

The Friendly Cinnamon Bun



Shining in his stickiness and glistening with honey,
Safe among his sisters and his brothers on a tray,
With raisin eyes that looked at me as I put down my money,
There smiled a friendly cinnamon bun, and this I heard him say:

'It's a lovely, lovely morning, and the world's a lovely place;
I know it's going to be a lovely day.
I know we're going to be good friends' I like your honest face'
Together we might go a long, long way.'

The baker's girl rang up the sale, 'I'll wrap your bun,' said she.
'Oh no, you needn't bother,' I replied.
I smiled back at that cinnamon bun and ate him, one two three,
And walked out with his friendliness inside.

Russell Hoban

