

# EGG HORROR POEM

by Laurel Winter

small  
white  
afraid of heights  
whispering  
in the cold, dark carton  
to the rest of the dozen.  
They are ten now.  
Any meal is dangerous,  
but they fear breakfast most.  
They jostle in their compartments  
trying for tiny, dark-veined cracks-  
not enough to hurt much,  
just anything to make them unattractive  
to the big hands that reach in  
from time to random time.  
They tell horror stories  
that their mothers,  
the chickens,  
clucked to them-  
merengues,  
omelettes,  
egg salad sandwiches,  
that destroyer of dozens,  
the homemade angel food cake.  
The door opens.  
Light filters into the carton,  
"Let it be the milk,"  
they pray.  
But the carton opens,  
a hand reaches in-  
once,  
twice.  
Before they can even jiggle,  
they are alone again,  
in the cold,  
in the dark,  
new spaces hollow  
where the two were.  
Through the heavy door  
they hear the sound of the mixer,

deadly blades whirring.

They huddle,  
the eight,  
in the cold,  
in the dark,  
and wait.