

The Robin and the Eggcup



A robin flew into my room today,
into the sun of it, the wood, the plants.

A robin flew into my sleep today,
once for mischief, twice for very good luck.

A robin flew into my son's room today,
queried its nose and flumped against its glass.

So I opened it and the cold came in,
I levered the pane and the bird flew out.

For the first time. I let it out too,
my son said, out of the kitchen window.

No! When? Earlier, when you were asleep.
It broke an eggcup. Eggcup! What eggcup?

Not one of those nice blue and white eggcups.
Yes, he said joyfully, I swept it up.



Mimi Khalvati