

ZACHARY CADE

Balance in Glass

He had aged. Removed, I too had
lost the edge of subtle change.
One catchlight-less eye, lack of hair,
now near bald, highlighted his
wintered frame iced in a split-hair

concentration. Near-high with confidence,
he drove the bar cuestick curtly
through Old Gold-yellowed fingers.
Searching long green, the back-spun white
railed right, hit solid the eight

sure into the corner pocket;
ending thus another game between us.
"Good stroke Mosconi, one beer up.
Can you handle another?"
"Chump, can you?" he teased. "Rack again."

On that homecoming night we
never talked Robert Young to Bud.
No point juking quarters into glass heads.
Coined-lead were words not said and we
locked in fragile glass knew each

too well to break out for fear of
not being able to rack
one more balance each could live with.
So it is: On Friday nights, we talk, touch,
bang pock-worn balls into worn out

pockets; drink headless draft beer,
careful to drink no more than we
can handle for fragile fear
of shattering a life-long and
nurtured balance, to only rack again.