

REBIRTH

I am a vessel with deep cracks
like the pots of the Anasazi,
chipped but laced with leather thongs,
holes bored slowly through the shards,
shards held so tightly that
though the pot could not hold water
it could, at least, hold grain.

My fissures are held by ligaments
of living hands and dead,
like Aeschylus:
"Drop drop upon the heart
Sorrow falls
Memory's pain
Wisdom won through suffering."

So I, too, again, hold grain.