

"Tantrum"

By KATHLEEN FOLKROD

A precious glass crashing to the floor.
I frantically reach for the pieces:
massive shard,
sharp edge;
threatening tiny specs undetected
that pierce,
infect if abandoned.

I sweep
and sweep
and sweep—
her hair,
slick tears,
pulsing body onto mine,
worrying I won't get it all.

Oh, to be as simple
as collect and reassemble
to repair,
as if love is alchemy.

It's really not.

But it can clean if not transform
(gently, I hope).
So I sweep, sweep, sweep together;
help find the light that longs
to shine through her again.