

The Recipe for *Gemütlichkeit*

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Germany moves in quiet rhythms,
bread shelves rising like small mountain ranges, a testament to *Brotkultur*,
train announcements drifting through the air like promises the wind may keep
or forget.

The quiet horror of a red traffic light,
where no one crosses, even if no car is near.

Recycling bins line up like a chorus expecting you to know your part,
and paperwork unfolds endlessly, a paper maze with one satisfying stamp of *Ordnung*.

Sundays fall like a held breath,
streets hushed, shutters closed, the whole country wrapped in pause.

Forests older than stories,
vineyards stretched like gold at dusk,
air that feels green.

For every wind-swept Northern coast and silent port,
a southern mountain calls to its own folk,
holding history in its castles and its tongue.

Warm spices simmer on tiny stoves,
and meals appear out of limitation and a bit of charm.
A sudden window flung wide open for the health,
but please, beware the fatal, creeping *Zugluft*.

Winter markets glow, after-work beers clink mark the *Feierabend*,
and belonging unfolds slowly in a land of *Regeln*, rituals,
and unexpected softness.

And somewhere in between,
you learn German, a language like mapping a forest,
where every path is logical though the journey is long,
but somehow it stands.

Typically German?
A mosaic of small moments
precise, peculiar, quietly magical
that stay with you long after you've looked away.