

TIN FULL OF SKY

(For Amanda)

Cassie Creley

Poetry

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.