

Hammered Metal

The clang of metal, thick and stubborn,
rings across the morning on measured hammer blows.

It ceases.

The morning fills in the echo with cool delicious air.

I imagine a man in grease stained blue coveralls,
with an oil stain on his chest,
faded from washing, forever set.

He stops his hammering,
and for a moment remembers her.
His eyes sparkle and his granite face softens
to the edge of a smile.
He stands for a moment looking out into nowhere.

... Someone yells his name.

His face hardens, and like the stain
is forever set as the cool air of morning
becomes stale with afternoon.