**FLOWERS IN A BROKEN VASE**

**If you would close your eyes and**

**Take a deep breath, you would feel**

**The texture of soul**

**You would woo me to the ends of the earth**

**And give the earth you have travelled 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 breathe carry you in.**

**But your eyes have stayed open too long,**

**And know not what it feels like to fantasize,**

**And your heart has stayed closed too long too**

**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 ants.**

**I would love for you to see me,**

**Though like bullets you drift pass me,**

**With your sharp words.**

**But I have had deeper cuts**

**And wider wounds to keep me from becoming fazed**

**These cracks that you see**

**Keep me hidden within your empathy,**

**A place you have never known exists.**

**I am safe behind these walls and cracks**

**Than in the arms 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 might 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 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 breathe on.**

**For we know broken paths get ill,  
if we let the sculptor sculpt**

**Yet our memories remain**

**And stay not on his chisel.**

**Maybe I shall take in your breathe**

**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.**