

## **Adobe Bread**

I butter my adobe bread.  
The yellow lard drips down its walls  
As the sun might bathe my house,  
The color of ripe maize.

In winter, there is no sun.  
I lie still and feel the snow  
Crush tight my roof,  
Press close my heart.

Far away people go to stores.  
There they buy bursting bags of food.  
Instead we feed on visions  
Of crusty adobe bread.

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