

The Baker's Secret

KATHY ANDERSON

The town baker wakes at dawn,
stands in his silent shop,
with floured hands slaps
rounded balls of dough,
smiles wordlessly all day
at people who come for
doughnuts, fruited cookies,
iced raisin bread and buns.

You might think
if you saw his smooth face
and widened eyes,
that he had forgotten all about
the wife he left behind
to die. But you would be wrong.

Beneath his hands, she rises each morning
in a flash of white flour and bubbling yeast.
Beneath his ribs, her tiny fists beat time.