

Multiverse

Somewhere you are a hydria being pulled across the water.
Villagers are thirsty and waiting for you
to return in whose hands those are, her image
obscured by the sun. You assume it is a woman,
which is why you are a hydria, but not one
featuring red- or black-figure technique
adumbrating a scene of encounter, a white flower
of cotton either given or received.
You are the color and texture of material
the woman—now I am assuming—shaped
with a combination of hands and fire and clay,
then left out in exposure to dry. Samaras of maple,
which had previously whirled, are now krill
to the baleen at the mouth of you, tipped
until you are full or maybe the woman
notices and skims the samaras aside.