

Raisin Sweet-Tooth

by Liz Chadwick Pywell

The breadcrumb trail was inspired, it's true,
but they didn't consider the birds I
summoned and called to my bedside window,
my nod to their desperate hunger. Cries
of salvation and emptiness filled the skies.
Meanwhile I brushed the hearth, unlatched the door
and settled down to wait, the heat up high,
the oven blazing, humming as it roared for
two sour faces, four grubby hands. Appeared,
they lounged as though they owned the place, their cheek
almost as delicious in metaphor
as it would be on a plate. I could feel
the juice in the back of my throat as my
pretty birds nodded, their beaks full of wine.

