

Flash Nonfiction  
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265 Words

## Home is Glass

Home after home shatters like an icicle dropping from eave to pavement in brittle January sun, like the tempered screen of an intemperate phone crazing in the heat of the digital moment, like a hazy memory reconsidered in the harsh light of a single bare bulb dangling from the end of a fraying wire, its filament humming. Like a vow roughly discarded.

I sweep glass alone in the stillness of night, when the windows become inky mirrors, clattering shards into the dust pan with the softly angled bristles of a worn broom. I could step into the black pools and become a quill, writing my escape with every alphabetic footstep. I could straddle the broom and fly into some other sky.

Home is boxes of mercury glass ornaments wrapped and cradled in nests of wadded tissue paper and crumbling yellow newsprint, and the soft jingle of silvery bright smithereens always collecting in dented cardboard corners.

Home is a fistful of wilderness in a clear glass mason jar on the kitchen windowsill: delicate common violets picked in shady forest nooks, a child's gift of milky stemmed dandelions, sunflowers bent by their seed-crowded hearts.

Home is spontaneous art. It is both a tumble of kaleidoscope fragments, and a painstakingly crafted mosaic, impermanent but for the composing.

Home is the place I make and break, again and again, its shattering a sharp necessity.

Every home begins and ends in breaking: breaking free, breaking in, breaking down, breaking ground.

Home is desert glass, sea glass, trinitite.

Home is the treasured artifact of catastrophe, dangerous and beautiful.

Details	
Words	265
Unique Words	167
Characters	1,594
Sentences	13
Longest Sentence (words)	60
Paragraphs	10
Reading Level	College Student
Reading Time	58 sec
Speaking Time	1 min 28 sec