



4-22-2022

## Ginori, Dulevo, and Aynsley

Emily L. Vest

Cedarville University, emilyvest@cedarville.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

[DigitalCommons@Cedarville](#) provides a publication platform for fully open access journals, which means that all articles are available on the Internet to all users immediately upon publication. However, the opinions and sentiments expressed by the authors of articles published in our journals do not necessarily indicate the endorsement or reflect the views of DigitalCommons@Cedarville, the Centennial Library, or Cedarville University and its employees. The authors are solely responsible for the content of their work. Please address questions to [dc@cedarville.edu](mailto:dc@cedarville.edu).

---

### Recommended Citation

Vest, Emily L. (2022) "Ginori, Dulevo, and Aynsley," *Cedarville Review*: Vol. 22, Article 11.  
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol22/iss1/11>

---

## Ginori, Dulevo, and Aynsley

### Description

"Ginori, Dulevo, and Aynsley," named after porcelain manufacturers, is a poem about the teacup collection I look forward to having in the future. It is a piece about longing for stability after years of moving from place to place every few years, and being scared to start such a fragile thing as a teacup collection. The poem ends with said teacup collection, yet a realization that things don't go to plan anyway and shattered and chipped porcelain, or "laugh lines and cracked cups," should be expected.

P.S. The part that references "time" instead of "thyme" is intentional, both for the purpose of a double-meaning and a pun.

### Creative Commons License



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 4.0 License](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/4.0/).

# **GINORI, DULEVO, AND AYNSLEY**

*Emily Vest*

---



My teacup collection does not exist because  
I do not trust the moving van to  
keep each cup intact rather than  
rattling them to china dust; but I persist,  
daydreaming of an anchored place,  
an ivy-clothed cottage, trees dripping  
with wisteria, and a garden  
of lavender, lemon balm, mint, and  
time—to dry herbs and drape along walls  
to press peace like flower petals, things  
going to plan, without fractures or shatters or falls.  
I'll have high wooden shelves, cups all arranged  
And invite neighbors for lemon-lavender pie and peach tea,  
let each guest, eyes rising to storied cups, choose from my set:  
the first of my collection, a Japanese red porcelain from Salado  
a gift from a bygone friend, and a German cobalt and gold from my sister.  
Their fingers trace over a Royal Sealy scalloped aqua lustre  
from my mother, but I don't flinch as its feet tap on the saucer—  
I own dozens and shall earn dozens more and ceramic  
is but a flicker in an inch of existence, porcelain  
faces wrinkle, china walls fall, tables tip, so  
laugh lines and cracked cups won't worry me.