

## The Bakery in Oldenburg

She arrives at 6:30 am,  
Customers are waiting:  
not even time  
to make the coffee,  
*zwei Pfund dunkles Schwarzbrot . . .*  
*ein Schokoladencroissant . . .*  
knows four languages,  
*zwei Mohn,*  
*vier normale Brötchen . . .*  
plays the flute,  
started when she was six,  
*eine Platte Butterkuchen . . .*  
remembers her year in the USA,  
*vier Weltmeister,*  
*zwei normale und zwei Roggen . . .*  
studies philosophy  
at the university,  
*drei belegte Brötchen*  
*mit Wurst und Käse . . .*  
and physics,  
tutors English and French,  
*und eine Bild . . .*  
*sechs Berliner . . .*  
thinks about Iraq,  
Berlin last Saturday—  
*zwei Käsebrötchen . . .*  
*ein Mehrkornbrot . . .*  
half a million demonstrators  
(can the war be stopped?)—  
*Danke. . . Bitte. . .*  
and images of dead children  
While they see a shopgirl  
crying to herself.  
smiling at them.

Steve Bloom  
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