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