A Feast for Santa Barbara: Poets Celebrating Food and Drink. 2026.

By George Yatchisin, Editor

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Santa Barbara Meyer Lemons

Meyer lemons blush in the California sun, their skins thin and almost translucent, as if holding light captive. They dangle from backyard branches, sprawling groves, where the Pacific breeze meets the scent of citrus. I hold one in my hand and marvel at its softness, how it yields to gentle pressure promising less tart juice than most. Meyer lemonade sold me my last house, served by the homeowner in her backyard orchard. The Meyer lemon continues to be my muse, as in restaurants, the zest perfumes cakes and brightens vinaigrettes while it turns water into sunlight. The taste lingers on, way beyond each sip. You will never forget it.

bursting with lemons
the color of the new sun
early morning detox