It brings us together, no matter the weather.

Family functions are frequent, we all love to eat it.

On Xmas and Thanksgiving, we're kringla binging.

Even to birthdays, kringla makes its way.

We collaborate and compete, who bakes the best treat?

My aunt gave me the introduction, hers is the best in production.

She still calls our family there, so old they have gray hair.

They live in Oslo, one day I will go.

They're proud of the tradition, they wish to see newer editions.

I believe in perfecting the recipe, it will bring out the best in me.

I find it very admirable, that culture can be edible.

Kringla is who the Nelson's are, not done but we've come so far.

Kringla is who I am, but it's larger than one family or one man.

It's a social connection we share, an identity I bear.



