

In The Egg

Hawkwind

We live in the Egg
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We have covered the inside wall of the shell with dirty drawings
and the christian names of our enemies
We are being hatched
Whoever is hatching us is hatching our pencils as well
Set free from the Egg one day, at once we shall draw a picture
of whoever is hatching us
We assume that we're being hatched
We imagine some good natured fowl and write school essays about
the colour
and creed of the hen that is hatching us
When shall we break the shell?
Our prophets inside the Egg, for a middling salary, argue about
the period of incubation
The posit a day called "X"
Out of boredom and genuine need, we have invented incubators
We are much concerned about our offspring inside the Egg
We should be glad to recommend our patent to whom looks after us
But we have a room full of hardheads, senile chimps, polyglot embryos
chatter all day and even discuss their dreams
But what if we're not being hatched?
What if the shell will never break, if the horizon is only that
of
our scribbles, and always will be?
We hope that we're being hatched
Even if we only talk of hatching there remains the fear
that someone outside the shell will feel hungry
and crack us into the frying pan with a pinch of salt
What then my brethren inside the Egg?
