

the glass hammer suite

I. Framing the moment

Board bearing board nailed—that is the order
borne of forming frame's firm miters
mating joint to loin the claims of portraiture.
The puny penny spikes need this shunting
sinking canines tooth by tooth as metallic
turnicates darning an oak so deep the bite
scathes bone of grain, a thrust to thrall
true-hewn wood straight enough to delineate
areas receiving the eye's attention, neglecting
fields of wall. The holding of these nails—
it is a hunger, a hinging lunge of pound
that divots, the violence of an appetite starved
forged of an ore to fulfill,
the drive to feed.

II. Feeling the pathos of a tool that can't be used

I was made to break like the dawn
which owes annihilation to being.
From peen to claw to grip I feel a sick
glee in my glass matter which would smatter
should one blow of kiss be dealt to iron head.
I love the horror of sterility,
the dread my body gives me when I rest
slant on the bench, an island marooned,
a return to my elements:
sand melted to become something more.
But what more will I become save the fill
of a dust pan laced with smashed fragments,
the pathos of a tool that can't be used—
what will I be besides a beautiful waste?

—*Sarah Stahl*