

Fractured People

Bartosz Milewski

I dream of
fractured people, they
are missing important parts,
they stumble, hitting
invisible obstacles, they break.

They're made of shards of glass
stained but pure
their colors sometimes show through
but mostly stay hidden
obscured by layers of soot and grime.

I try to wash the dirt hoping
that one day I'll create
a whole person out of
fragments.
One person
complete and perfect.
But I keep cutting myself
on sharp edges.

I dream of abandoned buildings
leaking roofs, moldy carpets.
Sometimes a junkie walks in,
collapses
on a soggy mattress,
falls asleep inside my dream.

I try to fix the doors,
unbreak the windows,
patch the ceilings,
dry the walls,
hoping that one day
I'll be able to spare some dust

and hold it for a short while
in my hands
protected from wind
and rain.

A junkie wakes up and leaves
I keep dreaming.