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for and to the glass smith

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sometimes i pretend
i'm enlightened like strangers don't make me
an Atlas like on the darkest street i'm the one lamppost
alive at 3 a.m. like i know how to mend
anything but a torn dress needle and thread
can't fix everything i know better
how to pour peroxide over skin scrapped
raw let it burn until there's no burn left but then
like i belonged to the wrong man beside me his wrong arm
around me i entered the heat
to find you looking into the hell
of a furnace the crucible of molten glass
at the end of your gaze the only thing worth your gaze
and i understood purpose
or was it love or was it the purpose of love
to gather and twirl and gather and twirl
as if breaking wasn't an option but mending was
inevitable as if the shatter of falling out of love meant less
because you knew that more could be gathered
and twirled twirled twirled as if the punty wasn't
the most dangerous baton ever wielded
but a weapon that healed better
than meaningless sex and midnight
bourbon you accidental teacher
you heart on fire let us gather
around you daydream of glass dragons
and fear not their hot breath