

# Tollund Man, one/ breakfast, zero

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## **no day's superlative breakfast**

mechanical feathers on battery hens  
nutritionally anonymous white eggs  
the bacon I had with breakfast carved itself  
stretched out in the pan after nudging the flame  
the toast managed not to burn itself so bad  
(a full quarter-slice at least was carbon-free)  
two oranges managed to squeeze themselves dry  
(with such prowess, inevitable was pulp).  
then there was the coffee: it had once been hot  
but the sugar was not added until late—  
even worse, the cream sat curdled in the cup!

## **question for the Tollund Man**

of reluctant necessity your tanned face  
pulled from the peat you might rather have slept in,  
you'd just fallen asleep after a bad dream  
(or the dream that ended the way that it did):  
severity preceded your peace of sleep,  
the cord still gripping your throat tight saw to that,  
but some several someones' hands guided you  
down into your bed of bog, left to its care  
until inquisitors disturbed your repose.  
how enthralled might you be, or how much appalled,  
plucked from a fresh dream that had just grown serene?

