Large Pots

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LARGE POTS

It’s like coming through a chrysanthemum forest and one of the pots had swollen grapes painted on and leaves the size of hands, and one had a bird, and one had a geometric design at first I thought were Cretan dancers and athletes walking into a kind of stadium and all together the colors were reds and golds; specifically they are pink and perfect rust and perfect orange and they are starting to turn to straw although it’s only the tenth of October, my former wife’s birthday, one of only five I know including my own in February. I started to turn to straw maybe a year ago, maybe less, with humans it’s more complex, it’s not a question of dryness only, but what do I know? I walk from pot to pot, I walk from straw-man to straw-man, I kiss them goodbye, I know I surprise them, most people juke a little when you kiss them, I kiss mahogany man goodbye, I kiss his wife, a coral rose, I hold her for nine or ten seconds.