

The empty vessel

My womb is empty.
In the moment of now
it cannot easily nourish what is waiting to be conceived
nor can it sustain a growing babe.
Its lining has been shed
Drawn not only from the unsaid expectations of the other babes
already born or not born from this womb
but also from the vessel's own expectation
that sustenance be poured from its form
to quench the thirst of those that drink from it.

The earthenware is cracked
Water seeps from its ever-widening crevices
The vessel's function no longer useful for which it was originally made
and unwilling to be repaired with filler or a brush of new lacquer

Smashed, fragmented
as it falls from the table
where it has been the guest of honour
at many a family meal
Those that previously drank from it have found other vessels
from which they drink and partake of wine
Requiring no longer the old one
that they some time ago discarded

So what becomes of the new guests at the table
whose thirst also needs quenching?
They don't have their cups filled from the vessel which is no longer.
Instead they are given their own cups and draw water from a well -
their own internal source
that never runs dry.
That way the vessel becomes form again and can join the cups at the well
And drink alongside of them
and in unison.

Janelle Fletcher
Speaker, Mind Body expert
www.janellefletcher.com

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