

# cake

Kim Goldberg

lost in an alley we sought our gods  
stowed our bundt pans in gravel burrows  
sweet keepsakes from an earlier epoch  
tossed in an alley we caught our gods  
shifting numbers to hide the curvature of thought  
when the bubble exploded the moths turned gold  
but we lost the alley defrauded by gods  
who stowed our bundt pans in gravel burrows