

Bread is borderless

Berlin, June 2023

It all started with a bit of bread, a random handful it must be said, enough for just one mouth,

The bread delivery person travelled far, to the north from the south,

I had never tasted bread like this before, it was old and new and everything in between,

I wasn't expecting to be fed bread that day, or to see the things I'd seen.

I guess it always starts like this, with some bread, or something of the like,

And maybe I was looking for bread that day, ready to take a doughy hike,

But bread me, if it wasn't mean to be, the cut was perfect, the crust too good,

If I'd known how much bread I'd want, perhaps I would have prepared better, as I should and
as I could.

But nah, I was launched into this crusty situation, the right amount of crunch,

It's a shame I'm terrible at following bread crumbs, in hindsight there was much more to
munch,

But I guess like with bread, sometimes you just gotta let it rise,

And maybe letting it rise means telling yourself a couple of lies, until you realize, that those
sweet lies, might cause this sweetest of breads to die.

Fucking bread man,

I haven't even gotten to the part yet where you butter it all up,

But I'd walk for miles and miles to get some more of that bread,

Even if it meant emptying my cup,

Let's break bread, is that what it actually means?

Is bread the ultimate chase, bursting at the seams?

Who knows, bread don't take no prisoners, bread lives alone,
But now I wonder how to get more bread from you, without bread I moan,
I know I'm not supposed to ask for bread, you made this very clear,
But now that I have tasted the sweetest bread, it's not so simple I do fear.

Alas, for now, I shall dream of your bread,
I will whisper into the wind, but leave it all unsaid,
And one day, perhaps you find yourself making a fresh batch,
I'd welcome your bread with open arms, your bread I will catch.

Chat GPT Version:

PROMPT: Write me a poem about how a girl I like gave me bread the first time we met, and how I now long for her bread but the bread is an analogy for her, make it funny but romantic.

In a world of flour and yeast divine,
A tale of love, with bread as a sign.
It started when fate, in a twist of delight,
Brought a girl with bread, and my heart took flight.

Our meeting was strange, a curious dance,
She handed me bread, a risky advance.
With a loaf in her hand, she captured my gaze,
I pondered its meaning, entranced in a daze.

The bread she bestowed, so warm and so sweet,

A crusty creation, a tender retreat.

But little did I know, it held a secret so rare,

For the bread was a symbol, a love I would bear.

Oh, that loaf of bread, like her heart did it seem,

Both crusty and soft, a delicious dream.

As I savored each bite, I longed for her more,

Her laughter, her presence, the girl I adore.

Each crumb I devoured, a memory to keep,

Her smile, her touch, making my heart leap.

With each loaf she baked, my affection grew,

Her bread and her love, a recipe so true.

But alas, my dear friends, it was not meant to last,

For distance and time, a cruel contrast.

I yearn for her bread, her warmth, and her care,

But our paths now diverge, a love left to share.

So here I stand, with a toast in my hand,

A slice of humor, in this poetic land.

Though her bread I may miss, like a lovesick bard,

I'll cherish the memories, both funny and marred.

For love's like a loaf, with slices of jest,
A blend of romance and laughter, put to the test.
And as life moves on, new adventures unfurl,
I'll forever remember, the girl and her bread, my love's sweetest swirl.