

One rosy brown egg

When death came in where love lay  
sprawled on sofa cushions laughing  
shadows slumped in the hall, a fine  
powder of grief dusted floor tiles, wicker  
chairs fell over backward, mustard jars  
rolled sideways in the cupboard and one  
rosy brown egg cracked open like the roof  
beam's flaking paint, in fragile revelation.

*Judith Arcana* ..... first published in *The Oregonian*, 2008