

Crucible

One does not ask a crucible how it feels;
It is made for holding, it is made for pressure;
Designed to heat up matter and transform
It into something else.

It did not ask for this job; no one thought
To inquire if the crucible wanted this
Particular assignment. It exists, and
Its existence is proof of its nature:
To provide a holding where matter
Is transformed.

A transformation takes many shapes:
Sometimes the subject is purified;
Sometimes it is burned beyond recognition.
Sometimes it is strengthened by removing
Unwanted, base, impurities. Sometimes, its
Essence is vaporized, leaving only a shell.

Yet, the crucible remains: stolid, indifferent,
Imperious to the elements; unable to discern
The transformation it brings forth.
Or, so we think.

What if the crucible is changed by every
Transformation that it brings forth?
What if the crucible becomes part of
What it creates? What if the crucible
Imparts something of itself in every
Heated, blistering, vaporizing act
That it undertakes?

Can a crucible undertake anything?
Does it have a will? Is it a creation,
Or creator? Does it feel pain?
Is it transformed?

I am the crucible.