

# 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

