Bestiary

*after Borges*

Start with eggs. The violence of metal fork against window. 
The omelet must be perfectly collapsing. In the state of. If a wasp
flies inside, take it to bed. There are worse things that could make
you love them. But the eggs. Apply yourself, like mother always
said: fly with your wings on straight. You may feel the drowned
animal that is always coming back to you. It cannot answer your
song every morning. The eggs fancy themselves hatching out
dragons. It’s not so easy to admire the monster. The ancients
believed that any barking dog could unhinge itself toward
evil. Eggshell. Teeth. The blood inside the yolk. You have
grown awfully brave and alone while keening the generations
of minotaurs before you, haven’t you. Have you lost all worship
for the present-day bestiary, the one that forms if you open your eyes
wide enough. Do you feel like you belong in celestial spaces.

You’re searching for your keys while driving. You’re scraping
the leftovers into the trash before you break open a single egg.

Aren’t you always thinking you could have been the mammoth inside
the iceberg that didn’t have a soul to tell her how beautiful her tusks.