Americans candle their eggs in dark rooms, find bloody whites and toss pied edibles. The retained are washed in lye, opening pores on the American egg for health reasons. Sometimes lye slips through. 1819:

Sir Stamford Raffles candled land. He lit peninsulas with his tongue, teethed treaties from chiefs impressed this swan had learnt to talk. The people of Singapore grow up to speak his language and living in a chartered nest you’d think the branch grew when the bird landed. But this earth was founded twice, 1320: Indigo Prince felt the rocky hide of buoyant game. When he first saw it, the Prince asked for its native name.

Sea Town, Temasek, an old phrase from 450: Old Javanese. 200s: Classical Chinese, from Old Malay, Pulau Ujong.

The Land at the End. How much royalty has graced us? Sang Nila Utama, did you ask who called us “town” before you marked our borders? Raffles shuffled signatories, spat embryo from his cloaca – canal of paper, wet with ink, for 1819: You can’t really candle countries. That’s a luxury of empire, small nests are just cheap pans. That’s a settlement, cracked egg, meat spots, and we call our proud aerie the Little Red Dot. There is no comfort in being named. When you ask a stranger what a title is, you only learn what language they prefer to speak. Borders aren’t shells, nor are they blooms, and in 2015: the Americans kill blooms every day. Lye, or other chemicals, strip the American egg of shine and shield. They replace lost luster with mineral oil. So names are molting all the time. Who finds the next feather? Where are they from? Is their tongue pied?