

## A Quiet Life

What a person desires in life  
is a properly boiled egg.  
This isn't as easy as it seems.  
There must be gas and a stove,  
the gas requires pipelines, mastodon drills,  
banks that dispense the lozenge of capital.  
There must be a pot, the product of mines  
and furnaces and factories,  
of dim early mornings and night-owl shifts,  
of women in kerchiefs and men with  
sweat-soaked hair.  
Then water, the stuff of clouds and skies  
and God knows what causes it to happen.  
There seems always too much or too little  
of it and more pipelines, meters, pumping  
stations, towers, tanks.  
And salt—a miracle of the first order,  
the ace in any argument for God.  
Only God could have imagined from  
nothingness the pang of salt.  
Political peace too. It should be quiet  
when one eats an egg. No political hoodlums  
knocking down doors, no lieutenants who are  
ticked off at their scheming girlfriends and  
take it out on you, no dictators  
posing as tribunes.  
It should be quiet, so quiet you can hear  
the chicken, a creature usually mocked as a type  
of fool, a cluck chained to the chore of her body.  
Listen, she is there, pecking at a bit of grain  
that came from nowhere.

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Baron Wormser

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