One Word

A man is kissing a loaf of fresh bread
as he waltzes alone throughout the night,
sailing about the guest room's narrow bed;
he sings one word to the yellow lamplight.
In five languages he carols, "Thanks,"
wishing he could be more transatlantic:
Grazie and Merci, Tapadh and Danke,
all sung as if each word were romantic.
In the safe house of a welcoming friend,
this hard man croons gratitude to the night.
His prison sentence has crawled to an end
this fresh bread is freedom he can bite.
What once he ignored he wishes to bless:
this long loaf of new life, yeasty with "Yes!"