



Vessel by Luci Shaw

The heart of love deprived
of love demands-- "Challenge
my capacity. Fill me so full
my surplus overflows.
Replenish to my brim
and make a little lake
of spillage. Make it a river.
Send it, foaming, over the cliff edge
into a profound pool. Let it be
drinkable, fresh, unli mited."
A thin trickle, even a drip
may start a river.
Unstoppable

