

Mare Leonard

It's All About the Eggs

Dear Ann

We both went to the same Catholic college, lived on the same floor, shared the large bathroom. I remember your pink flowered nightgown, matching bathrobe. I wore my brother's soccer tee, my feet always bare. I think you chose a sink faraway. My black curls swirled like a beehive, or if you like, abstract art; you might say a Gerhard Richter. Sometimes. My fingers and face were smudged with gold and red paints.

You wore a Fair Isle sweater, a kilt and heels to Sunday mass. I was still in my brother's shirt, a shabby long skirt and sandals. Once Sister Gaudentia pulled me aside to say, "Sandals are not allowed" I wore sandals summer and winter and mass on Sunday.

On line for breakfast, I eyed the hardboiled eggs and believe clapped in anticipation-- so much better than sloppy scrambled. You, Ann scored the last egg, turned and smirked," maybe next time."

I Went to Pratt on a scholarship, you to Yale Law,
and now you have the power to decide on women's issues.
I have an exhibit at the Whitney-- abstract, cut out shapes, bright colors.
No I am not sending you an invite. This is all about the eggs. One work contains cartons in gray, letters in gold, smudged, hot pink, *Women's issues matter and a blurred* photograph of me in sandals holding one perfect hard boiled egg.