



**Toast Ethics**

Spread the joy of toast  
and learn to smile with crumbs.  
Toast and the world toasts with you -  
burn and you burn alone.  
Crunch and consider  
that toast wasn't made in a day.  
but in a minute 45 seconds on high.  
Pass along the word -  
be the toast you want to be...  
And listen to your inner toast.

*Please recycle to a friend!*

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Photos by Jan—Toast on loan from  
'Buttery Studios'

**Origami Poetry Project™**

**TANGENTIAL TOAST**  
**JAN KEOUGH**  
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Soon to be a major motion picture.

**Toast and the Diner**

It's tough being diner toast.  
Sure, you have your own plate,  
tiny tubs of boxed jams and sugary fruit  
factory-packed long ago.  
Toast is morose,  
a runner-up to an order  
savored since sun-up  
while you endure formative seconds  
hovering in a lukewarm pop-up.  
Tossed onto a just-rinsed plate,  
painted with margarine  
and wiped off cook's counter  
with a gruff, "Order Up!" -  
you fly to the table on an elongated arm.  
Eggs, home fries, bacon,  
and then you, trustworthy toast,  
breakfast runner-up in a precise cross-cut,  
ruefully waiting for the jam, a bite,  
and the check.



**Toast, the Sequel**

Before the seas swirled  
before the mountains shopped  
before clouds combed their coifs  
there was toast  
or the idea of toast  
or the idea of something to  
harbor butter and jam  
and give slices of bread  
something to do.  
Toast wanders the menu  
in search of mouths to please...  
a whole-wheat hunger to appease  
a night long's fasting to un-tease.  
Toast inspires the early riser to achieve.

Toast tidbits  
from a breakfast far, far away...

*Remember:*  
One wrong move  
and you're toast.

**Traveling Toast**

Toast never mentions  
her travel plans,  
never sends a card.  
Her online pics  
reveal a taste  
for one-meal stands  
on fancy plates:  
She scrapes by on the whim  
of a morning stranger,  
an open counter,  
and a half-filled coffee mug.  
That golden glow of hers  
reflects either  
balmy zones  
or tanning salons set on high.  
But butter  
never did melt  
in her mouth.

**Toast Truths**

Toast is always in a jam  
falling face down,  
arguing with the jelly.

She grows cold  
while you wait,  
salivate and  
berate  
the waiter  
for tepid temps  
and marmalade  
from an orchid  
lost & away in Seville.