I bought some bagels today,
Handed to me over the counter in a brown, paper bag.
As I left the bakery,
It was a test of self control to not open it.
For one knows, if the smell of freshly baked goods tickets your nose,
The walk home is agony.
Brimming with anticipation for a sesame- no, cinnamon… or maybe poppy seed with a smear of Lox?
Don’t hold the bag to close,
I know it’s tempting, for the bag is warm, and your hands are cold.
But the bag is greasy,
Staining the bottom of the bag a soggy brown.
Once the coats are off,
and the scarves dropped on the floor, set the brown paper bag on the kitchen table.
Let the smell of warm bagels fill the room.
Never take for granted,
A dozen warm bagels, in a brown paper bag.