

Diamond Breakfast · *Marianne Boruch*

Overnight, the windows have multiplied & eaten
the house. Boom! everything
is thinner, everything
manic with light. “Whirling dervish!” whispers
mother, screwing up her eyes
into little eyes. The children
lean like cactus in the doorway. Maybe
they are missing school. O rodeo, O Oklahoma shimmer.

Father clears his throat. “Things
are different now,” he says, addressing the squints
from the breakfast nook. “That stove, for instance,
these eggs—all just a glimmer
of their former selves. Remember this.
This is like history.” One boy agrees. He is
shielding his eyes as if an iceberg
had surfaced, he is planting
a blue flag.

Now they are eating, drinking: glossy oatmeal
shiny milk. Everything is a ghastly color. White & white
& white again. Outside, birds dive
into invisible walls
their small heads dashed against pure thought.