Autumn Pastoral

M. Earl Craig
I remember seeing on God's desk a water glass. It was a glass I would like to own—simple, inconspicuous. There was no water in the water glass.

God kept tacks and a pipe cleaner in the glass, and I remember wanting to reach for it and then noticing a small chip on the rim.

My name is Ebony Chandler and I've been thinking about a particular water glass on God's desk. I might've lifted that same glass to my head at a wedding once.

This simple glass that God owns has made me think of a white ram with a lame foot.

The ram will not let me touch him.
My name is Ebony Chandler
and although the wind has knocked my hat off
I will reach for the water glass
just as God sets it down.

(This is not an opera. This is not
like sailing to Corsica.)

I put another tack in God's water glass.
I put a small pebble in God's water glass.
I use the bottom of the glass to trace a circle
in my diary around the words
butter, rodent, supraorbital.