

A singularity unzipped one night and there, imposed: an egg. It was bald black, and blackballed by the dark – sat recondite 'til morning in among your bric-a-brac. It struck the room as sun thumbed at the crack between the curtains; it was delicate but geode-heavy, lithopaedic – back and forth beneath its sleek wimple of slate – and silent as the birth cries of the celibate.

Your simple life continued: wheeling out the bins, sating the cat. To what you'd seen, your partner said, "What are you on about?"

"That egg! It booms, it shrinks, like bitumen... it's on the desk upstairs!"

"What can you mean?"

You quietened, and sank to breakfasting. Alone again once all the plates were clean, you went to look at it, your newest thing it seemed to smile, to say it would change everything.

That day at work, you tried to blink it gone.
On coming home, you found it there – unstuck
in place, ruffed in its shrapnel pangs... a none,
a quandary. You tapped your phone to look
it up on Google – some attempt to shuck
it from its shell – and found the thousand-year-old
eggs of China, the Cayuga Duck
(whose eggs fade white with time), the bruisish, bold,
false eggs of Honeycreepers. Nothing fit the mold.

You shelved it in the airing cupboard, hoped that it might hatch; all mollycoddling week you shifted it from slats to linens, moped when nothing changed. You clean forgot to speak to/text your partner. Something with a beak might have more luck, you thought; so in you ranged to nearby woods, cuckooed a nest... A creak and two hours later, it was back, unchanged.

You slept on it that night, like worry. Nothing changed.

Inside your shuttered dreams, it magnetized your selves. It drew up Will and Novelty and had them drub it out; it bowdlerized your mental cavities; it sucked the bee out of your bonnet – called it 'Need' – and key out of your lock, – calling it 'Want' – betrayed them into knots and sunk them in the sea. Then Love laughed like a gun when Hope was flayed, and Health knelt down, noosed in a stethoscope, and prayed.

You wrung your brain of visions when you woke.

Still, flinched into existence, it was there – ovoid and unavoidable, its yolk or chick a rattling eclipse (Astaire dancing the shell in tap shoes), on your chair.

You didn't go to work, ignored the phone;

you let your dreck collect; you didn't care when dishes colonized the sink. Alone, you clocked it: twitching, humming like a dial tone.

The cat came mewling and, once, your partner but you were underwater and waterboarded still the thing had moved, this way and that. You

of loneliness into your throat. The egg

repletely blotto,

weakly at your knees stopped to sharply knock, to their pleas by morning's shock:

and now and then would rock

You took to getting drunk, with the silver block

distending as it sunk

loomed larger, so you shrunk.

You woke to find it snoozing by your head, sussuring dormant into the bouquet of rubied tissues where your nose had bled. You threw it at the wall – it

boinged away.

You tried to stamp on it – to your dismay it squipped a side like soap. You tried to boil the thing – unquiet but unharmed it lay beneath the water, so you caved to spoil your garden, dug a hole with fists into the soil

and there you buried it... but that same day it sprouted, belled like fruit from its own tree, a dicey gourd, elliptical x-ray.

You screamed at it – you wanted to be free, it had you everywhere – it was your knee, your knuckle, elbow, and your filmy eye.

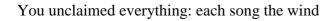
You called Samaritans, who couldn't see it was a metaphor, or tell you why it came to break your windows. You could only cry.

You cut the phone. You tried to shower, but those supple, glassy needles hammered shame, and always rabbitholing in your gut

was that black drop: the emperor of game in his unstable clothes. You had a dream you slept well; then you circled, sang your lack

as a wine glass does, and glassy you became.

You lent your teeth to entropy. Your stack of post grew larger in the hall. Your nerves grew slack.



strummed in your partner's hair, or waking to somebody's skin beneath your nails; the skinned-

wet feeling of the world of pain (of you).

You kicked over your teacups, now you knew,

lopped tops off trees and found the name of heat was written in the trunks; you blew

and bled and chanted, stomped your baby feet.

The stars sprung up like watercress. You couldn't eat.

They found you, gone, cold as a butcher's glove, a small week later. You'd collapsed (it fled you like a splinter); and, viewed from above, you were as nowhere as your sense of dread, as, once, your tingle in the crib. As dead. They took the cat away and called the law. They passed by, with their slow, respectful tread, a shattered mundane eggshell and its gore, forgotten, slowly going off beside the door.