

Glenna Holloway
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville IL 60565-1652
630/983-549

THE MASTER SILVERSMITH

Poured from the crucible, silver looks greasy,
disappointing, lacking the brilliance of mercury,
less bright than tin. Cooled solid, turning proud,
it awaits the complements of my tools.

An exquisite trade, beguiling to clients, beguiling
the craftsman. Oh, no household deities lie molten
in my shop, desirous of worship. I have no use
for lesser gods. What emerges from the molds,
from the dull gray sheet, from my hands--is beauty
sterlingly personified, ready to serve its maker,
eager to gather praise for the hunger that formed it.

Acclaim is addictive. I need to look often
into the soldering flame to see the source
of artistry is not myself. The bestower of talents
is not genetic dice, but the one only, unalloyed God
who has told us he tolerates no rivals.

Lord, master the smith, burn out vanity like wax,
leaving the fire-clean cavity to fill--

not with my creation, but thine.

--Glenna Holloway