

THE JEALOUS POTTER

I read a book from the dead
It was addressed to the living
It was about the hole in the world
So, you know this?

**A Book?
The dead do not read
where jealousy lives?
Too well**

I said to you it is about time
Time
The time before history
The time before history

When I was the first sun
And how I courted you the new moon

I remember

**You were so brilliant, heat
shot from your depths, embracing,
caressing**

Deep in the Amazon
Deep in the Amazon

And across the prairie
Prairie they still

They still speak of us
They call me the jealous potter

They had names for you

I formed you from the void
From the first clay

**I already was formed
The same day as you**

They have **small minds**

small minds grind mountains into flour

Those who speak of us
No,

**They don't speak for us
And they**

Refer to the clay as droppings from the gods

droppings from the gods

They know nothing

They are nothing

They know nothing of the place between

They know nothing of the place between

They know nothing of the underneath

And it is about the underneath

Where the loose fish and
and the fast fish swim
And I was swimming **You have to survive**
Safe from the thunder birds **I hide when I hear them**
Deep in the dark **I hide my face**

Making
Making
Making pots from
from the sacred clay

Then you started to appear from the void
I showed my face

And I held it all in **I showed my face to you**
I inhaled and held it all **I watched you**
I inhaled and held it all in
Everything **Everything?**
Even the light

They speak today of when
when the earth turned dark

And they trembled **They knew not**
And called me the jealous potter **They had no other story**
Because one of my pots came to life
How else could I be explained

They didn't know that I trembled **They are too small**
And I held it all in
I held everything in

It was the first ceremony
Ceremony that I wasn't ready for

And I am the Jealous Potter **You couldn't see**
I am the son of the Sun **That we both are**
And I am now wed to you the moon **You never asked**
And you **Covered in flood**
Weeping **I was startled**

You fled from me and climbed the First Tree
climbing the First Tree

You climbed the tree through the hole in the sky

I live in the sky

You thought you could hide from me

You destroy the dark

You laughed

I like to watch you

And in the dark

It is my home

And I could see the glow from your throat

My throat?

Your head was cocked to the side

You noticed?

And as you smiled it made the crescent **I was hiding in the dark**

As you were the first new moon

I decided to be reborn

And then you cursed me

I was angry

You cursed me your husband

I hadn't decided about that yet

And turned me into the thief of birds

You gave me no choice

I am the Nighthawk

They have named you

And now I am greedy for the souls of your children

My children

I learned to dip my bill into the hearts of men **Those who admire me**

And I write their stories

They live by those stories

And I look for that tree

that first tree

that same tree

And as I try to climb the tree I cast shadows and doubt

I am lost and confused and as I search

I flee behind every tree

Calling to you the moon

I run away every morning

I am writing

It is my curse

I am writing books from the dead to the living

The dead go on living

And I write from the hole in the center of the world

Where jealousy lives

Where jealousy lives

Waiting

We all wait