1979

Diamond Breakfast

Marianne Boruch

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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.