

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/2

Christie Lambert

Granddaughter Visits the Coop

She calls it 'eggy' and bounces in pink plastic flip-flops.
Her hands grab the egg away from the warmth of an incubator's lamp.
The perfect brown ovoid is already rolling on the slope of
her fingers, on the wave of unbridled adoration.

Farmer, with his scent of fresh-turned soil, stoops to meet her,
undergirds the unblemished palms with his age-spotted hands.
We'll tuck it in for the night, he says.
She kisses the egg, leaves a sheen of glittery gloss.
Farmer's silver-tinged head bent over hers,
she doesn't notice how he guides the return,
doesn't pay any mind to his fingers holding hers
as the egg wobbles and settles steady
in the glow of life-giving light.
Goodnight, my eggy, she whispers.

Days from now, the chick will break out of shell.
Wings will fluff, beak will open for its fill.

It will not know how close it came to falling
from hands that meant to cradle,
from a heart that named it her own.