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 your travel as dowry

You speak of me of me in battle tales

You would call me to quench you

When you bat

If only you would close your eyes

And take a

But your eyes have stayed open too long

And know not what to feel like to fantasize

And your heart has stayed close to long

Too know what I

If only through this cracks you would see that

My spirit stars back patiently

With virgin eyes and hidden fragrance

I would love for you to see me

Though like bullets you drift pass me

With your sharp hands

But I have had deeper hurts

And wider wounds

This cracks that you see

Keep me hidden

A place you would never known exist

I am safe behind this holes and cracks

Than on the hand of your broken soul

You may think that I lick all that I am

But you too leak and pour and burst

Unlike you I hear it, see it,

And know it and feel

And I might trickle but you pour like a dam

I cry for you

Coverer by a plastic life

Flooding with word of rot inside

That

If only you had breathe this air

You would see we are all like flowers

That we who have seen more

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 breathe on

For we know broken parts gets healed

If we let the sculptor sculpt

Yet our memories break and stay not on his chisel

Maybe I shall take in your breath

And feel the texture of you wounded soul

And show what it means to

But today are

Weeping to be seen inside so for your

I shall pay the price

To call you beautiful and wooled and needed

Beyond words

And love e you with a love

None of us will never be worthy of