FLOWERS IN THE 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 that you have travelled as dowry

You would speak of me of battle tale,

You would call me to battle the sun.

If only u would close your eyes and take a deep breath and let your deep breath carry you in

Both your eyes has stayed opened to long and know not to feel to fantasize and your heart has stayed too long to know what it means to crave

If only through this to keep me you could see that my spirit stared back with a hidden virgin eye w with a hidden fragrance preserved

I we love for to see me though like bullet you drift past me with your past words

But I have had deeper cuts a wider wound from being fazed

This cracks that you see keep me hidden within your empathy

A place you have never known exist

Am saved behind this hole than in the hearts of your broken soul to link l

You may think that I link all that I am but you and pour and burst unlike you I hear it, see it and low it and feel it and I may trickle and you pour like a dam

I cry for you laminated covered by a plastic life flooding with words of rot in size that may never be washed away if only you had breath these air you you would see

That we who have seen war wear our crack without shame for better our armor break than our hearts

And to link is have to lived valiant,

With roots breaking free as those that stared death but breath on

For we know broken parts get heal if we had the sculpture sculpt yet memory remain and stay not on his chisel

Maybe I shall taking your breath and feel the texture of your wooded

For today you are the flower in the broken vase weeping to be seen inside so for your hidden fragrance to call you beautiful and whole and needed and love you with love none of you will be worth off