

# Boy and Egg

By Naomi Shihab Nye

Every few minutes, he wants  
to march the trail of flattened rye grass  
back to the house of muttering  
hens. He too could make  
a bed in hay. Yesterday the egg so fresh  
it felt hot in his hand and he pressed it  
to his ear while the other children  
laughed and ran with a ball, leaving him,  
so little yet, too forgetful in games,  
ready to cry if the ball brushed him,  
riveted to the secret of birds  
caught up inside his fist,  
not ready to give it over  
to the refrigerator  
or the rest of the day.

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