

Pitcher

by David Ackley

Anything can give it shape
various leanings and poundings
threats and allegations

it believes what it hears
listens and adapts

old men pat it like a dog
at once admiring and asserting
direction

mothers and wives shape it
into cookies or receptacles for
madness

and of course there is thirst
there is hunger:
all that down there

what is within is
what is missing
the shape only adhering

blown there by a fugitive breath
that leaves it complete
completely empty

