

Bread

SEAN THOMAS DOUGHERTY

I transmutate from the dead leaves
of late autumn
into a loaf of bread,

cheap white bread
I bought at the corner bodega.
Eating slices

of my sorrow,
I become the bread
itself.

And the saints
whose ecstasies
declaimed their skins

as cages?
Closing their lids
like sleeping doves,

SEAN THOMAS DOUGHERTY

seeking to become

disembodied joy?

I cling to this bread,

its poor taste

on my tongue,

loud as labor,

sticky as diacodium

I let a piece *fall gentle*

as the dew which falleth

on Israel, for my body,

this meager bread

baked by a thousand

hard human hands.