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Eggs

Samatha Leigh Futhey

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Samantha Leigh Futhey

Eggs

And who would want a basket
 dripping with yolk, the viscous
mess of whites? What is the basket
 made of? Woven
sweetgrass? Plastic threads
 from Thailand? Is it full
of pastel tissue paper
 or spider webs? And what if
you hold some eggs
 back, hold them in your mouth
and swallow them whole—does
 that mean you cannot love
or that you can save love
 for everyone, including
yourself? What color are those eggs—
 sepia nostalgia, the speckled
ocean in your lover's eyes
 when you say
we need to talk? And if swallowed
 whole, do they sit
like pebbles in your stomach,
 a cairn to point you
in the right direction? Or do they
 dissolve like the ones shed
in a woman's blood? And to merge
 women with eggs—is that too
convenient? Does this trap women
 as vessels to fill? And what
to fill their baskets with besides eggs?
 Fire? And that
fire, who keeps it

burning? And who
will I palm out
my flames to, the burnt shells
I forgot to save
from the house fires
smoldering inside me?