

# TIN FULL OF SKY

*(For Amanda)*

*Cassie Creley*

*Poetry*

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I keep a tin full of summer sky  
on my bookshelf  
for the days when warmth  
seems like a foreign language.  
As I set the metal  
tin on my knees, clink  
the lid free, I hear  
the clouds rustling inside,  
like wafers of paper  
brushing the silver  
tin sides. They are not inked  
with words, though the clouds  
resemble the pages of a new book.  
And they speak to me.  
Of tree whispers and  
wisteria-touched wind.  
Of the deep scent of  
hot blackberries and fragrant  
grass. Of flowers turning gold  
under the touch of sunlight.  
But mostly, they speak of blue.  
That blue. It can't be captured  
by photos, in paint, or in words.  
So I capture it in this tin.