

The Breakfast Table

Stephen Nichols

Yesterday I rang my mother
to ask how long it takes
to boil an egg
so the white is hard
and the yolk runny.

This morning I found
my *Bunnykins* breakfast set
and arranged my soldiers
like sunrays between
the running rabbits.

Now I am at the table
about to take a dip
down memory lane
when I notice an ant trotting
across the tablecloth
towards a grain of sugar.

You lick the tip of your finger
squash him mid-track
lean across and pluck
a grey hair from
my surprised eyebrow.