the ceramics professor said,
clay has a memory.
(it doesn’t make sense to call her that,
as if she’d run her hands through soft matter in spectacles and a suit)
clay has a memory.
it will forgive you:
slamming boulders into valleys
sneaking corners into curves
smoothing creases with the heel of a fist
it will forgive you, but commit to memory
how your hands made pieces whole
how material became embedded with soul
clay has a memory,
do humans?