

Baking Bread

by Jane Flett

We are waiting for the bread to rise the way
a bushwalker may wait
for the moon.
But our skies are black.

The yeast yowls a toast, raises a
glass and a serenade. Beneath the dishcloth
there is revelry:

whoopee!

and the champagne foam cascades
like cherry blossom ensnared in the
first gales of spring.

The bubbles snicker. The hands grope beneath
the Jacuzzi foam, the roof is rising.
We have not exchanged a word.

The skin of the dough quivers
like your sullen lip and I ball a fist and wallop,
knock the wind out, wallop again,

with a *WHAP* and a *BAM* and a *DOOF*.

I pound, eyes down, until my forehead beads
sweat, my knuckles bruise, until the dough
is limp and cowed. I don't stop until your hands
are on my wrists.

I look up, and there is flour on your nose.
You kiss me dustily.

