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### THE MASTER SILVERSMITH

Poured from the crucible, silver  
looks disappointing, smeary,  
not the worthy brilliance of mercury,  
less bright than tin. Cooled solid,  
turning proud, it awaits my knowing hands.

This is an exquisite trade, beguiling  
the craftsman. Oh, these figures I cast  
are not idols, no molten household deities  
smoke in my workshop, desirous of worship.  
I have no use for lesser gods.

What emerges from the molds is beauty  
sterlingly personified, ready to serve  
its maker, eager to gather praise  
for the hunger that designed it.  
Acclaim is an addictive pattern. 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,  
it is the only, unalloyed God  
who has told us he tolerates no rivals.

So may the Lord master the smith, burn out  
vanity like wax, leaving the fire-clean cavity  
to fill-- not with my creation, but his.

--Glenna Holloway