**FLOWERS IN A BROKEN VASE**

If you close your eyes and take a deep breath you would feel the texture of my soul

You would woo me to the ends of earth and give the earth as dowry

You would speakof me in the battle

If you would call me to quench you

When you battle the sun

If only you would close your eyes

And take a deep breath

And let your breath

But your eyes have stayed open for too long

And your heart has stayed closed too long

Know what it means to crave

If only through this crack you’d see that

My spirit stares back patiently

With virgin and a hidden fragrance

Reserved for truthful hands

But I have heard deeper cuts

And wider wounds to keep me

From becoming fazed

This cracks that you see

Keep me hidden within your empathy

A place where you ever known exists

I am safe behind this hole and crack

You may think that I leak all that I am,

But you too leak, and pour and burst

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

And I may trickle but you pour like a dam.

I cry for you, laminated, break covered by a plastic life

Flooding with words of roads inside

That they may never be washed away

If only you had breathe this air

You would see we are all like flowers

That we who have seen war

Wear our cracks without shame,

For better our armor

Than our hearts

And that to leak is to have lived valiant,

With roots breaking free as those

That have stared death yet breathe on

For we know broken parts get healed

If we let the sculpture sculpt

Yet our memories remain

And stay not on his chisel

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

And show you what it means to be loved.

For today you are the flower of the broken vase

Weeping to be seen inside

So for hidden fragrance I shall pay the price

To call you beautiful and whole and needed

Until death

Beyond words

And love you with a love

None of us will ever be worthy of.