**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 you have travelled as dowry.**

**You would speak of me in battles tale ‘**

**You would call me to quench you,**

**When you battle the sun.**

**If only you could close your eyes,**

**And take deep breath,**

**And let your breath carry you.**

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

**And know how to feels like 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 spirits stares back patiently,**

**With virgin eyes and a hidden fragrance**

**Reserved for truthful hands**

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

**Through like billets you drift past me**

**With your sharp word.**

**But I have had deeper cuts**

**And wider would to keep me from becoming fazed,**

**These cracks that you see,**

**Keep me hidden within your empathy**

**A place you’ve never known exist**

**I’m safe behind these halls and cracks**

**Than in the hand s of your roan soul**

**You may think that I leak all that I am**

**But you too leak**

**And pour and burst**

**Unlike you, I her you see it, and know it and feel it,**

**And I might trickle at you pour like a dam,**

**I cried for you, laminated brake.**

**Covered by a plastic life break,**

**Flooding with word s of not inside**

**That may never be washed away,**

**If only you had breathed this air**

**You would see we are ail like flowers,**

**This we had seen war,**

**Wear our cracks without shame,**

**For better our amour breaks than our hearts,**

**And that to leak is that to live valiant,**

**With roots breaking free as those,**

**That have stared death yet breathe to on**

**For we know broken parts get healed**

**If we let the sculptor sculpt break yet our memories remain,**

**And stay not on his chisel**

**Maybe I shall take in your breath break**

**And feel the texture of your wounded soul,**

**And show you what it means to be loved**

**For today are the flower in the broken vase,**

**Weeping to s inside**

**So for your hidden fragrance**

**I shall pay the price**

**O call you beautiful and whole needed**

**Beyond words**

**And love you with a love**

**None of us will ever be worthy of.**