

Meditation on Baked Goods

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The hottest March 10 in Los Feliz history, and you're focused on a baker's apron. It's cool in here, the coins in your pocket are cooling, and biscuits sound good to go with your iced tea, but you don't move, despite the scut and scat of shoes outside and, at the next table, a gum-chomping, knee-bobbing branch manager of some sort who, on another day, might make you burn around the ears.

No, you feel too cool, too good. Seconds ago you were neck-sweaty, blinded by the sidewalk, annoyed each time you passed a news rack, caught the news and, somehow, applied it to your life. But now, focused on the dusted patch of sleet that falls from the baker's knees to the floor, you're thinking, in this bustling moment, of biscuits.