Ode on Zografos Bread

Kenneth O. Hanson
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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  
ever  
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