

Watching a Smith

By R.J. Cordes

I sat in the Gardens of Barrakka,
overlooking the carved fountain,
the emerald gestalt of flora,
the flowers, well-trimmed,
with pink, azure, and royal violet bulbs and petals
bobbing in the air, above the crystal-teal ocean beneath high walls.

I was watching a Blacksmith in the courtyard—

With each strike of the hammer,
there was a stride in his arm, in his mind.
Made by the many hours o'er many years
spent honing his craft.

Every swing sings notes written by love for his work.
Every swing brings closer, the wear of his glove—
the perfection of his production.

It is unfortunate, that not all commit to their craft as an art—
but far more that some crafts do not lend themselves to study.

Such crafts are oft in the hands of another kind of smith,
whom do not lend themselves to watching.