

Oh God – they said
you only wanted perfect buckets
—and I tried! Oh I tried!

The Bucket

I just could not
straighten my crooked handle
close the leaks in my seams
get the dents hammered flat on my wobbly bottom
—how sad!



Oh God – they never said
that you are breath
and play

—even dented
crooked
leaky
you called me

to water a garden
extinguish a fire
help a little boy
build a sand castle

Oh God
I don't worry anymore
I am grateful to be filled
I am grateful to be emptied

and
when the handle gives
the seams break
the bottom falls out

I will spill
love
into love