

beak eggs breast milk

by brad deighan

i found a beak in my eggs this morning. it was just sitting there between two big, plump pieces of scrambled egg, covered in a light coating of cheeze-whiz, acting naturally. a beak in my eggs? really? is this possible? how could such a thing happen? should i eat it? all of these questions running through my mind at top speed, demanding - demanding! - answers. i am, yes i am going to have to eat this beak; i just need a little time, a little courage; stab lift mouth chew; swallow shit; flush; the real "life" of an aborted chicken embryo. but what would they face if they were to live? and i wonder; what must be going through their little chicken heads right now as they lay sprawled all over the plate? — oh. well yeah, i guess their heads haven't actually, ahhhhh... formed yet, but this rubbery little beak certainly has.

and actually, to tell the truth i had been pretending not to see it at first because i was afraid i might startle it and force it to attack out of fear, so when i thought it wasn't looking i jabbed my fork down, impaling one of the larger pieces of egg which was nearest the beak in hopes that it wouldn't notice. i began to lift it to my mouth when the beak shook and lunged, latched on to the large particle of scrambled chicken embryo on the way to my mouth and pulled back with all of it's strength. i just shook my fork and displaced the beak, then continued on with my mouth-watering intent.

and then the beak became agitated for some reason, and began beak-dancing, circling around on the plate, swimming through a plateful of itself, devouring its own self and all of it's very sort-of remaining fucking friends. and all very quickly. i was udderly disgusted.

but the eggs weren't actually going anywhere, they weren't being devoured; it was of course, just a beak; it had no throat; no body; no stomach. it was like a door in a frame without a hallway, without a room, with nothing. a door in a frame, all by it's dead wood self. a hungry dead-tree door, opening and closing and devouring slaughtered human bodies on a plate. no chewing. well, perhaps chewing. perhaps chewing and perhaps live human bodies and frothing pulpy blood at it's dead-tree mouth corners and wooden

laughing with serious slamming noises in the background. and the mouth of a door slams down on a child's fingers? the fingers of an unborn child? and aborted child? naked women screaming with erect nipples?

but that's all make-believe, doors don't actually do any of this nonsense, but they do chew the occasional children's finger and women do scream. but so do men now there's no need to anger the feminists, i'm going to have to eat this beak soon it's making me crazy and i think my nipples are erect again, and leaking.

coming back out of my head i looked back to the beak and... how? how could this be? well, stranger things have happened. have they? i poked at the rubbery little thing with my stainless steel fork, but it didn't seem very interested in my actions, and simply continued on with it's break-dancing and egg swallowing antics. why would a beak be interested in a fork anyway? but then, why wouldn't it beak? i moved it around on the plate in large, flowing gestures, dragging the small, red, dangling pieces of natural beak-following device along with it. and what a conglomeration of beak-following device! - otherwise known as a blood-clot - but who wants to use the word blood-clot?! and i'll tell you! people simply don't have to hear about that repulsive kind of thing, and that's why i keep my fucking sick dangling blood-clots to myself!

"hello?" i asked the beak, "hello? natural beak-following device?"

stop it now, stop it! who was i talking to? the eggs? the beak? the... ? stop it, are you mad? control yourself, you're letting your mind run away with your fingers! and stop being filthy! sex with... !?

a slimmed, steaming chick, rising up through dripping scrambled eggs like a monster breaking through the earth's crust while proclaiming it's claimed strength to the world! orange slime dripping off it's soft coat of feathers, it's poor, frail, scrawny, weak body struggling to shake off the aborted chicken slop attempting to drag it down to it's final chicken chirp. and the bird flaps and leaps at my face! screaming vicious chirp words and sentences, short paragraphs - even fitting in a tremendous little haiku, and with no sign of emotion! - and in such a time of emotion! i was amazed; the most beautiful

poetry i'd ever heard coming from something that leapt at my face after i'd fried it up on a hot, buttered pan. consequently, my eyes were locked on the little threat with amazement, and possibly filial love. or was it agape? it shouldn't be so hard to distinguish should it? who cares, it would never love me back, never, not now, not after i'd fried it up in butter with the intent on eating it - and it's friends. sorry.

and ironically, it was the fear of those tiny claws scratching and pecking my vision out of their respective sockets in an exhausted fury of baby chicken that, in the end, made me start, alert, and i woke up just as i was just again beginning to imagine naked little... hey, look, i've told you; stop it with those dirty thoughts! sex with... ?!

a baby. chick. rising up through the eggs like some deranged and physically retarded monster, breaking through a pile of slaughtered friends and proclaiming it's claimed strength to the world with anger. yellow and orange slime dripping off it's soft coat of feathers, it's poor, frail, twisted husk of struggling, trembling self trying to shake off the wet, aborted embryo's that attempt to drag it down to a drowned, scrambled death. growing with strength, unflinching in it's fight for life, expanding in size, growing into a giant chicken with a giant chicken brain, and tearing human embryo's out of pregnant women locked in dark, cramped, dirty cages and frying them together only to serve them up to up to giant chicken families for breakfast before giant chicken church. giant chicken fami-

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