

Linda Black

## **Bowl**

Contemplate this – a dust filled bowl  
– mottled, depressed  
in the centre, suspended  
from a ceiling rose  
by chains of equal length; how a hook  
traverses glass; the relentless  
beating of wings  
against the sides.

At table, at candle – position  
yourself, consider your placing,  
rows and layers  
centuries wide – *the more I looked*  
*the more it began to fade and I*  
*to doubt its authenticity.* Here  
comes an overmantel  
complete with foxing.

Once it seemed  
no less was above than below, to the right  
than to the left; one lived, held  
as a yolk in an egg, such *middleness*  
– bliss! – not striven for, then lost  
as losing is. All night she searches  
for the small sun;  
she dreams of pull cords  
and dimmer switches.