

EGG

Keegan Hawkins

My brother calls me egg
He says an egg I am
He says I have an egg-like head
He says I have eggy hands

He says that I say eggy things
I don't know what that means
But to my brother, it all makes sense
An egg is what I am

My brother calls me eggnog, too
Or simply just a nog
He says that I nog noggy things
The things an eggnog nogs

He says it's just a simple truth
I don't know how or why
But he'll say it plainly, if you ask
"An eggnog through and through"

Listen then, what's meant for me
What glory's to be an egg?
Spinning, split, and sunnysided
Liqueur-lipped in ground nutmeg

You see, ego is an egg adjacent
Its shell a fragile thing
And when I picked the broken pieces
I finally saw the picture clean

Saying, when I write and wonder
Where'er I leap and wander
The stories I pick and plunder
The leaps I take and squander

The leaves that change and tumble
The times that fade and fumble
The words both plain and subtle
Through thoughts that tame and trouble

Just hear him and remember
An egg is what I am