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Entropy

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Entropy

By Emily Carnevale

I've never been the clay pot
fresh out of the kiln

and ready for glazing.
I've been rubbing
leftover terra cotta into dust.
And you wonder why
I love sitting with you
in the dark

Raindrops roll off my
fingertips

dance with my breath
underneath the lamppost.
Your eyes are so warm.

and the ocean will look
like mermaid sequins
in the heat of sunrise

you can glaze me.

with a smooth finish

waiting for something to burst.

and I'll let night

I'll make paper boats
for the creak

and that's when