

Incubating Helen

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The egg is a gem; nearby
roosters are pedophiles.

The pregnant sky, perhaps
with rainbow; but it disappoints
if we think of Helen.

The egg cracks open: gold
flickers, and goes out.

(Even the season, marginalized,
gestalted by her
into the background).

Some wars later, she dies;
birds sing again. Puddles
too sullen even to reflect
once more turn blue; young nymphs
again open their hands
as if in search of antennas.