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 that you have travelled to me as dowry

You would speak of me in battled 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 fragrant

Reserved for truthful hands

I would 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 plastic life

Flooding with words of rot inside

That may never be washed away

If only you had breathed this air­­

Wear our cracks without shape

For better our amour breaks than our hearts

And that to leak Is to have lived valiant

With roots breaking free as those

That have starred death yet breath on

For we know broken parts heal

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

An show you what it means to love

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