



## The Vessel

Leo/Lauren Carter, Lamar High School

Organic, white, ever charred ceramic folds,  
Melted by flame of 1240 degrees Celsius.  
Fundamentally changed culture by culture,  
Faint dyes wash away grey to reveal bright scarlet red  
Upon cobalt and navy blues and olive green,  
Before soon trimmed with faux gold chunky leaves.

In present, it will display the raw beauty of another,  
Bones cut to fit; leaves fall until replaced anew.  
In past, I will be my own, displayed for historic means  
And supposed complex intentions.  
Delicate, hand-made curves, show artistry,  
Unique belief and love into a renewed art form.

I am a vase that illustrates delicacy in strength,  
A fifty-pound lump of burned clay,  
Formed into kindred, once innocent meaning, and reason.  
I am a gift, kept arenaceous beneath light,  
Even stagnant in an oxymoronic cardboard box.  
For in inevitable destruction I will renew,  
Returned to the earth from which I have come,  
In destiny-based pursuit showing beauty and grace  
Once again, waving colors entirely new,  
Organic curated folds individual, regenerative, lapsed.