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The Metal Sculptor

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The Metal Sculptor

He was a good metal sculptor
Who taught art in a small college
And worked with torch and goggles in the night.
His friends never offered to buy anything
And never had much to say about the things he made.
They rarely said much at all till
The day they heard he was moving north.
Slyly they began reminding him that
There was too much to take along
And that they would not mind having the pieces he left behind.
So one night a couple of days before he left
He loaded the metalwork on the green pickup
And drove to a bridge
Where he dumped everything he could not take with him
Into the deepest part of the river.