

TITANIUM BREAKFAST

By Michael Glassman

Poetry Editor Hezekiah's note follows poem.

TITANIUM BREAKFAST

I saw a soldier with titanium legs
Walk unaided into a dining room
With knife and fork back in place
My hands covered my quivering face

Opposite me sat a military mom
Her son deployed in Afghanistan
Only God knows what passed through her mind
When the gallant warrior began to dine.

Poetry Editor Hezekiah writes: This is such a touching little poem. When I say little, I mean short, not long, and so impactful. “With fork and knife back in place / My hands covered my quivering face” Please read the words that surround this half-stanza...

The Poets Speaks: *'Titanium Breakfast' is my attempt to put into words what I saw and felt at the moment the soldier entered the restaurant and began to dine. Writing poetry is important to me because I enjoy the struggle that takes place to find the words that best express my ideas. I am attracted to poems which deliver on imagery, emotion, and give the reader a unique look behind the curtain of life.*

Poet's Bio: *Michael Glassman is a former high school teacher who has been writing poetry, plays and short stories for ten years. His on line and print publishing credits include: Fleas On The Dog, Voices From Here, Chronogram magazine and Society of Classical Poets, to name a few*