

The Glass Blower

Amy Clark

he delighted in forming the perfect
geometrical halo over an angel's
head, the slender thornless rose,
the tiny beak of the swan
that glides on a mirrored pool
"All it takes is fire, oxygen
and love," he would say

his wife would criticize that he always forgot
about the tiny pieces left on the floor
the shards that refracted multicolored lights
in her eyes when she brought him his coffee
so she could not see the sharp edges
that she stepped on with bare feet