

## Eggs

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1.

At breakfast I think *hey it's getting away from me*, and it might be the wrong way to think about it, but I know my three-egg omelet doesn't need to be chased. He wouldn't have chosen his life away from home. The tender artichoke in him, not even disturbed by a yolk.

2.

(In a phone conversation, I manage to tell my own mother that if she left me to compost, I could forgive her.)

3.

I poke and wonder how it is to be gentle with you. And God, you are so sensitive, like a woman. As a new lover, you should be impressed at my capacity to excuse such things. But you nod your head when I nod at my eggs. You say *yes, I think about your eggs* even before we have eaten.

4.

I close the door to the house I grew up in. The swing set is still in the yard, a rusted pipe now, less than a garden. A girl in the yard covers the rust. She pulls herself back with the bones in her ankles. I brought you here to see what you bring to the table. What is it that makes the ground open up to the sky?