

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