

When a Bowl Hits a Tree

by Linda Simoni-Wastila

You would think when a bowl
hits a tree the sound would
be fierce, a loud clatter
as stoneware explodes on
birch bark dispersing shards
in daffodils and grape
muscari, but the noise
is gentle, a thudding
clink like empty bourbon
bottles rattling hollow
in Monday morning trash;
yet this contusion of
wood upon ceramic,
a sound unto itself,
is never forgotten.

Perhaps it was the arc,
how the bowl hurled across
the yard, arugula
and spinach spinning slow
motion; perhaps it was
velocity, anger
fueled heft behind the hand;
or perhaps it was the
meager mass that rendered
such feeble protest; or
maybe it was the years
of other things broken
at louder, higher pitch
which has inured us from
giving any more damns.

