

ELEGY

A pot falls
into brokenness.

The Japanese ceramic one
you walked past for years, smiling.

Sometimes a mother leaves,
a child dies,
a friend betrays you,
a volcano erupts,
the earth quakes

No time to prepare:
I love you. Goodbye. Go well.
Hands touching hands.

Tears filling your sockets, your glance rivets
to the shattered pieces sprawled across purple velvet,
the black music box, herringbone oak.

But at the window,
sweeping up the shards,
you stare at the tops of trees
and the green leaves
struck by sunlight
blaze gold.



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