

Good Fortune for Martin

There will be no money, only clay.
There will be no assistants, only limitless
shades of glaze. A teacher will breathe
benediction on your wrist. You will take
up three kilos of earth, and like a priest
on a sacred mountain, lower your head
to center, encourage the image to rise,

recognize art in the fracture. The man
you were will look over your shoulder
and smile. You will make memory jars for him
with your eyes closed. With the heap
of hunches you once tossed in a radish dish,
you will work beyond thought, holding
your tools as if they were unfamiliar,
their edges against your thumbs, their

hilts notched with enigma. You will recline
on mirrored cushions without a scratch
to dream a sequence of teapots
with curious conduits. The work will be
difficult. But you will receive favors
from the fire. You will be happy doing this
and you will rearrange the earth a bit.

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Elaine Magarrell