

Concerning the Emptiness of Earthen Vessels or Self Portrait as a Bowl

By Glenn North

Under the primitive sun
I was molded by ancient hands
firmed by flames
shaped to supply sustenance.

I am an empty earthen vessel
waiting to be filled.

I offer libations
to thirsty ancestors,
rice to feed the children.

I rest on tables waiting
to welcome strangers.
I adorn altars
vibrating with sound
of sacred songs.

I am the clay canvas
that gave birth to art.

Even when broken
my shards have been used
to scrape away
decayed flesh.

Yes, I offer new life!

Come, gather round me
Take me in your cupped hands
offer me to one another
every kindred and tongue
and people and nation...

*For in a fallen world
the greatest aim of man
is reconciliation.*

And we are all clay
shaped by unseen hands
empty earthen vessels
waiting to be filled.