**Smith**

David Anthony Sam

The anvil clangs, sparks fly from the red glow

of the in-folding steel. The hammer rings,

vibrates up his bones, resounding in his skull.

Old work. Work that few do now in these

microchipped days. You cannot outsource

some things. But there are no horses left to shoe.

So, he wrings the iron to make elaborate grates

for tired commuters who need some hard metal

in their plastic lives. He draws out the iron

into filigreed shapes that hang his soul

on suburban walls. How his arms buzz

from the hard pounding; how his ears sing

into the evening from the hard, stinging steel;

how the shower water blackens with the soot

he has breathed. In his sleep his sinews

strain, reshaping him to the ravening fire,

his eyes dreaming bright images of blaze

long after the bellows have been stilled.