On the Pleasure of Plain White Bread

Ingrid Wendt
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Such self-righteousness in denial, avoiding what isn't original, how long have we not had white bread?

Plain, with only butter or margarine. Cold. Not crisply controlled into toast or heated with garlic salt, soaked through golden as stained glass: French or Italian or Sourdough, calories justified when they are foreign or even from San Francisco. Plain white bread no meal—for my father or mother-in-law—would be complete without. Bread unpretentious as aprons, something to wipe the food down, who needs sunflower soy? Today what am I doing, returning for seconds of Pueblo Indian bread, round as the outdoor adobe ovens these loaves were baked in long before tourists like me descended from conquerors thought to give it a try. Simple white bread I need no special serrated knife to cut, solid as endurance. Taste so dense I am lost to my tongue, the truth it would tell if only it had a moment to speak.

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