The Glass

Keaton Sandeman

*Iowa State University

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the river sets its eyes upon us,
rushing and roaring with pride,
while the banks cede quietly, ashamed of their failure.

the waves crash madly through the meadows.
as though they know how easy you scare,
the throb of the flow beats in our ears.

they want to riot in the fields tonight,
to jump and hover in the sparkling light,
and to clear the tree line in seamless bounds.

the water presses itself together,
chasing our fears up higher and higher,
surging around our ankles in foamy tides.

horses with wild eyes spin the twisting rapids,
and beat the shoreline raw with frightened hooves.

but you are the stone in my pocket,
and i’m not fleeing the flood without you.

we brace ourselves while the river looks on,
ignoring its mournful and shameless shouts.
we know better than to believe its lies.

because when the winter comes again,
we will waltz, triumphant,
and free from its wretched current.

the moon will pull here and back,
setting in time the beating of our chests
and the heaving of our lungs.

we will march together above the frozen waves,
as shadows pass slowly below the cold glass.
but we will not notice, our eyes are fixed on the sky.

Keaton Sandeman enjoys going on adventures, playing pokémon, and spending quality time in hammocks.