**Seed Jar**

Tracy A. Lightsey

She thinks of his tongue, brush of lightning

on skin, as she traces designs along the surface.

He would touch her like this, she sighs

as she remembers, along the inside and backs

of her knees, lightly up her thighs, around her

naval, small shimmering nipples, until all

her hairs stood on end, like quivering grasses

as the lightning and thunder rolled in.

She's reminded she's this landscape itself,

held in the same palm of weather, the tiny

winds in his fingers, brushes of rain off his tongue.

And she holds his memory inside her, his prayer

in the arch of her fingers as she draws it's tracks

on the clay, following contours that remind her

of the curve of his muscles beneath skin.

She gathered this clay by the river, coiled it

in layers and smoothed with the curve of her hand

until it grew round as her belly, holding just

the right tone when she hums or blows across

its opening, like the yearning moan of a lover,

or the wind over cornfields at dawn.

It's his skin she holds like a whisper, moistening

the tip of her brush, dipping it in ink, drawing

a prayer for rain on its surface; swift dance

of lightning, sky pebbles of drops...like the seeds

she'll place inside it after it's fired, rainbow of corn,

pumpkins, squash, four different colors of beans.

She will seal the cervix of its opening with pitch

and give it to her daughter at her wedding...