

## A BOWL OF BLUE BLOSSOMS

The delphiniums budded, demanding their own container, a competent complement for blue.

Glass-vased cosmos watched, bland and blueless, as this bowl began-- a fat gray coil of earth, cold slimy to my touch, reluctant to accept my warmth or my will. I insisted a deep shape, a reservoir to prolong blue.

Free of my hands, the clay surrendered moisture slowly. Rearranging its molecules, it shrank, fossil-dry on a shelf. Encased in continental crust, the dark hollow of my design lusted for light.

Graduate of the first fire, country coarse as big bucktoothed zinnias in baskets in my studio, its rough brown surface drank deeply of unguents. Native manganese and copper pigment anointed its flaws.

In a final revelation it vibrated like a nova, orange to white in the kiln, healed and ripened in hereditary heat. Today it came into its own first flowering, alloyed with now-pollinated sisters of the soil. Sharing the blue planet's perfected blue.