Adam Crothers

Over Easy

I don't wish to cast any aspersions upon your nature, the way you nurture, but as we intertwined at the centre

of the world, dragonlike, I was, I think, less a hatchling, head under my own wing, and more an egg, framed by a serpentine

mouth; less folded in your body and scent than I was fried by a blast from your snout.

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