

A BOWL OF BLUE BLOSSOMS

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

While glass-vased cosmos watched, bland  
and blueless, this bowl took form: Cold  
and slimy to my touch, a fat gray coil  
of earth reluctant to accept my warmth  
or my will. I insisted a shape  
curved and deep, a reservoir to prolong blue.

Free of my potter's hands, the clay surrendered  
its moisture slowly. Rearranging its molecules,  
it shrank, fossil-dry on a shelf. My design  
lusted for light and waited, its dark hollow  
encased in continental crust, a sampling  
of eons that may have started in stars.

Graduate of the first fire,  
its rough apprentice-brown drank deeply  
of earth's unguents; cool manganese  
and copper pigments anointed its flaws,  
country coarse as big bucktoothed zinnias  
rampant in jars and cans in my workshop.

In its final revelation it vibrated  
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 creation and the meaning of blue.

--Glenna Holloway

*Religious*