

Small Vessels

I am planted, as you.
And though we are not the same,

we know each other intimately.
We grow from the same imagined clay vessel,
metaphor for animal. A figuration of mind.

Our bodies from a world of volcano and hurricane.

In mind subsists other, deeper vessels.
Beliefs. Hives unknown to us.
Ephemera set by my swollen ankle
and guesting teeth.

No physics for consciousness.
An "I" that makes choices is by without
definition — delusional.

Aware and yet vassal, shared in two —
like some other moon at my table.

Across the rational universe — a staring contest.
A vessel for my dog. Am I in there too?