

PORCELAIN CUPS IN THE SUN

I love brown horses rolling on their backs in a field of dirt, clouds of dust billowing above them.

And cows running downhill, rocking see-saw, pushed forward by their heavy heads, so both back legs push up off the ground at the same time.

I love fog over Mill Valley at four o'clock before it knows it's fog.
Triple rainbows in Glacier or any rainbow anywhere when people stop and point, unable to carry on.

I love poets who decide to forget their own work and really listen to another poet read, never once leaving the poem.

I love classes where students love learning so much they enter in, transcend with you, fly near the ceiling and say *Oh ... Yes ... Of course*

I love hummingbirds whirring among the branches who slow down, letting you see them or let you talk to them or don't see you standing frozen there.

And girls at ten who smile like that girl over there, open eyed, open mouthed at her grandmother's story and grandfather's smile.

I love porcelain cups in the sun, staunch in their perfect reflections.

Donna L. Emerson