

Beverly Custard

Her hand, egg-shell brown-smooth
clean crushing eggs,
counter-click of half shells

yolks filling with white and air,
wire whisk caging them in and out,
speckling sun-specks on her wrist

tap water foaming powder
to milk, wide line
diving splashless from the pitcher

sugar and spice between granules
and vanilla splash,
old bruise fading on the surface

of sugar egg milk—stirred, strained,
tapped with nutmeg, starfield of spice
set to baking

water coming sweet warm with custard scoops
the texture of abdomen skin
after six children

—Casualene R. Meyers