

THE BREAKFAST

Mythology in a bowl. The morning arrives and seeks the birth of sound and cherubim denounce these chairs, these florid fruit, and the voice that vines around the news.

It feeds on someone's yesterday. Perpetuates and deludes. Say, on a hill two barefoot boys trade diction and throw rocks at a target. In a city, say again, a clerk looms about his cloth and holds it against window light. Between hours time sanctifies a horticulture of events.

This family of dishes makes simple in the round the popularity of being where milk, cream, and buttered notions accumulate about a table. On a cupboard shelf, spice and other inventions befriend the hand, and nearer than spoons to the soul the community of passing the dreams. Say again, this day is planned to collect experience to port and rearrange. Between events time sprouts hours for remembering.

Come mysteriously seated, but not in sinister mystery, the act of time, so natural to acceptance that it gives what is asked and takes in forgetting. Say again, the food is good and means to make us new and partakes of us. This helping of being shares time and makes an island under morning light. The city is divided to keep us sane, and the land is traversed by a nation's plans, yet time bounties this time with its host. Let us kiss one another sweetly gently on the forehead.

Henry Birnbaum