

All these breads

By Eugene Warren (used with permission)

all these breads—
matzo, rye,
tortillas, soft indian disks,
unbleached wheat—
broken, torn, snapped, crumbs
floating down from soft loaves
or popping up from the sheets
of perforated matzo—
these many grains
grown in red soils, black loam,
grey or yellow clay,
roots of wheat and oats
and barley and rye
probing dirt & rain,
the slender, parallel-veined leaves
arching in sun or lying
straightened in a strong wing
—crusht, ground, rolled, sifted
at last becoming
all these breads—
one diverse loaf passing
from hand to hand,
dying into each mouth,
sprouting a new
& shining grain