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# Diamond Breakfast

Marianne Boruch

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## 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.