

## Glazier

*Dayna Patterson*

You can't be afraid of cuts, she says,  
showing her hands  
beautiful with scars.

She works with gloves on,  
protected from glass slivers hidden  
in the wood table's grain.

But on occasion, she sweeps her hand  
over the table's surface  
and snags the fabric of her skin.

A hazard of the profession,  
a few cells in exchange  
for the privilege of dying light

different colors—the blue folds  
of Mary's robe, the red of Jesus' blood,  
the milk of his skin

when he's pulled  
from the brown cross, the green  
stems of lilies announcing: Life.

All these hues paint your face  
the colors of reverence,  
whether you believe or no,

as you sit or kneel in church, any  
church. Perhaps an old abbey with tall  
columns, hunky punks, a rose window,

and sunlight  
genuflecting through clouds  
to worship at the altar of her art.