

# The Bird King's Eggs

*by* James Knight

## 1

The Bird King's eggs are  
subatomic particles  
created serendipitously

by  
a  
sneeze

in a quantum physicist's dream.

Occupying a space  
between existence  
and nothingness,

reason  
and madness,

broccoli  
and cauliflower,

they lie dormant  
in the brains of millions,  
their presence sometimes hinted

by a little blackout,  
momentary aphasia,  
a smudged face in a memory.

## 2

Frequently mistaken for full stops  
(periods, if you're American),  
the Bird King's eggs  
are in fact  
commas.

They rhyme with horse,  
daffodil,  
sponsor,  
pustule,  
lurid  
and curtain.

But because they're neither poetry nor prose, those with a mania for  
classification refuse to acknowledge their existence.

### 3

It won't surprise you to learn  
that the Bird King's eggs  
resemble hand grenades  
or suppositories,  
depending on the time of day  
and state of mind  
of the observer.

They smell of parsley, plastic and piss.

If you don't have any,  
you can make some at home.  
All you need are  
a jar of dolls' tears,  
a strip of lightning,

a ghost's moustache  
and twenty pints of sour milk.

#### 4

We've reached that point in the poem  
where a discussion  
of the author's intentions  
is inevitable.

So, what do the Bird King's eggs *represent*?

Lacking the stable symbolism  
of a cross  
or a skull,  
the Bird King's eggs  
flicker  
in  
and out  
of meanings,  
whirring,  
blurring,  
burning.

They are coffins, building blocks, severed heads, cocoons, seeds,  
paper weights, lumps of clay, shells, bombs, Russian dolls.

#### 5

Some have argued that the Bird King's eggs are merely imaginary.

Their naïveté is astonishing.

