

BREAD

They asked me why I still make bread
“When you can buy it at the store,
for next to nothing.”

Cheap and easy

I didn't know what to say

I've always made it
never wondered why

I only put the finest things inside
the freshest eggs
honey
pure water
flour from the field
but that isn't the reason

The smell of it
fills my house on bread day
my children gather
stop their play
and sit in the kitchen to wait
but that isn't the reason

It must have something to do
with the smell of the dry lifeless flour
the smell of the yeast
turning the lump into a living thing
growing
under my hands
like a child when you love her

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