

For a Ceramicist

The moon burns white
like a bowl of salt. Far away and
here I am, in the midnight morass, wading
through black honey poured into smoked
glass: my usual bad luck, carved up by
fish-net filaments, breathing
the same silt water as you.

Night blends into a pitch gestalt.
The only people out to see the stars
are bats and the bugs that traverse
the dark. I've talked about you so much
birds are all singing your name back,
spiders in the rocks know all about
the temperament of your hands, even
the length of your hair.

I've remembered all of you so many times.
Your stories echo back and forth
inside my head. I'm reduced to wishing
I was a porcelain bowl newborn
from your kiln,
ringing in the cold.

I wish I could come out of the fire
singing, like that.