You Knew The Odds

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2009/iss3/13
You knew the odds of failure from the start,
that morning you sliced that fresh piece of clay
from the cool, wet brick, otherwise known
as opening a fresh notebook
and pressing a newly sharpened pencil to the page.

It never comes out as you see it in your head –
when you were inspired by some unknown
Figment of your imagination as time was passing
with its hectic speed of motion.
Broken shards of pottery spewn around the room
from previous experiences of unaccomplished productions
for your inspired imagination.
But this time you think it will be different.

Scrapping, spinning, carving, spinning
over and over again –
as your lifeless mound develops into a creation
beyond your wildest dreams.
Fingers slide over fingers which wouldn’t
normally touch,
with tiny pieces of dried clay
scratching your skin,
as that sharp pencil scrapes the page
until it becomes dull,
much like your creation over time.