

Resonance

Carl Bramblett

When I was little, I ran
to the windows, small open palms
slapping against the glass.
I could make the world hear me.
Laughing, outside quivering at my touch,
I struck harder, harder.
Dad would always race into the room,
stopping my young wrists just in time.
I still have visions of my hands breaking
through, silver shards spinning
like angels.