

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