

“Some of you I will hollow out.
I will make you a cave.
I will carve you so deep the stars will shine in your darkness.
You will be a bowl.
You will be the cup in the rock collecting rain...
I will do this because the world needs the hollowness of you.
I will do this for the space you will be.
I will do this because you must be large.
A passage.
People will find their way through you.
A bowl --- people will eat from you
and their hunger will not weaken them to death...
Light will flow from your hollowing...
The round open center of you will be radiant.
I will call you brilliant one.
I will call you daughter who is wide.
I will call you transformed.”

from a poem by Christine Lore Webber