**Cherrywood Bowl**

The feel of the bowl

is like no plastic or metal container -

its warmth and drift

is born out of the earth from

something alive and imperfect.

A mother’s gift to her son

in a distant land

and held for half a century -

craftwork from the old country perhaps

but there’s no one left to ask.

Not round – like the circular

symbol of the self -

but a gentle ellipse like the

motion of the earth about the sun

that balances escape with obligation.

I will never know

the wood turner’s hands

that set the sweet balance of its concavity,

its graceful centre of gravity,

but I have loved the giver.