

## BEYTZEH: SEASON OF THE EGG/Marge Piercy

It's the season of the egg,  
older than any named creed:  
that perfect shape that signs  
a pregnant woman, the moon

slightly compressed, as if  
a great serpent held it  
in its opened mouth  
to carry or to eat.

Eggs smell funky  
slipped from under  
the hen's breast, hotter  
than our blood.

Christians paint them;  
we roast them. The only  
time in the whirling year  
I ever eat roasted egg:

a campfire flavor, bit  
burnt, reeking of haste  
like the *matzoh* there was no  
time to let rise.

We like our eggs honest,  
brown. Outside my window  
the chickadees choose partners  
to lay tiny round eggs.

The egg of the world cracks  
raggedly open and the wet  
scraggly chick of northern  
spring emerges gaunt, dripping.

Soon it will preen its green  
feathers, so it will grow  
fat and strong, its wings  
blue and binding.

Tonight we dip the egg in salt  
water like bowls of tears.  
Elijah comes with the fierce  
early spring bringing prophecy

that cracks open the head  
swollen with importance.  
Every day there is more work  
to do and stronger light.

