

A BOWL OF BLUE BLOSSOMS

My delphiniums budded, dolphin-shaped sucklings
nursing on light, turning light to pigment,
demanding of me a worthy container,
a competent complement for blue.

Glass-vased cosmos, bland and blueless, watched
as my 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 reservoir

to prolong blue. Free of my hands, it rearranged
its molecules slowly, making no promises,
shrinking fossil-dry on a shelf. Its dark hollow,
encased in continental crust, lusted for light.

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

In a final revelation it vibrated like a nova,
orange to white in my kiln, healed and ripened
in hereditary heat on its way to indigo. Settled
down with the world's glazed memories of sky and sea,

it came into its own first flowering today,
paired with now-pollinated sisters of the soil.
Their soft spurs brush its flanks in approval
as they share the blue planet's most perfected blue.