

Morning Song

Abbie Odell

Done with the grand statements
 I do not search for meaning or God
 Whatever it may be
It's more productive to cry
I'll cry over anything
Especially in the morning
 When my fried egg is ruined
 And I'm bound to get sick
 On undercooked whites
 On solid yolk
And it would seem I've been greedy enough
 To run out of salt
Then I'm also out of tongues and mouths
 To speak from

What good is this hand
 With nothing
 To feed
I thought I heard a bird singing out the window
 But the melody was so strange