

Introduction

Look around you. Feel and see the images of earth's children resting like sundry plaits and scattered like dreadlocks in implements that bide or hide around you. Can you see a clay pot, cream pot or flower pot? What of feeding pot? Do you see a water pot, shrine pot, or any kind of rounded beauty that springs from ever-present Mother of all of us?

Earth's full-breasted body and succulent green thighs carry sky and sun and you and me. Her ever-wakeful eyes see secret acts in her secret, sweet, and dark chambers where beauty abounds and lovers love, where rapers rape and fight and steal.

Enchanted by the magic of all that spring from earth's bedchamber, the traveller sucks from her full-breasted mounds, feels the pots of her poetry and sings the beauty of... SEVEN AND SEVEN POTS OF POETRY

This same Earth, this mother, this spirit, has different names in places far and near.