

BROKEN

✿ There's beauty in being broken.

It is by becoming scattered pieces

That our arms can finally reach

beyond the branches.

We all have fragments, each curling into self for

safety.

But if we soar overhead

If we let our gaze soften

We will see our story as if made of stained glass.

Now, Light radiates through our colored

bits

And we breathe love into those still lost

unable to uncurl.