

Kintsugi *

We were both damaged, found each other
where our raw edges matched;
but wounds chafe and smart
along old injuries - so we cracked,
clashing against our faultlines.
Three times we ripped apart.

Twice we mended,
so we thought, but not quite
for there was always, clanging in the air
that spiked between us, that uneasy knowledge
of what had happened and what might,
probably would, repeat.

So we learned wariness, circled each other
treading on eggshells, trust blown to the wind
with too much still unsaid,
not healed but roughly patched together,
till our cracks
fissured and split again.

The fact we tried
makes me wonder, just supposing
we had gathered up our fragments tenderly,
glued them with sap laced with powdered gold,
accepted the result as broken, mended,
and so more valuable,
cherished our imperfections –
might we have healed each other.