

BAKERY

at the bakery it lacks
the sacramental touch — they lift
nocturnal dough by the armfuls,
leavened twice and guzzle a grizzly red
between batches
of rolls and screw-tit twists.
the most reverend baker orders a sift —
unstacking, unsacking flour, upending
over mesh and vat.
the apprentices raise the devil and
the rat-cats in their litany,
lifting bags
by the holy expletives.

the establishment prides itself in
likeable lumps
of imitation wholemeal,
tarts,
metaphysical hot-cross buns.
its reputation is hung upon
virginal cream-puffs.