

Sonnet for Baking Bread

I dump the whole wheat flour into the pale
and breathless yeast, wet and waking to
itself, slight whispers of yeast, now, exhaled
between the kneading of my hands. I loop
the dough. It tenses and fights back. It is
an ear — turned and turned into an ear —
listening deep into its own new fist
of energy, where the long austere
sleep of the wheat is broken. It and I
are separate, contending fists, listening
to the space between us, our borders surprised
by the pulse of our opposite work, risen
at last, creator and created, done,
whole, hushed, on the brink of unison.

FLEDA BROWN JACKSON