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

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