

2005

## Butter and Eggs

Judith Skillman

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.library.uab.edu/pms>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#), and the [English Language and Literature Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Skillman, Judith (2005) "Butter and Eggs," *PoemMemoirStory*. Vol. 05, Article 20.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.library.uab.edu/pms/vol05/iss2005/20>

This content has been accepted for inclusion by an authorized administrator of the UAB Digital Commons, and is provided as a free open access item. All inquiries regarding this item or the UAB Digital Commons should be directed to the [UAB Libraries Office of Scholarly Communication](#).

Judith Skillman

## BUTTER AND EGGS

*after a flower from the snapdragon family*

The shifting lips of snapdragon, too yellow,  
grow like dreams.

How dense and vulgar breakfast is.

I had three children soft as butter,  
their innards yolk-like.

When I woke I was a witch with creased cheeks.

The house was freshly painted—  
no pleats disturbed French lace.

Eggs sputtered in a pan.

The sun had burned grasses beside the freeway,  
and, in patches, certain trees turned copper.

I woke to an empty house—don't say *nest*.

I meant to walk into town but that was common.

The toad in the children's pool deforms itself  
trying to escape. Rózsa holds it to her flat chest.  
She might be the granddaughter of a friend. . .

Lips of snapdragon, dreams sour with age,  
reparations from my spiked tongue.

A bit of mail is delivered by a white truck  
flinging its shadow like an envelope.

It might be the sun, well past middle-age.

If lace trembles and undulates,  
what was meant to be delicious is done.