SILK EGG
COLLECTED NOVELS
Also by Eileen R. Tabios

Poetry
After the Egyptians Determined the Shape of the World is a Circle, 1996
Beyond Life Sentences, 1998
The Empty Flagpole (CD with guest artist Mei-mei Bersenbrugge), 2000
Ecstatic Mutations, 2001 (with short stories and essays)
Reproductions of The Empty Flagpole, 2002
Enheduanna in the 21st Century, 2002
There, Where the Pages Would End, 2003
Ménage a Trois With the 21st Century, 2004
Crucial Bliss Epilogues, 2004
The Estrus Gaze(s), 2005
POST BLING BLING, 2005
I Take Thee, English, For My Beloved, 2005
Dredging for Atlantis, 2006
It’s Curtains, 2006
The Singer and Others: Flamenco Hay(na)ku, 2007
The Light Sang As It Left Your Eyes: Our Autobiography, 2007
NOTA BENE EISWEIN, 2009
Roman Holiday, 2010

Short Story Collection
Behind The Blue Canvas, 2004

Prose Collections
Black Lightning, 1998 (poetry essays/interviews)
My Romance, 2002 (art essays with poems)
The Blind Chatelaine’s Keys, 2008 (biography with haybun)
for Mei-mei Berssenbrugge, Arthur Sze and John Yau
whose innovative outlooks helped me years ago to find a path
that led to this book

and

for Philip Lamantia who, in response to my complaint over not
being able to draw a straight line, replied, “Draw a curve.”
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Silk Egg
Chapter I

At the most infinitesimal hint of light, she closed like a purple mirabilis jalapa folding petals into a frozen fist.

Her birthland is replete with child soldiers.
Chapter II

A thick glass tumbler bearing ice and amber looked cheerfully judicial.

Pronounced “rehabilitated,” he was allowed to accompany her home.

Her bedroom was designed as an egg. Hence, silk walls of a pale blue once discerned staining Antarctic ice.

He moved into her gift, woke each morning to soft warm lucidity, and agreed as regards the irrelevance of ribbons.
Chapter III

Once, there was biology.
It produced a mother whose absence was a singe.
It sang.
It replaced marrow—a song camouflaged by inevitably aging bone.
Chapter IV

With his watch on her mahogany night stand, she no longer longed for blue streaks to blossom from her hair. *Realism*, she conceded, can suddenly become synonym for *Desire*. 
Chapter V

Look where the window view finally stops.
“Sky is better than aspirin.”
Chapter VI

The evenings are always pleasingly raw.

Air forgets to chill.
Chapter VII

They both forget to dream about empty chairs.
They both forget to dream of a long-haired lady in a white taffeta gown, ignored in a hotel lobby as she strums and croons to a gilded harpsichord.