

Name: Jeff Bettger

Poem # 14

Re: Quilt #4 Three Empty Vessels

A new home, a new beginning. Life has not
gone as planned. A new perspective needed.
I meet my neighbor, a sweet woman,
a welcomed invitation for a cup of tea.
As I enter, stunning art everywhere displayed.
Anticipating my question, she proudly
confesses, yes, each piece her own creation.

My attention is drawn, three unusual objects
prominently sitting on the fireplace mantel.
Those vessels are my pride and joy, she confirms.
Why do you call them vessels? I ask. With their
open design, nothing could they contain.
Pausing, she winks, then says. I made them to
remember three of life's most important things.

The first one is for all my dreams.
The second one is for all my fears.
The third one is for all my prayers.
Dreams, fears, and prayers cannot
be constrained. They need to be free
to come and go as they please, she explains.
Would you like some sugar in your tea?