**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 ends of the earth,

And give the earth you have traveled as dowry.

You would speak of me in battle tales,

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 deep breath carry you in.

Both your eyes have stayed open too long,

And know not what it feels like to fantasize,

And your heart has stayed closed too long,

To know what it means to crave.

If only through these cracks you would see that,

My spirit stares back patiently,

With virgin eyes and a hidden fragrance,

Reserved for truthful hands.

I will love for you to see me,

Though like bullets you drift past me,

With your sharp words.

But I have had deeper cuts,

And wider wounds,

To keep me,

From being fazed.

These cracks that you see,

Keep me hidden,

Within your empathy,

A place you have never known exists.

I am safe behind these holes and cracks,

Than in the hands of your broken soul.

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, and know it, and feel it,

And I may trickle,

But you pour like a dam.

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

Flooding with words of rot inside,

That may never be washed away.

If only you had breathed 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 break than our hearts.

And that to leak is to have lived valiant.

With roots breaking free as those,

That have stared death, yet breath 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 in the broken vase,

Weeping to be seen inside,

So for your hidden fragrance,

I shall pay the price.

To call you beautiful, and whole and needed,

Beyond words.

And love you with a love,

None of us will ever be worthy of.