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Bodies and Bread

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Bodies and Bread

By Autumn Stiles

the fans wobbled drunkenly
as July's rays rioted and ricocheted,
clashed and clanged off of the
silverware assimilated for Americans.

we faced each other, searching
for familiar words like menu items,
finding none and wondering
if we would eat this anticipated
meal in scorching silence
punctuated only by sips of water.

summer's separation had made us
parched for each other's company.
but we hardly quenched our thirst,
choosing instead to fill the
void of silence with food.

we ate with our hands as
you devoured pinchfuls of patna
and fumbled gracefully with
the crispy cloud of gold-greased bread
the man placed before you.

you handled the bread like
you handled my body months ago;
eager, yet earnest, delicately tearing
through airy pockets of dough,
and I realized we would never
talk with such effortless grace.

for bodies and bread
speak a simpler language,
of hunger and of need.
ignorant to the powerful
stinging and soothing
of words and their meanings,
and the unimaginable strength
it takes to say "I love you."