

The Bringers of Bread

In the prenatal, rooster-summoned morning,
my brother and I awaken and slip
through our mosquito nets as darkness
fades slowly into blue-and-bluer.

We walk into the dreamy air
not before grabbing the few *pesos* and *centavos*
waiting for us on top of our mother's bureau.

The gray road and the *click-clack* of our slippers:
we know at the end of both is the bakery.
Until then, we pounce on stray cats and birds.

We play leapfrog, leaping over each other's
bent body: bodies that evolved from the same
womb churning into one rolling animal.

At the bakery, we bask in the clean scent
of newly-baked *pan de sal*, providers that we are.
We press the brown bags to our hunter's
breasts and let the warmth seep beneath our ribs.