

Eggs

by Tim G. Young

potatoes under my scrambled eggs
having been scrambled in my pan
fried to perfection
with a dash of orange colby
like new sun aches through tall clear glass
reminds me of some warmth
etched on cave walls
surrounded by fire light
cold stone resisting
human thoughts
but somehow still touched
touch navigated through
freezing standing waters
breezes only imagined
pushing with all their strengths
inside outside aggravated

like ignored souls in the kitchen
still curious of the taste of eggs
finally licking my plate
reacting to the shattering cold
caught in the violence of a flame

