



starter

# 40 CLOVE GARLIC SOUP

*Menin.* The Greek word for wrath is the first in *The Iliad*, setting the tone for Homer’s epic ancient poem which asks the goddess to “sing the anger of Achilles.” And “menin” seems a fitting descriptor for garlic, with its fierce flavor and permeating aroma. Hippocrates prized it as a digestive aid, and in ancient Greece athletes and soldiers used it to enhance courage and performance. Our soup, with garlic roasted until redolent then strewn with bitter greens, has a power all its own.

Serves: 4 to 6

- 4 garlic heads, divided
- 2 Tbsp extra virgin olive oil
- 2 sprigs rosemary
- pinch crushed red pepper flakes
- 1 quart chicken broth
- 4 cups torn escarole
- 1 ½ tsp lemon juice
- toasted bread, to serve

Preheat oven to 400°F.

Trim the tops off 3 heads of garlic to expose the cloves. Stand the heads on a sheet of aluminum foil and drizzle with 1 Tbsp oil and ¼ tsp salt. Gather foil and seal into a pouch. Roast until cloves are tender and golden, about 1 hour. Cool slightly, then squeeze garlic from skins and mash.

Peel and thinly slice remaining garlic. Heat remaining Tbsp oil in saucepan over medium heat and sauté garlic slices, rosemary and red pepper flakes, stirring occasionally, until garlic has softened but not browned, 5 to 7 minutes. Add stock, mashed garlic, and 1 cup water. Bring to simmer and cook 20 minutes. Discard rosemary. Stir in greens and cook until tender, 2 minutes. Season to taste with salt and add lemon juice just before serving.

## POT SHOT

There are certain things one should not do while bent out of shape—compose an email, drive a car, Facebook post. And, as I discover from time to time, when I’m catapulting anger onto my cutting boards, cook. Historically, I am known for working off frustration with kitchen tools in hand. The hope is that my time kneading dough, pressing garlic, or mortaring spices will bring about a catharsis. It doesn’t always, though, and that is when I am left with bad soup. Bad soup is food made recklessly and without love. It begins innocently with blameless ingredients and ends with only me to blame. Funny how that works. To feel productive, or to have more time with my mood, I usually need to feel like the meal took more than a few steps to get there. This means consuming soup now becomes a thing of the past and, instead, I am stuck fluttering around the kitchen and taking more steps. I shake salt. I grate cheese. I squeeze limes. Out of cumin? I’ll use chili. Once, in an emotional spin, I dumped last night’s dinner leftovers straight into my soup as if it were a verified recipe ingredient. The next morning, I told my husband to take some soup with him for lunch because god knew I wasn’t going to eat it. “How was the soup?” I asked him later that day. “Well,” he said, “at first it tasted like absolute vomit, but then I ate all of it.” Bad soup. Good man. SYLVIE MORGAN BROWN