The Other Bread

Clyde Zimmerman*
in the boss' office and reads the paper. He sure looks out of place with his dirty pants in the swivel chair and a flat-top cap on his head.

He looks funnier yet when he's at the wheel of his Model T. He didn't drive it last winter. He had a heart attack and the doc said he'd be paralyzed and in bed for the rest of his life. Hell—that tough little Swede had his nose in everyone's business in two months. He'll probably die in an elevator shaft.

The Other Bread

Clyde Zimmerman

On other afternoons I had gone by,
Content to look and pass and think
That glass and stone and wood were beautiful.

It was just an afternoon like others,
Except somehow the April sky... the trees... the birds
Filled me and yet were not enough.

Before I thought I had gone up the steps.
Then the door was gently open,
And I was alone in radiant silence.

I knelt down. And a prayer,
Which had no particular beginning,
Came into my throat and was over.

And when I stood up before the golden windows
A light not quite of the sun was there,
And something of me sped upward through stainless space—
And then was back again.

I went down the steps into the spring sunlight,
And it flowed into me:
I lifted my face and was filled.

December, 1939