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Ode on Zografos Bread

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Ode on Zografos Bread /
Kenneth O. Hanson

For a year now
my bread has been made
fresh daily
by Zografos
Co.
Kalamaki
what wonder I
almost forget my original
birthplace
loaves pumped up by air
and preserved by chemicals
gummy
to keep them forever
like the pure
ideas of Plato
as if what’s empty
ages
into something full
if it keeps forever

Zografos
you’ve got the right idea
hot from the oven
warm in a paper bag
a crust you can pinch
through the wrapper
so crusty it
pinches back
touch taste smell
keep
never
in a matter of hours
it turns into marble
so hard
you could build
a Parthenon out of it
this is what
monuments
are

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Anything you can say about monuments is true since in monuments perspective doesn't matter and where you stand is unimportant on the other hand much you can say about life is demonstrably false since perspective counts which is what makes talking of monuments safer and why people sometimes prefer to talk about life as if it were solid and monumental not given to moving around like oil on water the color depending on chance and the view for the most part monuments have no color are heavy in the air and grim like the notion of collective guilt which is also gray and by those who fancy it must be distinguished from guilt by association which as we all know even
now
can be rather colorful

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Sometimes
what ought to have
been an experience
turns into a monument
something
to break your teeth on
not something
to live with since
living is daily
and rarely forever
I think
of the friend of
a German composer who
said meaning praise
he was someone
for whom day to day
existence had
no reality
he
lived all in the spirit
keep us

Zografos
from spiritual monsters
pumped up by air
and give us
our daily wonder
which
if taken in season
delights and sustains
and if not
turns
stone
pure
stone
almost by chance
and changes
never