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In the Bakery Shop / The Rose

Francis Maud Sadler

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In the
Bakery
Shop

—By Francis Maud Sadler

I went into a bakery shop, to watch them roll the dough.
I didn't realize that they could put on such a show.
There were two bakers in the shop, all in white from head to toe.
They donned their caps and aprons, and how they rolled that dough.
First, they set the sponge right—they mixed the bread just so.
Then they molded it into loaves, oh, how they rolled the dough.
Then into the proof box, the pans went row by row.
And while they waited for it there, they kept on rolling dough.
Cinnamon rolls and butter rolls, pies, cakes, and doughnuts too.
They really kept me guessing as to what they were going to do.
Then into the oven it all went, these pans just row by row.
And while it baked to a golden brown, they kept on rolling dough.
Out they came when they were done, and on the rack just so.
Tender and light and browned just right, they were through rolling dough.

(Editor's Note: Rolling dough may be its own kind of romance.)

(FRANCIS MAUD SADLER, now deceased, settled with her family early in life in the Cowboy Flats area near Guthrie. Her first WESTVIEW publication ["Life"] appeared in the Summer, 1990 issue. Her works were submitted by Carl K. Sadler, her son.) *

Design: Duane Andrews

The Rose

—By Francis Maud Sadler

Amidst the scoff and the scorns,
The thistles and thorns,
Have you looked for the beautiful rose?
You'll meet with both.
But if you are loathe
To see if such flowers grow,
You'll miss quite a bit.
If you haven't seen it
As it blossoms and blooms in the spring,
It is there in its bushes.
The robins and thrushes
Come to warble and sing.
It is so in this life
With its struggle and strife.
There are thorns with the roses we know.
If we look for the bright flowers,
A bright life will be ours.
Let's forget that thorns and briars ever grow. *



Illustration: Olivia Ortiz