Kneading

She kneads the kernels, grains, powder of the filled containers, and makes the bread that fuses my sons and the world of the house, and the dust is a resin of her face, and she is kneading again.

With a scar shaped like an anchor, an inch-long break at the wrist where she hammered the window jamb, and the soft belly of my own furred animals, these sons quiver in the shadows of her dress, faced into the crevices of her tenderness, and the kneading.

The two absent boys who linger in the bread of the kneading hands, in the eyes and ears of the mother, kneading, go, back and forth, with their real brothers, hitching themselves to these germs; and their father chews the meat that passes into their mouths, these juices from kneading, these gums torn with the teeth of death, the death of those like them, living, and eating this kneaded bread, their mother's and their father's kneading, this meat.