

## 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.