

Barbara has been wonderful to work with throughout this semester. She has been very open to learning the basics of the written word, and "Shattered Symmetry" is a perfect example of the evolution that has taken place in Barbara as a poet.

~ Cindy Malcolm, Tutor

Shattered Symmetry

By Barbara Thatcher

She made perfect circles
On the frozen lake
Ice scrapings dropping like bombs
That do not detonate
They hang around
Like the snot hangs
Like the ice that hangs on the bottom
Of your blue car
Parked next to the kids with their
Glistening skates
How it crunches and scrapes
When you drive away.

How before you drove away
We heard that adult laughter
It hit the air, paralyzing
And it felt like disaster.
Electric peals of laughter
That peel me apart.

Disintegrating me, icicles, broken flakes
How these things remind me
Of that spring
When we stomped up the hill
And smelled the burnt bark
And you pulled it off and handed it to me.
Then you told me fractured half truths
And I told you half lies back.
Then you took me the movies
But I still couldn't relax.

But I was fascinated by the circle
She made in the frozen air.
Its symmetry eventually brought my eyes above
A circle above
And below with us on the frozen lake
In the snow.