

Ready, Set, Not Yet (Barbara)

Look at these pots!

Amazingly glazed and terracotta-ery

I took some clay and made you pottery

The world will never wreck you

I'll protect you in a mother's embrace

Folks say, Barbara

Why can't you see that ceramics is

Simply a manifestation of motherly panic

By making a baby that's breakable

Aren't you creating a way of translating the

Terror of making maternal mistakes into clay

Hiding away so you don't have to face being a bad mom

Barbara

That's what you've done, Barbara

Just make a start

Are you willing to take the next step?

Ready, set