

# REBECCA D. THILL

## *SEA GLASS*

She says she's on the verge again  
while she tip-toes across the blistering  
roses  
trying not to press too hard  
on the petals beneath bare feet  
I watch her struggle to build a base on  
these  
bleeding blossoms  
but I'm not sure she can  
her palms are red and raw  
from fingernails scratching soft skin  
with each clenched fist  
I hope one day she'll try to see the  
beauty in things broken  
like the way sand smooths slices of  
green bottle to sea glass  
or the sharp grace to glass shattering  
but now she drips pools of herself onto  
the dirt  
that I know she' ll trip  
into  
she' ll slide  
and I can' t save her  
for she' s just out of reach  
humming curses as she slips underneath