

4-2023

## Sea-Glass Knives

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### Recommended Citation

Smith, Corrissa (2023) "Sea-Glass Knives," *Cedarville Review*: Vol. 23, Article 2.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol23/iss1/2>

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## Sea-Glass Knives

### Description

A prose poem reflecting on the impact of truth and lies.

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### About the Contributor

Corrissa Smith is a student at Cedarville University who majors in computer science, studies music, and experiments in all things art.

# Sea-Glass Knives

*Writing Center fall contest winner*

by Corrissa Smith

We are fragile, creatures crafted from molten sand; dust, heat, and life. Our words are like rocks in glass houses, like glass in tent-houses. Words shatter. They break, or they break upon us. Careless shards pierce warm flesh and blood spills over, the smell of copper tang, the warmth of salt tears.

But I, I'd take the taste of iron blood over false pretention any day. I'd take the truth in any way, not the lies as sweet as smooth, sea-stained glass. Those words are tainted. Lies wash the sea over our eyes and leave us with frosted lenses, seeing unperceiving in translucent darkness. Truth is sharp shards of glass untinted, glinting arrow-fragments of clear thought, and the pain that brings us to our knees and to our senses.

I say give me the clear-day skies even if the sea is heaving under my feet. If I'm bleeding, know that truth-wounds are clear and clean and I would rather have them shine straight through my heart than let lies linger.