

# At least in heaven there's food.

*after Ghouta*

She was building bread when  
the building was bombed,  
a fighter jet or gasoline tank,  
kneaded to a flat cake.

Her dough would never take  
shape, bake to a crust, be  
cut and shared and filled,  
wrapped around spiced meat

and veg. Covered in dust  
that might have been flour,  
her dough was lost in debris,  
her world burnt before the timer,

before the plate was even hot,  
so her tears score the loaf  
of her face, the bleeding  
wound of a hungry mother.

—Jared Pearce

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