

The Object Speaks

by Christine Inglis

I want you to know I recognize the gifted life I lead. My creation story began with loving hands warmly molding the vessel- becoming me. Fingers outlined the details of my being with organic black mud the bones of my essence. I was formed by tactile motion and touch is how I continue to live.

My fortune is I am held in reverence daily. My mornings begin with lips touching my earthy round essence. Sounds of appreciation greet me. Sighs of relief for the hot coffee I guard. The softness of mouths not yet stretched in unnecessary talking; melt into the liquid I hold.

Sometimes I am fortunate to stretch my usefulness to afternoons and evenings, holding medicinal soups or thick stews. But in those hours, there is more of a rush and I may be left on a table with the contents cooling to a sticky mess. I don't enjoy the cleaning by the brush and feel like a child rebelling in a bathtub. As night falls, I am put back on the shelf with the others. But confidently knowing I will be chosen each morning for the touching waking ritual.