

# Pottery

*Jocelyn Kearnl*

I sit at the wheel as I did  
when I was young.  
My hands pull the  
warm plastic sediment  
into cylinders like castle  
walls, molded and shaped  
by layers and layers of hands.  
The whirring rhythm of the wheel  
enchants my body, as my arms are  
drawn to flex with each rivet of the  
spinning clay. I think of the princess  
who in her youth, dreamed of the  
escape into lands of freedom, far  
from the tower of thorned ivy.  
I am creating the pot that will  
hold irises and wildflowers.  
With the rib-tool, I smooth  
the base and lip, trimming  
excess, with a sponge, I  
soak the water, as the  
wheel winds down.