When I Said I Wanted to Be a Baker - I Lied

Amy Mooney*

*Iowa State University

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When I Said I Wanted to Be a Baker
-I Lied.

No one thinks
of the strung up
strung out baker
who makes your
hearts stay loved
stay broken stay
in the spirit
the hearts this
day they keep
reproducing
overcoming
multiplying
heart to heart
hand to hand
soul to soul
they roll they
cut they drop
they slam they
move they break
they tear they
bake they burn
then we begin
again oh god
the strung up
strung out baker
with chocolate
cake in my hair
cookie dough
under my nails
pink icing on
my Nikes my
hands dyed red
from all those
lover's roses
decorating
all those hearts
and broken cookies
making a pile
larger than the
hearts that will
be broken on
Valentine's Day.

-Amy Mooney