

Separating

Kyle Dargan

there is blood in the morning egg
that makes me turn and weep
—Audre Lorde

Between the work at work
and the work at home, I rush
inside a grocery to buy
the bits for quick breakfasts

that leave me hungry
by the time I return to my office.
It is an organic market,
and as I shop I can hear my mother—

her mouth full of pennies—
mocking each cent I overpay
for staples. But time's expense
burns black holes in pockets,

so no detour to a cheaper store.
So honey priced like wine.
So six eggs for what would
buy twelve. All in the name

of time. It will be days before I
have a moment when I can
pause my pre-commute
to click on the electric kettle, boil

water for steeping rooibos
and poaching eggs. Eventually,
I reach inside the refrigerator,
revisit the words “cage-free”

“pasture-raised” which all read,
in my earlier haste, like gibberish

strings of dollar signs. Cracked
open, what the brown pods

release into the ramekin is a yolk-
yellow so plump and lucent.
I tear up thinking of all the weak
or sallow suns I have dropped

into water, of the stressed
existences that made those eggs.
What of my thin shell or my
own yoke unbroken within me

(both functions of money, time,
deficits)? And I know nothing
about industrial farms. And I
understand so much of blackness

as what I do in spite of my caging.
But I know I cannot buy another
egg not laid by a bird
I believe foraged, walked freely

under the sun—deciding
how to value her motion, her blood.
A bourgeois privilege, I know.
But if not to make that choice,

why else am I grinding myself down for these wages?

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