

## 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.