

# Ovum

*Susan Elizabeth Howe*

The egg insists on its own reality,  
So I go along, easy, not one  
To counter what I don't know.

And then there are egg shapes  
In every day, egg hills, dips,  
And the spherical yolk  
Crossing the sky and the body,  
Common mystery nobody quite knows.

If one egg would linger, identify  
Itself in the cramped web of days,  
Stand up and tell me here and now,  
I'd blossom like morning, wheat fields  
In the rain, open like a vein of rare gold.

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