

The Glass Blower, Scene One

Brett M. Wilbur 9/16/02

In a reflection,  
I see myself.  
It is not I  
As much as it is you.

I am burning,  
Exhausted,  
And I yearn to become  
That which I see.

But,  
I am frightened,  
A child, and  
I fear that you are not real.

But,  
I feel you,  
So I kneel between each breath,  
A shadow,  
Hidden,  
In the darkness of time.

I am dust on a vase,  
I am the vase,  
And my heart shatters  
As the cries of children  
Remind me of yesterday.

I stammer for hope, and  
Mutter a prayer, but,  
I am crippled,  
Cracked, and  
The wind blows through me, and  
Carries an ancient song  
Across the silence of tomorrow.