

Comments on "Egg Reverence During a Scourge," published in *Notre Dame Review*, 53, 2022

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Normally I eschew commenting on my poems, as I believe they should open a view not available to any paraphrase or gloss. But for this request, I'll make an exception.

This poem was written during the height of (that is, before any vaccinations were made available) the Covid 19 epidemic. As in other disasters, many people started hoarding certain items, for example, toilet paper. It was curious to me that one of the most hoarded items where I live was eggs. And I got to thinking about eggs, how they are not just a high protein source with a certain degree of perdurability, but they also harken to an ancient pagan spring rejuvenation ceremonies that are popular concurrent with Christian Easter. As such, in a time of hardship, such as plague or war or economic crash, they are emblematic of something that nourishes and endures.