

Family Dynamics

I needed to learn
how to keep my yolk.
I watched my three sisters
hoping for some tips.

With her Worcestershire
tongue, one of the three
lashed out at another,
who held onto her yolk
by chanting and praying.
A third consumed
too much vodka
and slid, raw,
down the side
of the kitchen table.

Jabbed by accident
through my shell,
I roll across a plate
sprinkled with salt and pepper,
leaving crumbles of yellow.