

It's funny.  
Last election night  
I was baking  
Pig in a blankets,  
With dough made carefully,  
Each hot dog lovingly folded  
Within the handmade dough  
My stomach only roiling  
With hunger  
And hope  
As I cast my vote  
For the first time.

This year, I bake  
In a flurried dance of desperation,  
Swirling about the kitchen  
Making pound cake  
From a pouch –  
Too exhausted  
To craft it all from scratch.  
My stomach quavering  
With the toxicity  
That's been pouring in my system  
For half a decade.

Tell me –  
Will there ever come a time  
When I'm as care free as that night,  
Weaving in a blessing  
Into every bite?  
My food drips with my  
Uncertainty.  
Melancholy dripped into the folds  
Of half kneaded dough  
Deemed good enough.  
I don't have the spoons  
To go on  
Kneading  
And working  
On this thing. Just  
Throw it in the oven already  
And bake it until  
It's slightly overdone.

When will my baking  
Return  
To fulfill me  
Fill me with joy  
In feeling the pull  
Of my ancestors who  
Wove stories into their bread and tea cakes?

Will tonight  
Bring that joy  
Back to my hands  
So I can create magic  
Again?  
Or will they suffer under the strain  
Of a manic  
Folding in on the self  
That's been my story  
The last four years?

- Waiting