**FLOWERS IN A BROKEN VASE**

If you would close your eyes and

Take a deep breath, you would feel

The texture of my soul

You would woo me to the end of the earth

And give the earth you have travel as dowry.

You would speak of me infantile tales

You will call me to quench

When you battle

If only you would close your eyes and take a deep breath

But your eyes have stay open for so long

And know what it feel like to fantasies

And your heart has stays too long to

Know what it means to crave

If only through this cracks you will see that

My spirit stare back patiently with virgin eyes and a hidden is served for r truth full hand

I would love for you to see me,

Though like bullet your drift past e with your sharp word

But I have had deeper cuts and wider wound to keep me from becoming fazed

This cracks that you see

Keep me hidden beside your empathy

A place where you never know exist

Am safe between this holes and cracks than in the hand

You may think that I lick all that I am

But you too lick and pour and burst,

Unlike you I hear it, see it, break and know it and feel it

And might trickle but you pour like a dam

I cry for you, laminate

Covered by a plastic life

Flooding with words

If only you had breathe this air

You would see we are all like flowers

That we who has seen war

Wore our cracks without shame for better our armor break than our hearts

And that to lick is to have lived valiant,

With roots breaking free as those

That have stared death yet breath on

For we know broken path get healed

if we let the sculpture scalped

Yet our memories remain and stay not on his chisel

Maybe I shall take in your breath and feel the texture of your wounded d soul

And show you what it means o beloved

For today you are the flower

Weeping to be seen inside

So your hidden fragments I shall pay the prize

To call you beautiful and whole needed

Until death

Beyond words

And love

With love none worthy of

Sold for your wounded