

Love in the Early Morning

EGGS PLEASE

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Milkman, do we have it straight?
I am the housewife a
and I have ordered eggs.
Walk them up the path,
and don't disturb the snow.
Morning ticks...
a dozen eggs...
a dozen mornings'
dozens
tick
the pan, the latch,
the closing door,
and here we are:
I, housewife; you?

You be the milkman
dancing up the eggs
and noticing the moon
evaporate
above the lamp
that penetrates
the falling snow.

Do milkmen see the moon?

You be the milkman, moonman
...
I will be oh let me be the
the moonmaid
maid of eggwhite moon shine
dancing in the snow
....

melting in the arms
of one tall lamp-like milk man
beamy lampy man
who carries all those moons
to dawnskinned women. Hurry
to collect my due
of you: horse, buggy, cartons,
quarts, ...
You whip the horse
until the snow
churns into buttery lumps
....

Madeline Tiger

MAKING LOVE TO THE MILKMAN page 9

He's predictable
Yet with that shock

of red hair
my son is known by.
I don't trust a man
in a closed van. Give me

a butter-colored truck.
Guernsey in watercress,
laid back door

and him swinging out
in the quickmarch
of the deliverer.

None of your waxy
cardboard.
He brings bottles

trembling together, dewed
with early morning,

feathered brown eggs
that fit your palm. His

is Grade A
sun, tempered
so you can look
straight at it,

distillation of meadow
blown from the pod
in a lavish scattering,

cream
rising to the top
of the daily churn.

Human kindness.

Susan Donnelly