

Fractured Love

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Sisyphus remembering painful moments with his love

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What's fractured can't be fixed. The dish that has fallen and lays shattered, if not picked up carefully, has dangerous edges that can hurt more than the loss. The cup with its chipped rim will never be the same to lips that loved to sip from it. That spot will always be a place to be avoided like words better left unsaid. And bones, once broken, the leg, the foot, the arm, the thumb may heal, perhaps but always know the ache that dampness brings and hold the memory of that painful day. But most of all, when I look back at silences fractured by the loudness of our voices saying what we should not say, words cracking what we both hold dear, the trust, now fractured into fragments, I wish that I could dig fresh clay and mold again a bowl to hold our differences, a vessel to contain the power of our words and remain forever whole. But I can't leave this hill, this stone, and must look back at what was fractured by our careless hands, the broken pieces shattered on the floor, our eyes not believing what has fallen.