

When the Baker's Bread Breaks

By Davey Ozahowski

The before-dawn baker's fingers sprinkle flour
But the ever-invisible, focused fingers of the sky,
They, they sprinkle this: delightful drizzles and downpours, swirling squalls, bounding
Blizzards, steady bands of weightless snow and pinging sleet. It falls, it falls on
Northern sea crests, rust reflected raw mouthed canyons, yawning stiff-necked glaciers,
Forests of old and forests of new; and the elements charge
Upon bashful springs and
Sleepy rivers that stretch and bend and soothe their way into stay-at-home lobster bays;
And upon thirsty, deprived deserts, tide torn
Lighthouses, freckled lichen, lions' manes, dragonfly's eyes,
On the long, pointed hands of a church steeple's clock, on
Love letters and suspension bridges. On
Messages and sailboats in bottles, child's gung-ho cheeks,
Apollo's temple
In ruins, a pharaoh's
Distant bloodline, and through a welcoming,
Once upon a time rainbow.

Rise yeast, rise west, rise north, rise south
And come out of the daybreak oven,
Bread, gooey and chewy, seeds and nuts, bread,
The bread to break.

Outside, beyond windows, sun ravishing shrines and ledges, pouring over frosted fields
As mid-morning loons, chickadees, ravens, eagles, doves, robins, warblers, jays
Sound and sing as the great heron's wings
Clap and flap over marshy swamps where
Bullfrogs and peepers and choirs and schools of fish let my
Judgements, insecurities, envies,
Heart breaker, broken hearted, tightrope stretched
Emotions, boiled
Blooded burdens, back shelved
Suppressions, gravitate and fall to the underlayers of the swamp
Beneath the clay.

Read and rest in the afternoon winter hour, good baker, to slow the
Earth's orbit—put it on pace with the sea turtle
After she lays her eggs in the soft, silky, sunset sand. Then, on

Twilight's digestion of alpenglow, might we be reminded to set extra plates and say extra
Prayers and light extra
Candles for the laughter, the real and imagined kisses, the good
Deeds, the chores, the right-timed flashing, laughing smiles; the eyes sincere glow that welcome
Eternal drifts and musings.
And I, I ran through the woods, skied
Through the pasture, and up I went toward the temple in the sky, soul symmetry, gifts given,
Compassion offered,
Revolutionary righteousness, fortitude family
Friendships, frugal in
Mind and energy and matter, bowed head
Humility, gracious on the toes gratitude, and awed at the day's
Mercy that shines on the tops of peaks I've climbed, and ran, and skied,
And so,
And so a bit of my spirit is set in the stones of
Vermont and New Hampshire Mountains
Colorado–Wyoming–Utah–Montana Mountains,
California Mountains, Oregon Mountains, Washington
Mountains, Alaskan Mountains,
Canadian Mountains,
Swiss and French and
Austrian and Italian Alps, English Hills and Blue
Hills, all to where the air is as sweet and as beautiful
As the barn mouse who sleeps and winks and sniffs its nestling nose in the hay loft as beams of
Light sneak and strike

Through the valleys between the siding of the barn.

Beneath the stars, to the beauty of bread and its bakers and breakers.

To mothers and fathers...masons and
Gardeners...directors and apple pickers and
Ball players ...volunteers and nurses...Shamans and
Soothsayers...heavy equipment operators and
Optometrists...fire fighters and factory workers and forest rangers...
Teachers and preachers and beekeepers...
Lawyers and librarians...captains and pilots and principals...
Printmakers and publishers...
Presidents and Prime Ministers and Artists and Scientists and all who
Toil and all who sweat and all who think and all who do to
Make beauty and give beauty and do beauty and
Long for beauty and love,
Love endless, infinite, tender, unconditional, compassionate, innocent, remarkable, new

Beginning love, old, dusty love, and
Truth and
Myth and philosophy and economy and bliss and hungry and poor and
Short and tall and wide and narrow, and eyes of all colors and hearts of all sizes,
Gather beneath the stirring stars and courageous cosmos constellations and galaxies of home
To praise and sing to Angels,
To Abraham, Mary, Jesus, Buddha, Muhammad, Hindu
Gods and Goddesses, Egyptian Gods and Goddesses, African
Gods and Goddesses, Native American Gods and Goddesses,
Incan Gods and Goddesses, Mayan
Gods and Goddesses, Greek Gods and Goddesses, Roman Gods and Goddess,
Norse Gods and Goddesses, unmentioned Gods and Goddesses,
Forgotten Gods and Goddesses and the
Gods and Goddesses who are waiting, whose hearts are ready
To beat through our hearts like thunder and into all that breathes and swims and flies and is ever
And forever in harmony and care from the
Benevolent, Beautiful, Great, Grand, Triumphant, Almighty Spirit
That shines the silvery new moon and sends it splashing and spinning
Around the sun in this, this

Eternal cycle we call Life.

Let the baker sleep
So the sprinkle can begin anew.