

ANNA JACOBSON

Passing Down the Egg Pot

Nana used the pot once a year
for cooking Passover eggs for Seder night:
enamel black with lid the colour of Danish china.
Hardboiled eggs chopped up in salt water—
tears of the slaves.
Now my mother uses the pot, boiling eggs
that I peel over the sink
under running water. Hot brittle shell
giving way to cool smoothness in my hands.
Some years I peel fifteen in one go.
Some years twenty.
And the pot returns to its shelf
where it wrestles dust. Empty,
until another year.

