How Love Heals

When vessels (people) shatter, shards spread over gloom radiating apartness. In healing, suppurated edges separated by what rips (ruptures), reach across gashes to retie edges of bone and plate. So the world is glued and so small comfort, a drop of easy answers where none apply (adhere), saying how it will be all right. The world a salver suspended (set) in space, spinning, and we not feeling the spin, because it is so large, and because we spin simultaneously (separately). So when pain erupts, chasing (catching), we are cut by pillars of salt, fossilized except by water, and like birds (dishes) (granules) flown (thrown) (smashed) into plate glass (sheetrock) (over the shoulder), we fall stunned. But the fragments existed (portioned) from the beginning, and it was always our job to repair (reconnect) them.

Therefore, cracks were created.

And the gleam (slant) (rebuff) of recognition (involvement) opening between splits – though what we see is not always what we want – to see the blades (grief) of earth, though it makes our hands rounder (flatter), a basket (sieve) to contain (drain) pieces (ache) faster. The earth an orb (fissure), and gravity (balance) to remember that while one side washes (shines) in black water (nightness), the other rushes a sun flushed face, turning (aiming) gleaming (spectered) and hot, in anxious (dishcloth) flash, to dry it up. And empathy, (a poet said) long lines across the floor, stretching between separate fates (safeties), geometric (unbendable) feelers (brooms). Even compassion (weeping) (heeding) not enough, if while you sweep your shards, I set bone china (full platter)
on my shelf and pretend (perjure) your splinters (fracture points) are not my own.