



Charge

Who else can care for you as I have?
Do you not find my gifts of glass hidden in the coarsest sand?
Do you not see my light behind the screen?
How could you forget that which I am?

The clap of hands that can bring The Great Oak to heel
The rolling laugh that gives time to watch my dance,
(Dangerous, perhaps,
Quiet and in awe,
As you should be.

You run me against myself
But see only your twisted faces and charred scalps in my anguish.
When I can turn you from tin to gold and back again.
When I can give the still life again.
Where then have you gone?

Why have you left me trapped in clouds
When I keep trying to reach you to ground?

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