

## Communicating Vessels

Was the two we shared truly of us?  
Or, kin of kiln, mere lumps cooked to a cusp:  
Earthen curves enrobed in slip, shod firm against the hush:

Pages sieved missives we poured like prayers  
To sound fresh cavities for space, profuse  
To hemorrhaging: we bled; learned the shape our bounds profess.

Verve girded the words beneath the hull,  
Phrases turned like turbines, blade-propelled  
—Lexically well-heeled, we hauled the tonnage our tongues held.

Literature ligatured awhile,  
Though inkwell links have chinks, like any mail.  
Work's dead on the page; a body ripens over miles...

Warm, soft palms held sun to cast me shade,  
The same that threw me on the wheel to shape.  
Broadsheets absorb tracts of text like cage-liner does stain.

You couldn't help but carry my absence,  
Obliged in glaze & rib scores to possess  
My volume, even if the well of silence drove you deaf.

Still, we were communicating vessels:  
The fat I plaque will turn your walls sclerosal;  
Through brittle ducts or over brims, water seeks its level.

Now the chrome of you I once wore wanes,  
Slipcast and eddy-dizzied in your wake  
I buoy, a nude testament to some drunk potter's work.

I smolder; your lungs are cinder slabs.  
Though ropes of smoke coil tight behind your lips  
You can't love any moor, even if diaphanous.

Now? I must decant, decay, decode;  
Undo myself, excoriate the bowl—  
Draw draughts of jagged jewels clean through my walls 'til I erode.