



Eggs

John is dying, but we don't call it that.
We call it one day at a time.
Other words we have removed
From our vocabulary:
Remission.
Stage 4.
Hope(fully).
Sunday morning, I play Russian Roulette
With my egg yolk,
Slicing back the whites one sliver,
Another,
Another,
Circling closer to the yellow center.
The anticipation grows dull,
So when the liquid cascades
It only seeps across the plate.
When my mother made me eggs,
I thought I didn't like the taste.
But the mess was the case.
I made a barricade of toast & fork,
Tilt the small bread & butter plate.
The lava spreading,
Thick and sickening,
Sticky and hardening.
Dish on the table,
A permanent display.
No yolks, please,
And she'd say Okay.
A small luxury afforded,
A small swatch of time
Avoiding the inevitable center,
The rupture
The mess we all make
When the fork cuts too close
To the center of the egg.

MALLORY GRAHAM
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