

# Blood Work

You are the potter

I am the clay

it has always been this way

Shaped to be what you need

is all I need

Your wants are

my wants

The delight of a moment is

etched in time eternal

Formless sailing on an ocean

the wind rising and falling like the waves it creates

the waves crashing upon the shores of paradise

in an unceasing rhythm

Spinning on the potter's wheel

leaving you breathless

bits pieces flying off in every direction

and

slowly ever so slowly

a shape emerges

a thing of great beauty

natural

organic

whole

Curves and angles blended together

no longer in abstraction

but in harmony

Closer together          farther away

The blood flows

a river of life

a river of red and white

I recognize you

you have always been there

always here

in my heart

beating like a great clock

tick tock

tick tock

tick tock

Every cell in my body utters your name

Every whisper          speaks your name

Every leaf          caresses your name

as

it

falls