

Samuel Hovda

Scion

One blue egg in a small nest
On a low branch. The boys
had almost knocked it down pitching
horseshoes by the driveway.
The oldest brother took it.
He held it out like a watch.
No one saw it after that, the oval
That glowed like a woman's cheeks
Submerged in the Atlantic. The boy
Who took it home ran away. Little engines
In the other children's heads run
their routes, but don't stop for the blue
Feathers that wave at stations
Every day.

Samuel Hovda received his B.A. from Winona State University in Literature and Creative Writing. His poems have appeared in magazines such as *Contrary Magazine*, *Eunoia Review*, and *Poetry Quarterly*.