

Toast!

Toast, toast, toast!
Oh - how I love you the most!
Buttered up and glowing yellow,
Like you've captured the sun
And put it upon a slice of bread
Made my heartbeat start to run.

I feel alive and at home when I'm with you
When I bring your face -
So golden! So perfect! -
To my lips!

Whatever God is,
It is in this twice-cooked bread.
And whatever Love is made of,
On thy toast, it is spread.