

Singing Bowl

sky iron, stars' tinsmith
sheen of metallised light
under a spun rim
struck

circling the ear
your head
in its hood of listening

a silent mouth
holding all that falls
in cycles of emptiness

and the note
held in the way our body folds
the note we sing and
in which we are
conducted under
the stirring rim
unsung

time's still point travelling
in the sound your life makes in you

struck
like some standing bell
hung in an empty sky

Jon Miller