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 the dowry

You would speak of me in battle tales,

You would call e 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 thus cracks you would 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 wound to keep me,

From becoming fazed.

This cracks that you see,

Keep me hidden within your empathy.

A place you have never known exists,

I am safe behind thus holes and crack,

Than in the hands of your broken soul.

You may think that I leak all that I am,

Break 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, lamenated,

Covered by a plastic life,

Flooding with words of rot inside,

That may never be washed away.

If only you had breath this air,

You would see we all like flowers.

That we who have seen war,

Where 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 to breathe on,

For we know broken parts get healed,

If we let the sculptor 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,

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.