



Jennifer McCurdy, *Vortex Vessel*

***Porcelain Desire—***

*for Jennifer McCurdy, inspired by her “Vortex Vessel”*

The vessel folds in silken swings  
unfolds sails and wings—  
more than dish, more than clay—

Vortex of flames whirling,  
yet holding whatever settles  
in the waiting emptiness—

(hushed tones of lush fine bone fingers,  
spinning overtones,  
shadows casting O’s like waves)—

what looks stilled,  
instills a craving to fly—

\*\*

***She calls it Vortex Vessel***

*for Jennifer McCurdy’s porcelain sculpture*

flames whirling  
in the waiting emptiness—  
cast shadows like waves

what looks stilled,

instills a craving to fly—

I shared it at the Artist Breakfast group on Tues. The problem is, the group, tolerant as they are of words, are not poets... so if a poem sounds like speech, tells a story, they'll like that... but haiku-like stuff needs to be seen, read several times...

I don't think I'd include it in a reading— but I think it would be cool in a book with the picture. What do you think of it now?

I love your sense of humor. Yes... demolition...

I was searching for a way to convey a soft feel to something hard... but silken swings doesn't do that.

and, well... the hushed tones TELL, and those darn "fine-bones" do not evoke china but skeletons...

and much as I love "spin overtones" —

it is the silence in the movement that allows us to "hear" as in "understand" desire. Does that come across?

Linda's comments:

I like the vortex vessel a lot, wonder who Jennifer McCurdy is. My very favorite lines in the poem are the last two, for every possible reason. If it were mine, I would ;cut it down to half.

Here are the words and phrases I would leave out:

*Silken swings*

*More than dish more than clay*

(Would this poem be read with the picture shown? Especially if so, that line should not be there))

*Yet holding whatever settles*

*Hushed tones of lush fine bone fingers*

*Spinning overtones*

Probably I'd tinker with line breaks at the beginning, given the demolition job I suggest.

Ditch the title, get clay in the title...

There ya go!

But actually, it is my favorite.

One of the people in Deanne's sculpture class has been working on an object like that, and it's lovely, but it doesn't move! This clay vortex is better

*After the Demolition*

This is just to say,

I couldn't find the words  
to tell you about a porcelain piece—

yes... **Porcelain**, vitrified pottery with a white, fine-grained body that is usually translucent, as distinguished from earthenware, which is porous, opaque, and coarser

not **clay**, the way you say  
I should announce in the title—

and here is what is left of my poem:

**Porcelain**, vitrified pottery with a white, fine-grained body that is usually translucent, as distinguished from earthenware, which is porous, opaque, and coarser

*She calls it Vortex Vessel*

Vortex of flames whirling  
in the waiting emptiness—

cast shadows like waves

what looks stilled,  
instills a craving to fly—