



Egg to Crack

Michael Roque¹

**All I ever wanted to be—
was a chicken.**

An egg
hatching at my own pace,
gluttons watch,
plotting to cook me into a snack
they can season to satisfy
their own taste.

Two sets of hands,
four rows of teeth—
opposite appetites.

One wants me boiled in scalding water
till my soft center hardens.

One wants me scrambled
on a sizzling skillet.

Both
aim to crack open my shell
before I can hatch—
into myself.

¹ Independent Writer, Tel Aviv, Israel