## How to Bake French Bread

Gather the ingredients, frantically, in the same way you gather yourself rolling out of bed. Flour and water; the foundation. Yeast, sugar, and salt. The soldiers. Oil and cornmeal to keep it from sticking. Commence the chemistry.

Combine the yeast and sugar in warm water. Watch the leavener's 25 billion cells feed off the sugar and surely it will bubble. Recall yourself in fourth grade learning about carbon dioxide. Measure out the flour, salt, oil, and the rest of the water. Combine with the yeast mixture. When you spill flour on your dress think of the time you baked cookies with your mom Dust the counter evenly with more flour unlike the times your friend placed powder uniformly on a bathroom counter. Knead the dough for 5 minutes, not in the way your friends needed you. Notice the setting sunlight drizzling through your balcony window. Observe as it breaks into pieces on the floor creating rainbows, but continue kneading. Fall into an affair. Pushing. Pulling. Folding. G ance at the gifted gardenias from someone who calls you darling. Form the dough into a loaf and let it rise. Sprinkle with cornmeal. Be gentle. Bake. The smell of french bread will desperately surge your apartment floor. Cut into it and listen closely to how something full sounds hollow. Put it to your lips and feel the warmth seep into your mouth. Devour.

Homeless, No Less

You are in an hourglass aren't you? I see you scattered on the sidewalk. Life took its toll and buried you in cruel sand. Your hand tried to emerge, but more sand submerged you. You are in an hourglass aren't you? You have two socks on, but only one shoe. I am lucky enough to walk with a shoe on each foot and scatter myself in a home. You are in an hourglass aren't you? Thirsty, but you hold a plastic bottle of vodka. A quarter full. You are in an hourglass aren't you? I am too But the sand in mine is different and life has flipped you over too soon.

When you take a psychology class you will learn that the body has been imposed on the mind and perhaps this imposition is the reasoning why we lack the adoration for mental beauty. When you learn that emotional intelligence is superior to your IQ you will have an aha moment. The irrational guilt you felt from failing your fourth-grade math test will dissipate and you'll tell yourself stories of how you may not be book smart, but how you're a dangerously emotional intellect. You will read your pretentious books written by pretentious people and realize you might be pretentious too. You will have conversations about the existential crises you routinely have and how you love that existentialism is a constant hunt. You will impose your drunkenly pretentious ideas on someone at some bar who probably doesn't give a shit. When you read Freud's theory on psychosexual development, you will disagree with his insane proposal of the anal and oral stages. But you will admit how everything in life is either pain or pleasure and you might never understand how to balance the two. When you try to take your humble subconscious mind and impose it on your pretentious conscious mind possibly you'll develop something beautiful that finally isn't cliché. So perchance your pretentious imposition will fall to sleep and pain and pleasure will learn to coexist. Broken Sprinkler, 2003

A spect acul ar situation emerged

as water pistoled through the air and kids ran like pistols towards it.

"Don't slip!" As Tod's feet shifted beneath his body and fell to his bum He picked up his feet and ran faster as popsicles were left as artifacts on scorching asphalt.

Grass glistened and water stuck to it like jelly while bare feet and light up sneakers skipped through it. The sun was obligated to 92 degrees and clouds obeyed and ceased.

Playful hollers rang in the bustle of a fleeting celebration, but memory fled the air when the aqueous flash fizzled out.

Laughter became softer as summer delighted in the bliss it brings. Then soggy toes deserted left over Drenched in Dismal Dew

Listen to the booms of tottering trees The trees walk this forest with anamesis Wretched branches clench memories of the souls who once hung from them And time will stumble on remaining perpetually preserved

Time has given and taken Souls dragged their feet willingly Notes were left as apologies Carved into trees "Mama, l'm sorry."

Morning mist hovers over dew-drenched grass It will dissipate in mourning hour These trees are the protectors but also the takers Witnessing the finale of time It will not be forgotten

Nooses hang long from these branches Souls gather to them in hopes of escaping The obliteration of misery will also massacre all that blooms They ripped all their flowers And left lonesome seedlings Feet dangling above their abundant possibilities

Suicide led them to the omega These branches hung more bodies dishearteningly Can you hear the whipping of the nooses? Time grew people it did not intend keeping then left their bodies in remembrance of suffering

Unmaking

l too know the smell

of sweet plum wine and fresh

> bread baking the sound of

clatter in a sunlit kitchen

and songs of a grieving pianist

the first sip of rocks and whiskey

> the delight in bed unmaking

> > the gleamin dopamine eyes

> > > l too know how

to find comfort on the other side