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VERNON FOWLKES, JR.

## *Eating Bad Bread*

This bad bread is more than bitter wheat.  
It is disease baked into crust, wired  
among the cords of bread, seething  
like tails under hard stone.  
And in Topeka, they say wheat  
fields are on fire.

This is a bread for throwing  
in high winds...

For the final light is  
on the tongue, the last reason  
for tossing the gnarled bones into the field.  
Nothing rises  
from the creek down the trail--  
trout have silenced the wild fin,  
the eye screaming for moon.