

Peter, son of Peter.

At 4 young Peter heard his father's heavy tread upon the stairs
and crept under his sheet and lay quite still until the mighty frame
which paused an instant at his door moved on,
His musty metallic smell lingering in the air.

At 8 he knew his father's fickle moods and movements
which Thomas could appease where he could not.
Yearning only for a little warmth, the merest hint or touch
he watched him fashioning the magic molten glass
and learned to play the flute.

At 16 and grown he'd learned the trade, skirted trouble toed the line,
His life mapped out before him, glazier and gunner
but always and forever in his father's shadow, resentment festered.

20 now, fearless and contemptuous of this Flemish father
and matching strength with strength he freely chose
another less illustrious path in life
While brother Thomas took the plaudits.