

*Paula David*

## SWAN SONG

...

I am used to heartbreak:

Flying fragments

Descending on my skin;

Embedding themselves.

I am used to heartbreak:

Love shattering

Into minute,

Uncountable pieces.

I am used to

Sweeping together scattered remnants:

Piling them up

Out of harm's way;

Stepping on the one

Small,

Sharp

Splinter

I hadn't noticed.

I am used to

Marveling at the beauty of the object:

Even in its state of destruction;

Marveling at your inability

To see what I see.

Do I have

X-ray vision,

Or is this a degenerative

Disease of the mind

Which causes me to hallucinate?

I am used to,

"Baby we can put it back together

I have some crazy glue".

I am used to

Crazy glue

Cementing my skin,

Immobilizing my fingers

As I work

Frantically,

Fanatically,

Fancifully,

Alone;

After you've made the delivery.

I am used to heartbreak.

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*Calabash: A Journal of Caribbean Arts and Letters* is an international literary journal dedicated to publishing works encompassing, but not limited to, the Anglophone, Francophone, Hispanophone and Dutch-speaking Caribbean. The Journal is especially dedicated to presenting the arts and letters of those communities that have long been under-represented within the creative discourse of the region, among them: Aruba and the Netherlands Antilles, Maroon societies, and the Asian and Amerindian societies of the region. Calabash has a strong visual arts component.

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