

Winter 1994

Autumn Pastoral

M. Earl Craig

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M. Earl Craig

Autumn Pastoral

1

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.

2

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.