

## LARGE POTS

It's like coming through a chrysanthemum forest  
and one of the pots had swollen grapes painted on  
and leaves the size of hands, and one had a bird,  
and one had a geometric design at first I thought  
were Cretan dancers and athletes walking into  
a kind of stadium and all together the colors were  
reds and golds; specifically they are pink  
and perfect rust and perfect orange and they are  
starting to turn to straw although it's only  
the tenth of October, my former wife's birthday,  
one of only five I know including my  
own in February. I started to turn to straw  
maybe a year ago, maybe less, with humans  
it's more complex, it's not a question of dryness  
only, but what do I know? I walk from  
pot to pot, I walk from straw-man to straw-man,  
I kiss them goodbye, I know I surprise them, *most* people  
joke a little when you kiss them, I kiss  
mahogany man goodbye, I kiss his wife,  
a coral rose, I hold her for nine or ten seconds.