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