

Glass Bird

Libby Elmore

All the pages of all the books were glass, cut thin to be pliable as paper. When will the pages shatter, what high pierced random bird song will create the first crack? There is the poor maid, the keeper of the books, dried twig bones calcified over the war of trauma, straight edged into her helix duality. No safe ramparts from fire and sound. The comfortingly unpredictable "if" is replaced by the joyless "when" in the last unguarded tenth hour of the child. Plates expand and magnets shift without symptoms of remorse. It does not break when I drop it, there is no sound when he screams my name.