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An Appropriate Number of Ways of Looking at an Egg

Alyssa Osinski
St. John Fisher College

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Cover Page Footnote

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ALYSSA OSINSKI

AN APPROPRIATE NUMBER OF WAYS OF LOOKING AT AN EGG

AFTER "THIRTEEN WAYS OF LOOKING AT A BLACKBIRD" BY WALLACE STEVENS

- I. Secured next to identical kin,
Watching as other creatures
Inspect,
Decide.
- II. Obscured by leaves, and
Under rocks,
A bright magenta shell,
Provides shelter to a treat.
- III. Crispy pieces
Wait for the
Growling,
Gurgling
Monster
- IV. Pink and purple,
Yellow and green,
Red and blue faces and shapes.
- V. Warm and protected in a safe haven,
An immature, arguably inanimate object
Nestles under a furry creature.
- VI. Ascending from a sweltering pool.
Dripping.
Stripping.
Hard.
- VII. Oily mess
Of sizzling and splattering
Bubbles and brains,
Distinction between happy
colors.
- VIII. Pastel-colored,
Cloud-like chunks
Dropping
Through four-pronged instruments.
- IX. In a carrying case,
Green strips, and
Unhealthy vegetables compliment
The scrumptious treasure.
- X. Bonding with
Edible elements,
Commemorating an annual
event.

- XI. Mischievous perpetrators
Scamper away in a frenzy
While goop runs down
Side-paneling.
- XII. R o l l i n g off the table,
Until **SPLAT**.

PATRICK POWERS

AMSTERDAM

I sit on yellow chairs,
in a yellow room.
I take in the smoke slowly,
and watch my exhales circle the air.

My mind is pulling me back,
relaxing my body.
My soul is sitting next to me,
helping me finish my peace.

Suddenly the Van Gogh makes sense,
images become reality.
The yellow walls turn into a multicolored world
filled with the pleasant aroma of the plant.

Down the steps to the lava lamps,
to the beanbag chairs.
The plush carpet that seems to take off my sandals
and massages the soles of my feet.

I make my way to the street level to hear the sounds,
the sounds of life, the sounds of experience.
The night has just begun.