Upon Meeting Anne Kraus's Ceramics at the Chazen Museum

...a window to another world could exist under a sandwich served for lunch.

~Anne Kraus, "The Point of Function"

As a child's bowl rewards
the last spoonfuls of porridge
with a scene of bunnies baking pie,
so we imagine
fruit eaten bit by bit
from the Trust Compote
to reveal you teetering
across a chasm on a bending branch:
Only when you begin to doubt
does the stick begin to lose its strength.

So we imagine tea poured from this pot,
a clutch of roses in that vase.
Intricately painted, lettered
with your dreams and journeys,
these tiles and vessels hold
your inside on their outside
so that we lean in,
peer at every angle,
circle the exhibit case,
wish for mirrors.

The cancer that shattered you
has left your work untouched.
Like us formed of clay,
like us made fragile,
vulnerable, it stands here
under glass, unchipped,
no tea, no roses, no fruit compote,
but each piece a window.

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