Daily Bread

Day begins the way bread rises,
Slow and expectant.
Round as a loaf, the sun
lifts over the mountain.
Wind kneads the grass. It’s a morning
for fairy-tale adventuring,
for practicing mating songs
as merrily as this rosy finch
who doesn’t notice me.

I butter the crust
of a warmly fragrant loaf
and wander out. Every bite
savors of yeast and sun.
Under my feet
a small stir of roots wonders
to life. I scatter crumbs for whoever
discovers them: lost children,
a third son enchanted
into a magpie, or the little
fluting finch.

With only this heel of bread, I enter
morning as empty-handed
as Gretel or
Snow White. Wasn’t the moral always
to walk vulnerable
but trusting? The finch startles
briefly, but he finds
another twig to perch on.

Day rises like promises
certain to be kept.

Published in *The From Behind The Mirror*, 1998