

Kiln Kind of Love

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Perhaps he saw me as dry clay.
He knew his hands were wet.
He knew he could mold me into
anything he desired.
He grabbed me and unwrapped me.
He saw my ugly and my beautiful,
But still, what he had
in mind was better.
He threw me on his pottery wheel—
and it spun, and spun, and spun.
I never had a chance to get off
...unless he took me off.
Everything spinning around me
and I had no grasp to stop.
Once he got me molded into
his desired idea of me,
he threw me in the kiln
and watched me burn...
forgetting to ever take me out.