

# Daily Bread

*by* John Riley

When I was a lovely boy  
trapped for months in prison  
paying back the state  
for selling a bag of dope  
criminally under-weight  
I woke before dawn  
to go to the mess hall  
and make the breakfast bread.  
Operating the mixer  
churning flour and water  
and the stinking yeast  
into biscuit dough  
I'd watch the blade lope  
and wonder if I'd like  
to become another thing  
made from new ingredients  
so that none of what I was  
would talk to me again.  
But I was a bright kid  
although overly restrained  
and knew total eradication  
is impossible, that time  
will never rise,  
that the problem with youth  
is that the world is round.

