

of Cat's funeral the schoolbus arrived  
driven by a woman called Mrs. Ek,  
freckled and thin, wearing a white  
bandana and overalls, with one  
eye blue and the other gray. Everything  
is strange; nothing is strange:

yarn, the moon, hair coiled in a bun,  
New Hampshire, putting on socks.

### THE VALLEY OF MORNING

Jack Baker  
rises when  
the steeple  
clock strikes three  
to shape dough  
into pans  
and wed pale  
rising bread  
to the fire,  
trays shoved in  
clay ovens  
over wood  
coals. After  
the summer  
sun touches  
the church's  
steeple, he  
pulls from his  
bakestove two  
hundred loaves,  
crusted brown  
with damp fire  
inside. Now  
the valley

of morning  
wakes breathing  
bread's air, fresh  
loaves for the  
day's mouth, for  
meadow, lane,  
and row-house,  
for the reigns  
of fifty  
Kings and Queens.