



BREAD

Charles Gregory

In the kitchen's fungus smell of yeast
his Grandmother shaped the flesh
of flour and water into loaf

Imagining the dead

on the face of the living, she speaks fondly
without reverence, tells him he was born
with his father's mouth

that man was always catching flies she says,
as the boy slips his tongue
on his parted lips in recognition
you have your mother's eyes, she says
always sleeping, always half mast
and his Grandmother clasps
her hands clean, vanishes
in a puff of white dust

Only he remains

to watch the lump rising under the tea towel
as slowly as the hour-hand
on the kitchen clock

And that night the second rising
comes in his dream, overflows the pan, grows
to the size of a whale he does not fight
being swallowed by