

The Baker of Life

Carla D. Gray, 5/5/2019

No bread is self-made.
Who is the baker?

An artisan.
Designer of life.
Promoter of good.
It's irresistible to pass a shop and not take a big whiff.
Freshly baked bread draws you close.

You enter —

The triune effect of yeast.
Strengthen the dough.
Help it rise.
Produce flavor.

You nod towards your neighbor,
or maybe raise an eyebrow.
You watch the baker from a distance.

His hands:
sift,
stir,
knead,
shape.

In the oven it goes.

A steam bath surrounds the dough,
infusing it with goodness.

Pulled from the oven, you notice the change.
It's golden. Perfectly formed.
Your eyes, enticed; your tongue, licking lips.

You break —

You take,
you eat.
A crusty exterior, soft interior.

Eyes closed —
you want another bite.
To lose your sense of self.
You smile.
You see.

He had you in mind the whole time.