

## Siblinghood

*Diacritics mark emphasis in speecho. Speaking aloud is encouraged.*

‘Cross me, across me, whiteglaze whipstained slate  
Thére in it is áll there—just júst there.  
Backstep, bé straight: it’s thís, júst this: a plate.  
It’s whát’s there, just just súch there.

My eye gone ‘skance: mány-fáced fam’ly swirl round:

Brown-spot bark on góldburnt brother (that is: a fallen oak in fall)  
Or Fraternal flash of photon flámedrop (s’only a sunbeam, no more)  
Or Sybil glisten’d silverkiss’t sister (a waterdrop—that’s all)  
Or wisp-whipped heat-welter whirl (what but blistered bubble butter—poor.)

Mány so more: Chokecherry, kingfisher, fig pit, ladyslipper,  
Lemur, Lobster, lout, jackal, jet and jackalope  
Siblings, siblings, all around! ken swirled kin abound, the scope!

This tho’? Can porce’lin plate be brotherly? Dun dish, this—  
Mute mass, human-hewn and housely bound,  
Side wobbling weight, trim-curved rim—knifescarred, yolkstained?  
Vessel, surface, still as stone. Dead thing, this, and Nothing more!

Wait. There, ‘Neath scratch súrface,  
Where steelprong márks sidelong swept:  
Soul pulse: inborn bloom  
Of star-shot life, God’s eye kept, alight.

Godforged glint that prismatic shines: Creator’s creature, auroriále divine.

It is a plate. Dinnerhost and snack slab,  
Not more: it’s that.

But, I wager, more: it and I bear  
Flaming bond fraternal  
Not nature only; not Sun’s my Brother only or Moon my sister merely—  
Not just Brother Wolf winsome wain, glittereye leer:  
Not trees only which with kinship stands all-holy.

All bound things, those Únbound-made  
Born-bordered—tho soul unsquared—  
Líttle little are like me—handheld in heavenly hand.

Small in His sight! Loved and bé-loved like

Children!

Theirs are bones unthreadable—  
Sun unshinable and rain undrippable and plates unplateable—man máde life-deadable.

I méan: we're easy to come unswirled,  
Dust split cells which wind scatters.  
Small we are and tiny in this world.  
And that's thát: endable is all matter.

But more: these little ones, lone together, are knit-souled; human hand, hyacinth and halogen and  
hydrogen,  
Hold together here, lonely little things loving here.

So yes, I say, that this plate is my brother,  
So is spill my sister, so too paperclip and steel drum,  
As bumblebee, sorghum, so too, by God, is pond scum,  
Spilldrop, tín lid, flip flop, flint skin, flame trim—

I am a sibling made in a world of  
Siblings.