**FLOWERS IN A BROKEN VASE**

If you would close your eyes and

Take a deep breathe, you would feel

The texture of my 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 breath 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 to, know what it means to crave.

If only through these cracks you’d see that,

My spirit stares back patiently,

With virgin eyes and a hidden fragrance,

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 becoming fazed,

These cracks that you see

Keep me hidden within your empathy

A place you’ve never known exists.

I am safe behind these halls 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 crafts 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 starred death yet breathe on.

For we know broken parts get healed

If we let the sculptor sculpt

Yet our memories remain

And stays 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.