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An Appropriate Number of Ways of Looking at an Egg

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An Appropriate Number of Ways of Looking at an Egg

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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.

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XI. Mischievous perpetrators
Scamper away in a frenzy
While goop runs down
Side-paneling.

XII. Rolling 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.