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Bread

Russell Edson

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BREAD

I like good looking bread. Bread that's willing. The kind of bread that's found in dreams of hunger.

And so it was that I met such a bread. I had knocked on a door (I sometimes do that to keep my knuckles in shape), and a women of huge doughy proportions (she had that unbaked, unknaded look) appeared holding a rather goodlooking loaf of bread.

I took a bite and the loaf began to cry...