

“Cream-Colored Ceramics”

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Old Donation School, 8th Grade

Although it is subtle,
Deep rooted in the cracks of dry soil,
The crevices are telling
Of porcelain dreams;
Lying of what jubilation occurs within,
Lost between dry soil’s crumbling seams.

Vanilla-whipped pots,
Their ceramics split glaze!
See how quality rises,
But sets terracotta ablaze?
Is that not a shame?
Porcelain performs better,
“Terracotta just isn’t the same.”

Paint the muddy colors bright!
Only then would it be adorned.
Not ever did the texture turn,
Not ever could it alter
Would it maim the terracotta?
Crumble, its crumbs can only claim.

Sold for less, a cheap alternative
Yet both, yet all, have the same value
Of plain clay.
Affordability just because
The cracks in the mud might say.