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“**”

This cup must know its cracks
will never let go
struggles the way a spider
begins as a single thread
and water not yet water

--you sip so the rim
weakens from inside and the Earth
empties, lies motionless
left to hide among the afternoons
although you drink from the dirt
helpless to dry
without your lips under it

--this cup can't go on
and the spoon overhead
circling tighter and tighter
uncertain where to stop

--mouthful by frayed mouthful
you flow into a great river
already leaving
are carried along for later
as if the sky was once your flesh
won't loosen its hold
though you keep filling the cup
with flowers, sunlight
more and more flowers.