

# Bread Sweaters

*by* Shawn Misener

Grandma made us bread sweaters for Christmas  
Grandpa built us a giant toaster

There were five of us  
now there are three

We sat around the ocean table  
and ate eyes on ham

We spoke in a weird tribal rhythm  
while pounding our forks on the table

Uncle John dug out his antique wooden saxophone  
and played the Jitterbug Waltz

Aunt Mona built a French horn  
from toothpicks and the hair of Magritte the dog

Mom and Dad vanished just before midnight  
Sister asked the sofa cushions if it was not magic

Baby walked in dragging her placenta blanket  
and honed in on the ham  
"This?" she asked. "*Thiiiiiiiiiiiiis!*"  
but none of us knew the answer to her question

