

## **Glass**

I do not compare life to glass to be meek.  
Glass may fracture or crack,  
but I have seen windows stop time  
for those who pause to gaze through.

Ocean waves devour trees, lift cars,  
reduce buildings to outlines,  
yet only transform glass into opaque pebbles.  
Even then, its cryptic beauty  
arrests people who stroll the shore,  
and the few who resist surely notice the sand -  
each grain a well-matched struggle between glass and time.

I do not compare life to glass to diminish.  
Glass stems from an ancestry of forces  
greater than the volume of a laboring mother's cries  
before a baby's first.

Rounded outward,  
it focuses light into flame.  
Arched concave,  
bodies bend to its curve,  
distorted without touching.  
And in between we are transformed  
from glimmers to adults.