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Glass Blossom

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Glass Blossom

In the grade school garden where we were innocently waiting for each new life lust, and all went single file to Stephen's house, whose parents' snowy television showed us images of the cloud-swelling fear, the fireball fiend, the shock that tore the roofs off barracks like light paper planes blown off a shelf by an opened door,

Glass blossom of my time, window of the third grade upper story bursting inward like some film-slowed flower, flowering into this room, blooming in each inch of us huddled under the desks of even the second floor—this crystal-sharded blossom of the third grade window bursting inward, filling my mind, lacing all these faces with a glassy wind to burst us at the roots,

I have no comprehension of the authors of this crime, this mime of death, this mime of life, this last mime of my own embryo curling, with hands and arms covering my eyes and innocence—only my own child, who has blue eyes, kneeling on the couch beside me now. Am I to wipe out, too, this face with the pain of a glance, the pain of a midday, white-hot moment, burning out these all-too-innocent and unaffected eyes?

—Dennis Smith

Dennis Smith is a sculptor and poet living in Highland, Utah.